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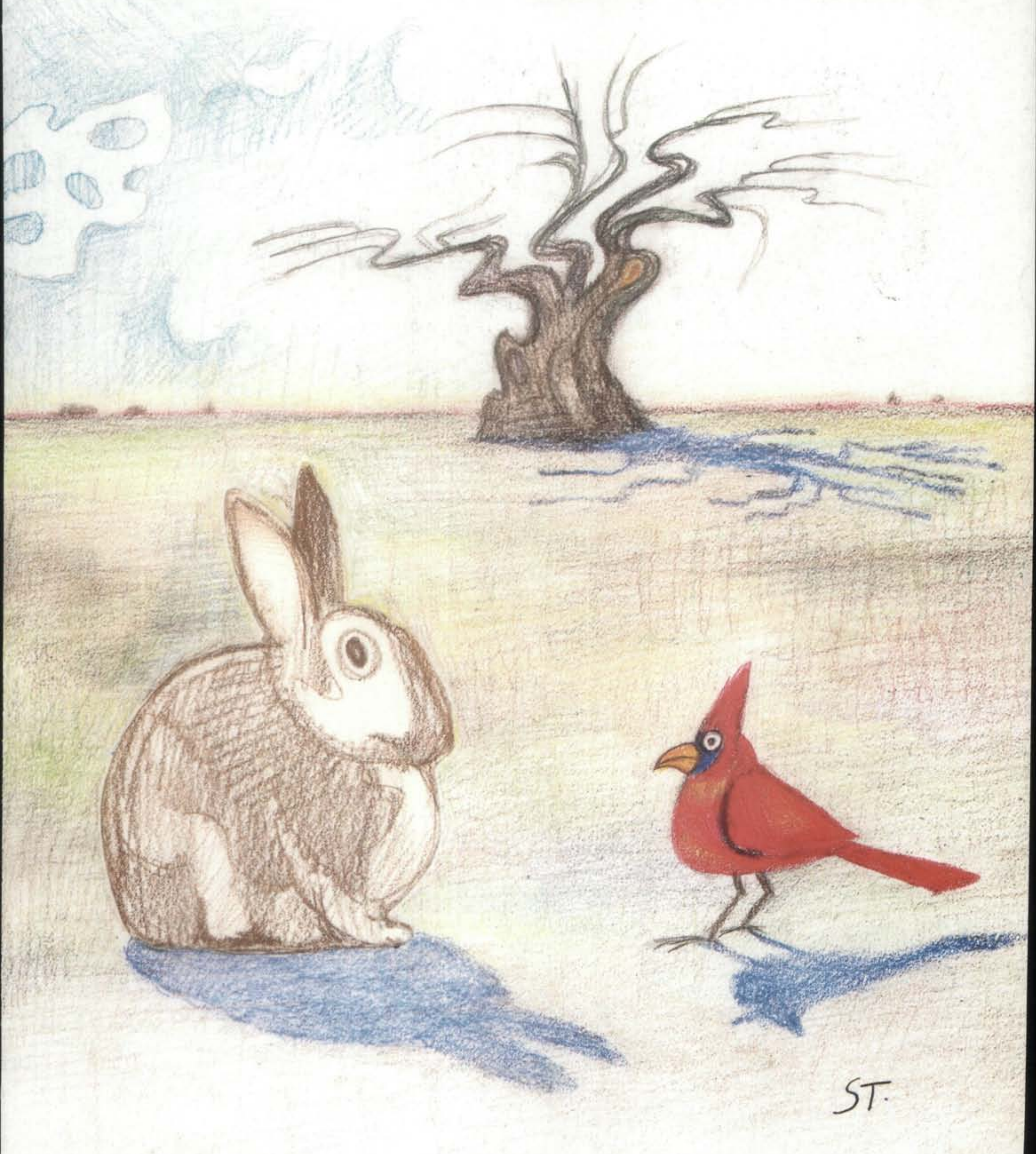

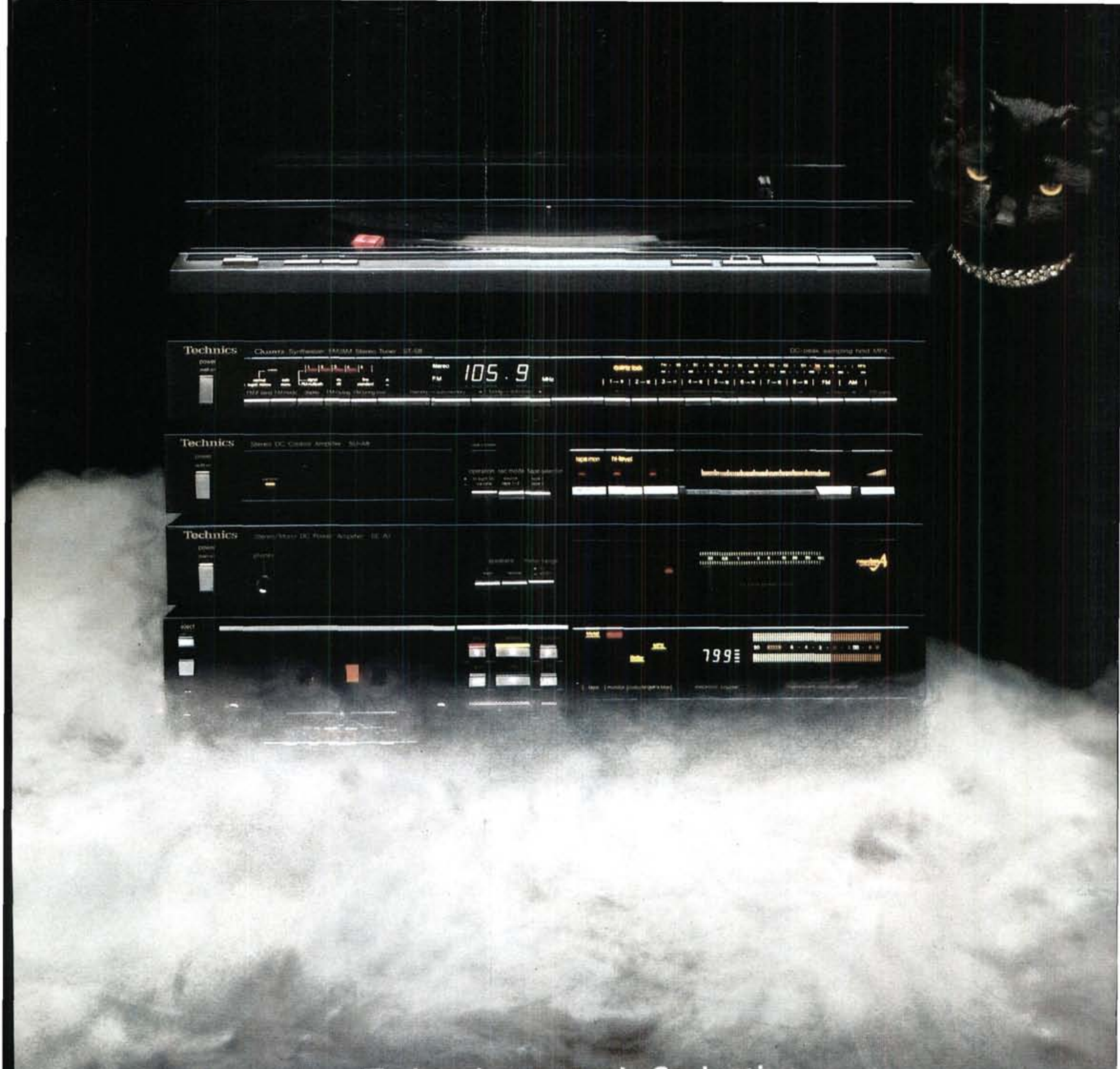

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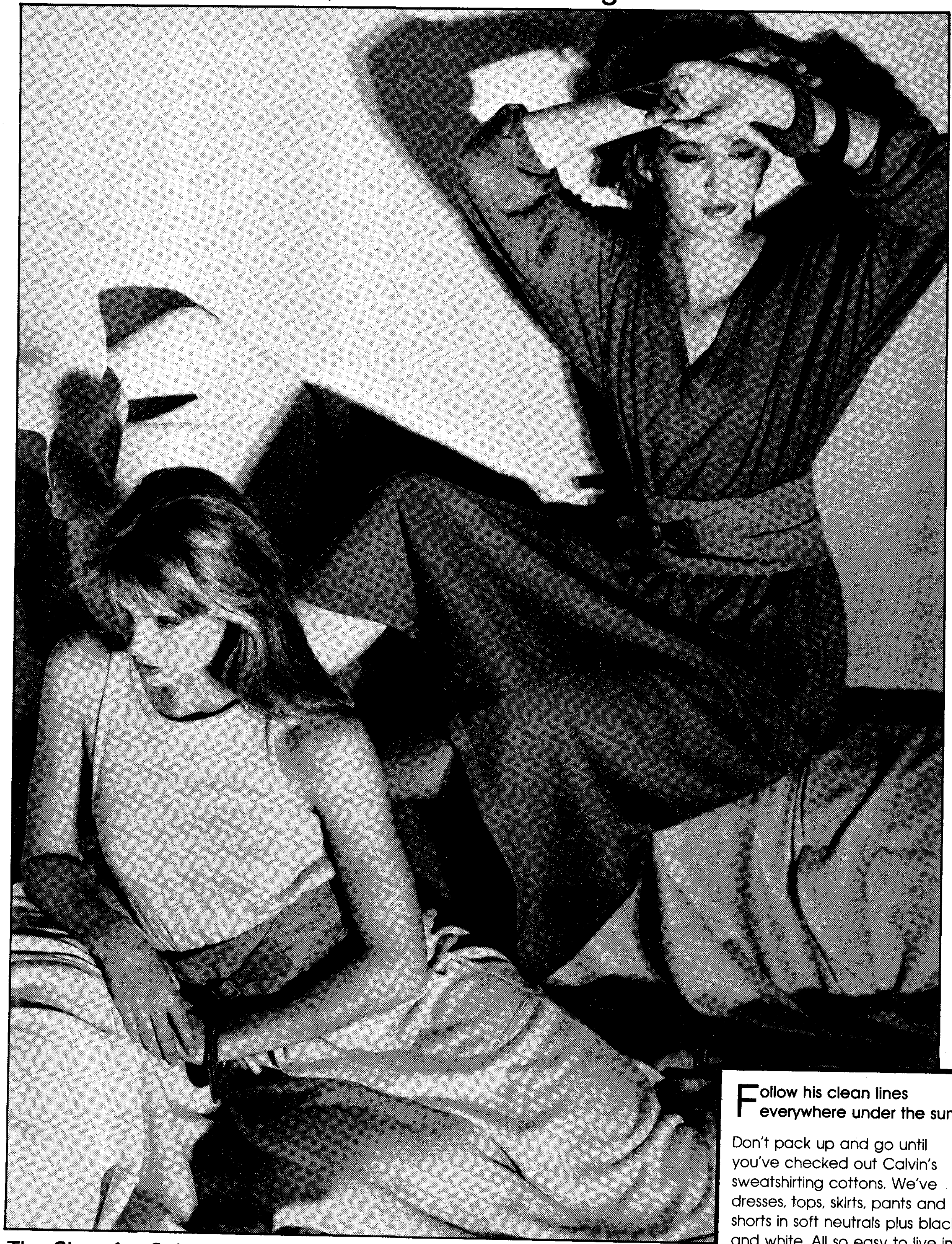

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, Veronica Castang, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/81.) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Confluence—Three frail, sporadically entertaining one-acters, by three generally robust dramatists: John Bishop's eponymous "Confluence;" "Am I Blue," by Beth Henley; and "Thymus Vulgaris," by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The perfect cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Peter MacNicol, Raymond Baker, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dreams Deferred—A play by Laurence Holder. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1947 musical **street scene**, with music by Kurt Weill, lyrics by Langston Hughes, and a book by Elmer Rice based on his own play of the same title. The fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Francis—A musical based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Joseph Leonardo (book), Stephen Jankowski (music), and Kenny Morris (lyrics). John Dossett has the title role. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Good Parts—A tiresome play by Israel Horovitz which wastes the time of Tony Roberts. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grown Ups—Jules Feiffer has written an almost plotless play about a neurotic *Times* man and his dreary family. The literary method employed is largely that of furious harangue, with a few Feifferian jokes thrown in. (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Keyboard—A play by Matt Robinson, with Cleavon Little. Opens Friday, Jan. 15, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays, and Monday, Jan. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7

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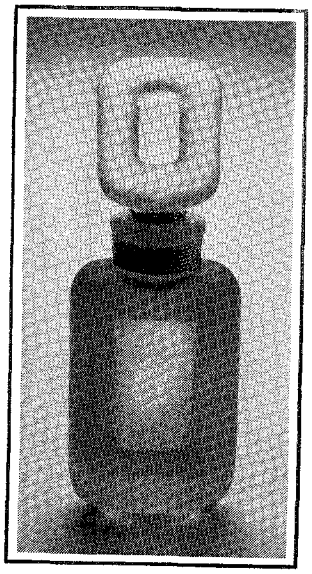
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVII, No. 48, January 18, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne is on vacation now. The show will reopen on Tuesday, Jan. 19. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 24: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Me—A revival of the 1962 musical by Neil Simon. Carolyn Leigh wrote the lyrics and Cy Coleman the music. With James Coco, Victor Garber, and Mary Gordon Murray. Robert Drivas is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 21. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Little Prince and the Aviator—Michael York in a musical based on the Saint-Exupéry fable. Hugh Wheeler did the book, John Barry the music, and Don Black the lyrics. Directed by Jerry Adler. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 19. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 20. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian; their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Julie and **Playing with Fire**—A Strindberg double bill. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons in a single performance of Roberto Athayde's one-character play. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

No End of Blame—Scenes from the frustrating life of a Hungarian political cartoonist who eventually gets a job on a left-wing newspaper in London. The English dramatist is Howard Barker, and much of what he has written is shrewd and humorous and ingenious, but the play as a whole is somewhat curdled by his own bitterness about such matters as truth and freedom. The performance, under Walton Jones' direction, goes very well. With Gene O'Neill, Michael Gross, and Robin Bartlett, among other good actors. (1/11/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Oh, Johnny—A musical with a book by Paul Streitz, music by Gary Cherpakov, and lyrics by both. With Michael Crouch, Christine Toy, and Nazig Edwards. (Players, 115 MacDougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Phoenix Theatre—John Lithgow in a one-man show, **KAUFMAN AT LARGE,** adapted by him from the writings of George S. Kaufman. Good actor though John Lithgow is, he is not ideally cast as G.S.K. (1/11/82) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Thursday and Sunday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 8 and 11. After Sunday, Jan. 17, no performances until Thursday, Feb. 4, when the show will reopen at the Princess, 200 W. 48th St., 586-3903.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Stronger and **Hughie**—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. Reopens Friday, Jan. 15. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesdays through Mondays at 7:30.)

Twelve Dreams—A fantasy, by James Lapine, based on a case history of Jung's, about a little girl's self-destroying nightmares. The Jungian appurtenances are trying, but the script is expertly written, and the production, under Mr. L.'s direction, is rich and imaginative. The beautiful score was composed by Allen Shawn. With James Olson, Carole Shelley, Marrell Rosenblatt, Stefan Schnabel, Valerie Mahaffey, Thomas Hulce, and Olivia Laurel Mates (as the dreamer). All are good. (1/4/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A quasi-musical, in what appears to be a quasi-autobiographical form, written and directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who, gifted as he is, has been too easy on himself. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn in a role tailored to her age and fame and not to her talents. Dorothy Loudon is adroitly comic in the chief supporting role. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When We Dead Awaken—Ibsen's play, with Kim Hunter and Anne Twomey at the head of the cast. (Open Space, 133 Second Ave., at 8th St. 254-8630. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Firth plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young

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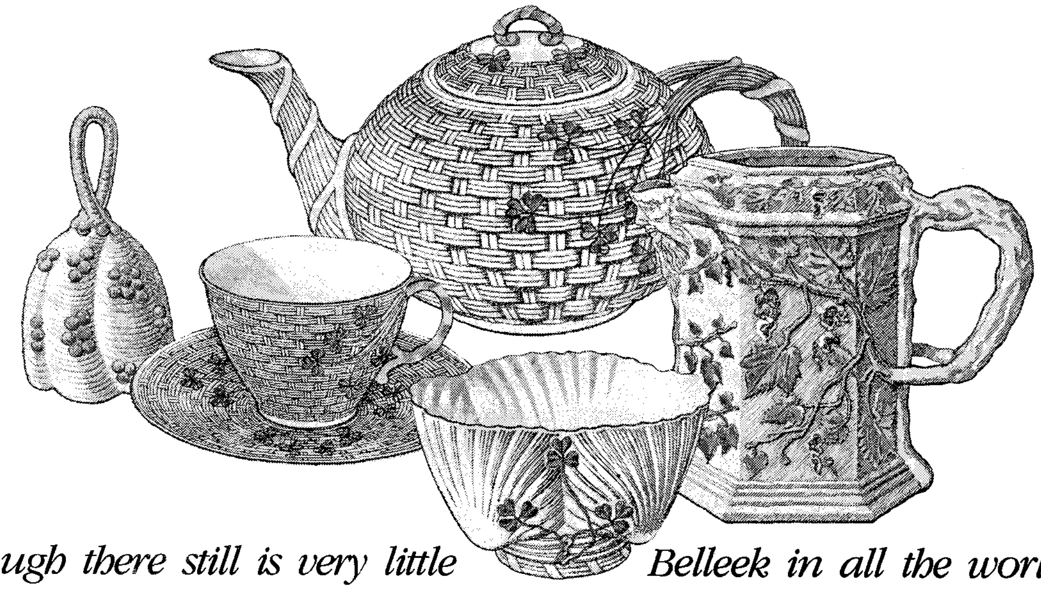

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and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,032 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well shaken; the results are substantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "The Goldberg Variations," "Mozartiana," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Ballade," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 17: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 17: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 19: "Divertimento No. 15," "Piano Pieces," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Ballade," "Duo Concertant," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Ballo della Regina," "Mozartiana," and "The Magic Flute" (première). A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Mozartiana," "The Magic Flute," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

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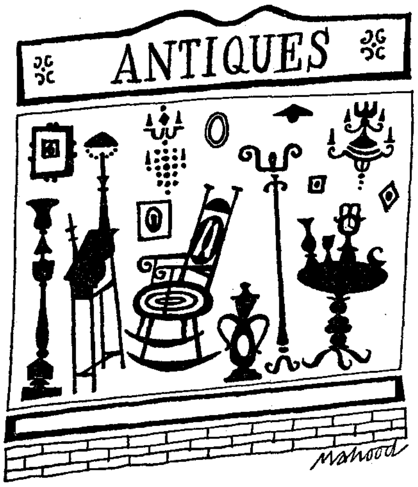
DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Wednesday evening, Jan. 13; Saturday evening, Jan. 16; and Sunday matinée, Jan. 17: "Fête Noire," "The Four Temperaments," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 14-15; Saturday matinée, Jan. 16; and Sunday evening, Jan. 17: "Paquita," "A Streetcar Named Desire" (company première), and "Troy Game." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 19-20, and Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Concerto Barocco," two company premières—"Songs of the Auvergne" and "Banda"—and "Mirage." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 21-22, and Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Serenade," "Equus: the Ballet" (company première), and "Dougla." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, will belong to pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and his trio; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, is here through Sunday, Jan. 17, with a backing crew and with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights. On Tuesday, Jan. 19, **BUD SHANK,** the West Coast saxophonist and flutist, will arrive with a quartet. The music begins at ten. Dining.



BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY,** pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** guitarist **TONY PURRONE,** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND;** Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 20-21, pop-rock singer Ronnie Spector; and Friday, Jan. 22, folk-rock singers and songwriters John Stewart and Ronee Blakely. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** team up through Sunday, Jan. 17; on Monday, Jan. 18, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will move in to work with **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty at this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his aides **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (on bass and drums, respectively) have moved back into their old homestead, the Café Carlyle—but only through Saturday, Jan. 23, after which the **JONAH JONES** quartet will move in. Shows Tuesdays *through Saturdays at ten and midnight.* Dining. . . . **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the stride-piano specialist, has replaced Barbara Carroll for a couple of weeks. He's in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Jan. 13, Richard Thorne & the Side Effects, the Persuaders, the Utensils, and the Rockaways; Thursday, Jan. 14, the Rudies, Breakfast Club, the Pinch, Groceries, and Smithereens; Friday, Jan. 15, Sic F*cks and Steel Tips; and Saturday, Jan. 16, the dB's. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** the resident blues singer and songwriter, is back singing, chanting, calling, and talking the blues. Her shows are Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Sundays through Tuesdays are now devoted to singer, pianist, and composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** who is given to doing a slew of medleys—medleys of show tunes (his "New Faces" medley includes "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," which he wrote for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and Depression medleys. His sets, at nine and eleven, are warm, intelligent, and, all in all, charming. Dining.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Jan. 13, Johnny Cunningham and the Derby Ram; Sunday, Jan. 17, guitarists Paul Geremia, Bob Zaidman, and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, Jan. 20, John Roberts & Tony Barrand and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Jan. 21, a jam session; and Saturday, Jan. 23, the Metropolitan Opry string band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 17, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will head up a quintet from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. **TITO PUENTE** is here with his timbales, his marimba, and his Latin-jazz band through Sunday, Jan. 17; on Tuesday, Jan. 19, pianist **STEVE KUHN**, singer **SHEILA JORDAN**, bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**, and drummer **BOB MOSES** will take charge. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM**, guitarist **AL CASEY**, bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursdays and Fridays) and **AL HALL** (on Saturdays), tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, pianist **GENE RODGERS**, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS**, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor. Music from nine.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The music lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 13, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI**; Saturday, Jan. 16, singer Lee Genesis; Monday, Jan. 18, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, with singer Pamela Watson; Tuesday, and Wednesday, Jan. 19-20, saxophonist **BOB BERG**, with pianist **DON GROLNICK**, bassist **WILL LEE**, and guitarist **JOHN TROPEA**; Thursday, Jan. 21, singer Brenda Alford; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, **CISSY HOUSTON**, the uplifting soul singer. On Sundays, **HILTON RUIZ** plays some fine piano solos with his combo. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** plays piano and sings from five to ten, and Mondays through Saturdays pianist Don Golson is on hand from seven to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. The piano-bass duos: **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Saturday, Jan. 16, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** beginning Tuesday, Jan. 19. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

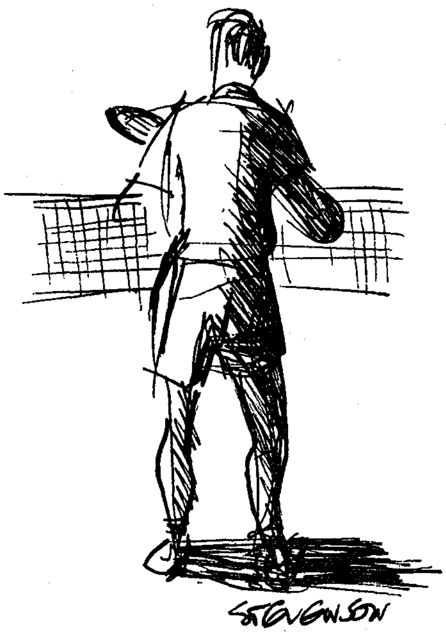
Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **HAROLD MABERN**, a bluesy jazz pianist, is now at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. **MARTY NAPOLEON** plays piano and leads a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Bob Curtis alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, the multinational multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** will lead a quintet that features saxophonists **JERRY DODGION** and **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and that plays music from South America, the Middle East, and Tompkins Square Park. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will bring in a quartet. On Thursdays, guitarist and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides his ten-piece Brazilian band **AMAZON**, which boasts **CLAUDIO RODITI** trumpet solos. Music from eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be over about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** through Saturday, Jan. 16; trumpeter Spanky Davis takes the helm starting Tuesday, Jan. 19. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist and composer **RAY BRYANT** and his trusty bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER**, wind up their stint on Saturday, Jan. 16; on Tuesday, Jan. 19, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** will move downtown after a week at another piano-bass room, Griff's Plaza Café (see above). Sundays and Mondays belong to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, another fine duo that moves around locally from club to club. Music from about ten.



Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 13, Marshall Chapman, a deep-voiced country-rock singer with a Spartanburg, S.C., twang; Thursday, Jan. 14, rockabilly and Texas-swing fiddler **ALVIN CROW**; Sunday, Jan. 17, Texas folkie-humorist Kinky Friedman; Monday, Jan. 18, Gary Morris; Tuesday, Jan. 19, **LEVON HELM**, the wonderful and absolutely smooth (*not* slick) Arkansas singer and drummer, whose stirring performances prove that there's no substitute for talent, energy, and twenty-five years on the road; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 20-21, **NRBQ**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively, and even though it's only a few weeks old, it has an established, exciting feel to it. **CHICO FREEMAN**, a husky-toned tenor saxophonist (he also plays soprano and flute), performs here with his sextet through Sunday, Jan. 17; on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 18-19, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will drop by with a quartet that features tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD**; on Wednesday, Jan. 20, singer Marion Cowings and his heavyweight backup band (**KENNY BARRON, EDDIE GOMEZ, DAVE LIEBMAN,** and **AL FOSTER**) will take over. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and of Barbara McNair through Saturday, Jan. 16. On Monday, Jan. 18, it becomes a comedian's room, as **MORT SAHL**, newspaper in hand, will begin briefing audiences. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

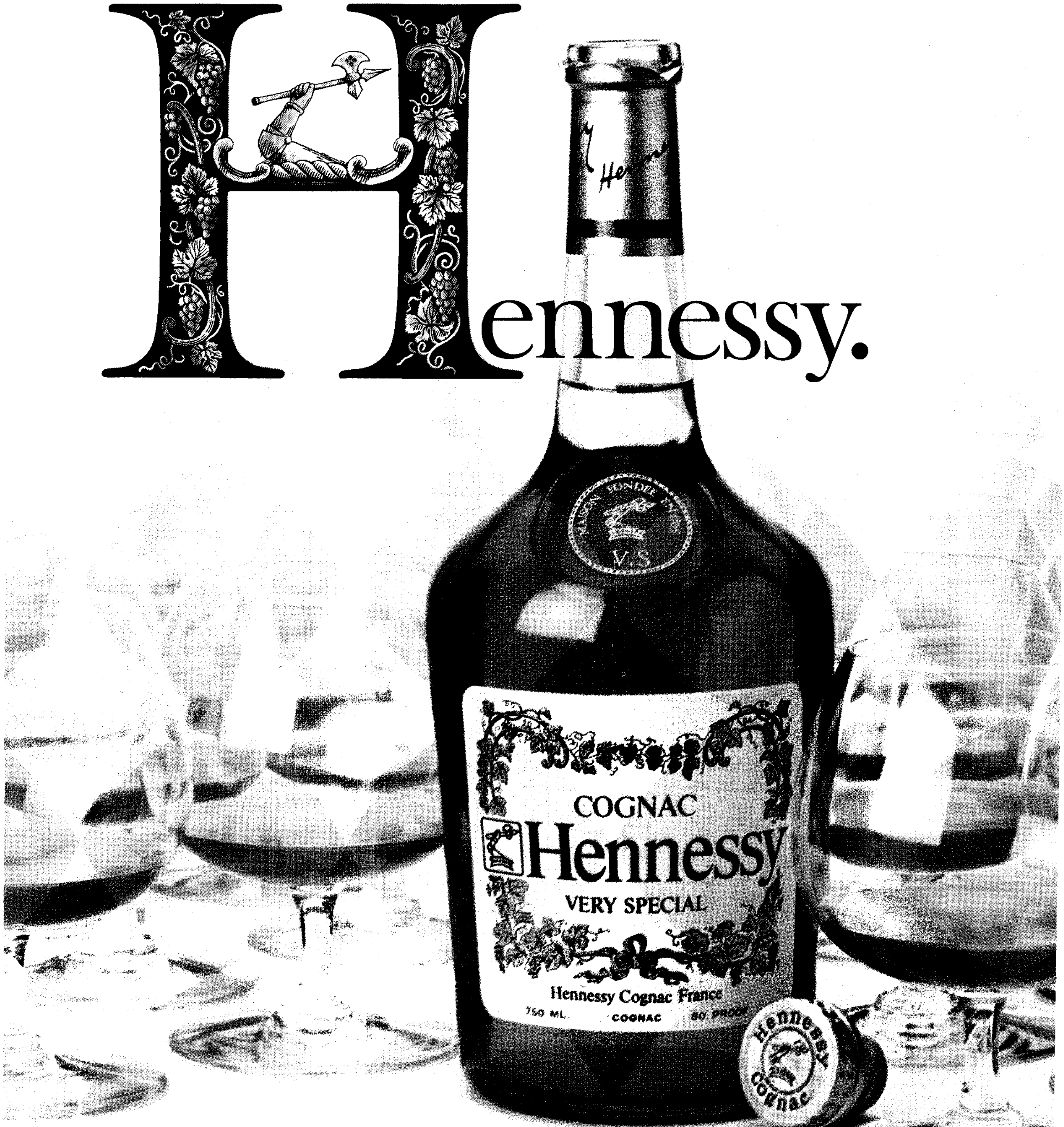
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is working here with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 13, Nitesprite; Thursday, Jan. 14, Solar Caravan; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, electric violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Jan. 18, singer Miles Jaye; Tuesday, Jan. 19, Lorna Warden; Wednesday, Jan. 20, Sherry Winston; and Thursday, Jan. 21, the Harp Band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. On Thursday, Jan. 14, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL**, which comprises bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, vocalist **ESTHER MARROW**, and their sextet, will be onstage; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, country-rock and Texas-swing pianist Floyd Domino will be on hand with his group. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Jan. 13, the Kingpins, Whyo's,



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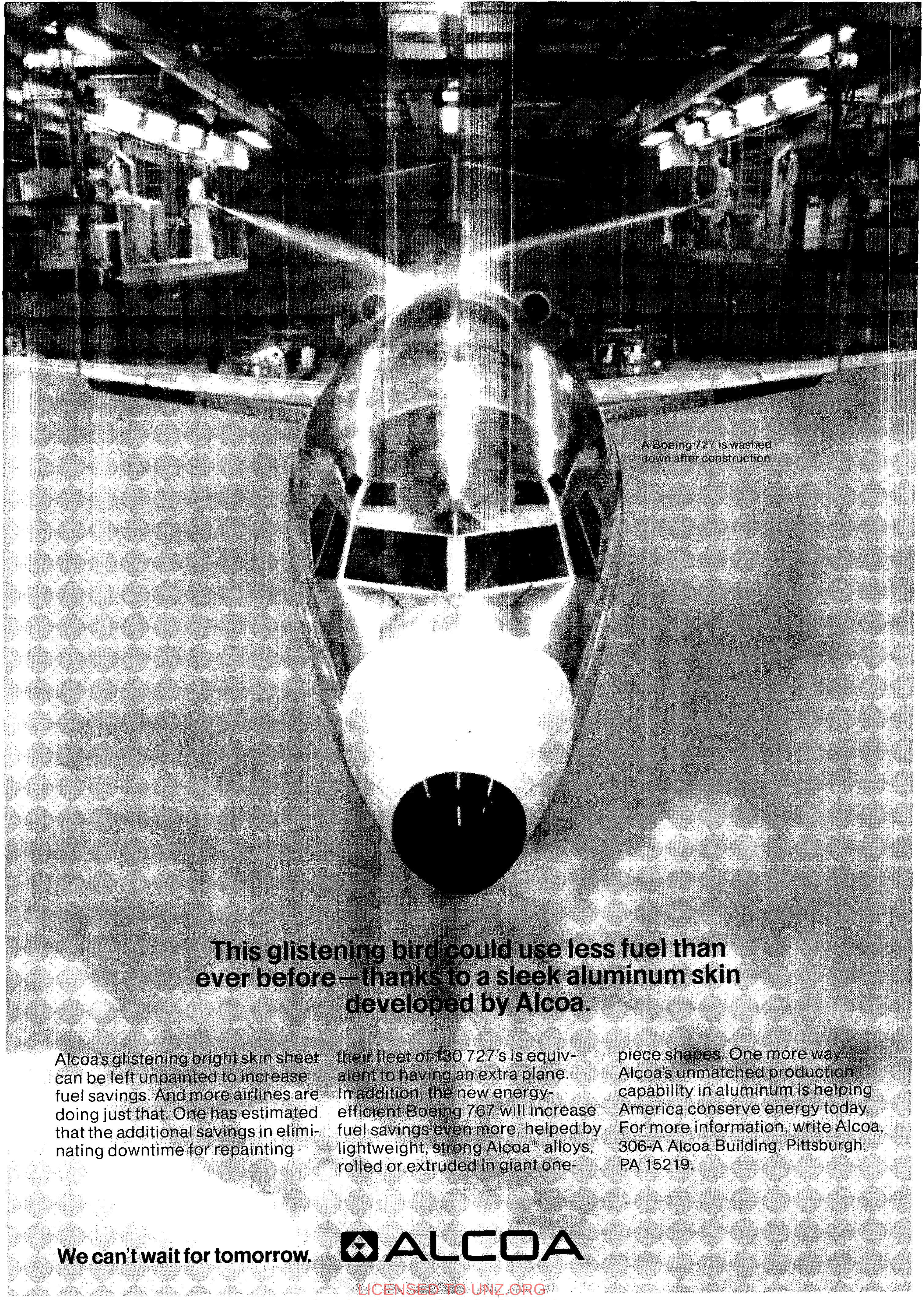

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and No Frills; Thursday, Jan. 14, Die Hausfrauen; Friday, Jan. 15, E.S.G.; Saturday, Jan. 16, the Bongos; and Sunday, Jan. 17, Ruts D.C. and the Gas. Music from round about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Trombonist, arranger, and Basie-ite **GROVER MITCHELL** (he played lead trombone for Basie for eight years in the sixties and he's been back with the Count for the last several years) leads a lively twelve-piece abbreviation of the Basie band Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays *from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.*

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The line-up: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, the **PRETENDERS;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, Ian Hunter; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, Depeche Mode. Shows after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Irving Berlin, which stars Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro, will come to an end on Saturday, Jan. 16. On Monday, Jan. 18, another tribute—this one to Jerome Kern—will get under way, with Chris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page making up the cast. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at *nine-thirty, and* Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and Jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, Jan. 13, the Mark Sherman Band; Thursday, Jan. 14, *Roland Vazquez and the Urban Ensemble;* Friday through Sunday, Jan. 15-17, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** and his quartet; Monday, Jan. 18, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 19-20, singer **JANET LAWSON** and her backing quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** play bouncing, bluesy jazz duets on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** will bring in his quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **ABBEY LINCOLN** is singing here through Saturday, Jan. 16; on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 17-18, Harry Sheppard will play vibes and lead his trio; and on Tuesday, Jan. 19, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and his singing wife, **URSZULA DUDZIAK,** will perform some soaring jazz-rock with their band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. Right now (Wednesdays through Saturdays) the stage belongs to **COUSIN JOE,** who hails from New Orleans by way of Wallace, La., just up the Mississippi from the Vieux Carré. Cousin Joe, whose real name is Pleasant Joseph and who is known as Smilin' Joe in the Crescent City, just recently turned seventy-four. He sings, chortles, and plays piano—a mixture of loose, imprecise, rolling New Orleans piano and blues and boogie-woogie piano. His lyrics tend to be standard blues lines strung together, but that doesn't stop him from constantly interrupting his vocals with the manically gleeful aside, "Nobody writes like me." Dressed in a natty suit and wearing horn-rimmed glasses, Cousin Joe has a studied earthiness resulting from having played Bourbon Street for years. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from around nine-thirty.

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Trax, *100 W. 72nd* St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Jan. 13, Nobody's Fool and Pedestrians; Thursday, Jan. 14, Gary Shann and Enid Levine. Music after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Friday, Jan. 15, at ten-thirty, former Basie trombonist **AL GREY** will lead a group in the barnlike downstairs room. On Mondays, that space is given over to exuberant salsa bands, which begin playing at nine; on Monday, Jan. 18, two bands—Manny Oquendo's Libre and Casanova y Montuno—will perform with guest soloist, trumpeter **TED CURSON.** Meanwhile, on Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Cool-school trumpeter and vocalist **CHET BAKER** and his quartet are here through Sunday, Jan. 17; on Monday, Jan. 18, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER'S** big band will blast off; and on Tuesday, Jan. 19, bebop trombonists **KAI WINDING** and **CURTIS FULLER** will arrive with their quintet. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

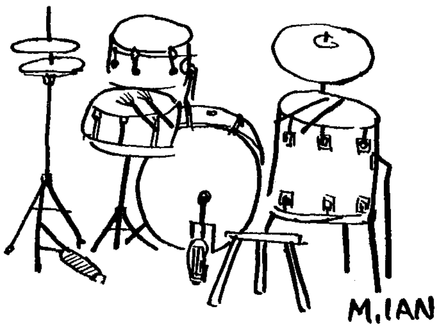
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 13, drummer Shelton Gary in a tribute to Jo Jones; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 14-16, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his Jazz Sultans; Sunday, Jan. 17, first-generation jazz guitarist **AL CASEY;** and Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 20-24, bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY** and his New Yorkers. Mondays are saxophonist Percy France nights, and Tuesdays are reserved for the great drummer **JO JONES** himself. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Alan Stivell—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.

Jaco Pastorius—With Randy Brecker, Bobby Mintzer, and others. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 9.)

Louis Hayes—With Curtis Fuller and Gary Bartz. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)



Butch Morris—With the Systems Orchestra. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

All-Star Jazz & Taps—Shirley Scott, Major Holley, Herman Wright, and Bob Durham, with dancers Jimmy Slyde and Lon Chaney. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 21-23, at 10.)

Todd Rundgren—Savoy. Friday, Jan. 22, at 9, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Akira Arita—Realist drawings and paintings of still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975)—A group of his Synchromist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through Jan. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Tony DeLap—Recent freestanding sculptures (of wood, metal, and glass) and related drawings. Through Feb. 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Nearly fifty abstract works on paper, most of them gouache-and-crayon. Through Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Frank Faulkner—New pattern paintings. Through Feb. 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent portraits, landscapes, and interiors by a realist. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Watercolors *(of* skyscrapers, landscapes, flowers) from a half century or more ago, in no way reminiscent of his better-known cartoons of flappers and sheiks. Through Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—New paintings, a number of them self-portraits. Through Jan. 27. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alice Phillips—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

David Schirm—Abstract paintings and drawings, plus small constructions. Through Sat*urday, Jan. 16. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)*

Sandi Slone—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Walasse Ting—Figurative paintings in acrylic washes on rice paper; some of them are of nudes. Through Feb. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

William Turnbull—Bronzes: small figurines, primitive masks, and torsos. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Weeks—Small-scale oils and drawings: figure studies (nudes, mostly) and still-lifes, all from the sixties. Through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century, early-twentieth-century, and contemporary artists, including Robert Henri, Georgia O'Keeffe, Ernest Fiene, and Jeffrey Kronsnoble. Through Feb. 27. . . . **BROWNE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Prints, often witty, of people making prints, and of others looking at them. Included are one work apiece by Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec and three by John Sloan. Through Jan. 30. . . . **GIBSON,** 205 E. 78th St.: Five contemporary French artists, Jean Le Gac and Arman among them. Through March 6. . . . **LERNER-HELLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A single conceptual piece each by Vito Acconci, Rudolf Baranik, Joseph Beuys, and Ana Mendieta. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings), and others. Through Feb. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: A diptych by Lois Lane, drawings by Ralph Humphrey, and a ceramic sculpture by Kenneth Price are some of the works on view; twelve artists in all. Through Feb. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Herbert Bayer / Altoon Sultan—Recent paintings (plus photographs from 1925 to 1977) by the Bauhaus elder. / Recent oils, gouaches, and lithographs of Hudson River Valley turn-of-the-century houses. Through Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer / Robert Goodnough—Abstract paintings from the early seventies. / Abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties. Through Feb. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Diane Burko / Mariann Miller—Panoramic landscapes done with colored pencil on rough paper, producing an almost Pointillist effect. / Romantic, brooding landscapes done in oil and oil crayon on canvas. Through Jan. 30. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Sydney Butchkes—Color-field paintings inspired by seascapes on Long Island, plus drawings. Through Feb. 13. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—A lively, colorful sampler of his works—stabiles, mobiles, and gouaches. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Large abstract bronzes, plus smaller, table-size works, also in bronze. / Twenty small-scale late-period paintings that once hung in the artist's home. First public viewing for a number of them. Through Jan. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jack Chevalier—Wall pieces with a pronounced American Indian feeling, constructed of wood, paper, paint, and beading by a Seattle artist. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jeanette Chupack—Domestic still-lifes with views of the Vermont landscape. Through Jan. 30. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—This artist, whose works have a mellow, antique surface derived from endless shading with colored pencils on an acrylic base, has taken a slight turn in direction—from total abstraction to dimly perceptible interiors and architectural forms. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Gordin—Recent geometric paintings, plus collages and reliefs. Through Feb. 6. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

P. S. Gordon—Still-life watercolors. Through Jan. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Graham—Three new sculptures: two nudes (one porcelain, one bronze), and a bronze horse. Through Feb. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—A series of colored acrylics on paper, done in the six months before the artist's death, and not seen here before. Through Feb. 9. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Susan Hall / John Willenbecher—Paintings, among them a twelve-foot canvas showing a huge, brightly lit ocean liner being herded along at night by a company of tugs. / Constructions: a large Masonite panel and several classical-looking niches framed in wreaths of laurel, all painted to look like marble. Through Jan. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

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Ed Kerns / František Kupka (1871-1957)—Collage paintings, dating back to his richly painted, thinly layered works of the mid-seventies and moving up to the denser, muted-toned panels of the present. / Early gouaches and woodcuts. Through Jan. 30. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Paintings dating from 1937 to the year before his death. Through Jan. 29. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Lord—Earthenware sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—Three-dimensional relief paintings, plus drawings and sculptures, all from 1974-76. Through Feb. 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Peter Perez—Paintings in mixed mediums; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 4. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jim Reed—Paintings, often depicting scenes of the South, with photographs incorporated into—or substituting for—canvas. Through Feb. 6. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rolph Scarlett—A series of small nonobjective gouaches painted in 1940 by an artist who is now ninety-two. Through Feb. 6. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract watercolors. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dee Shapiro—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—A narrative series of drawings and paintings. Through Feb. 4. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Geri Taper—A two-gallery, one-woman show: multicolored calligraphic figures in a grid format at Haber Theodore, and vaguely hourglass figures in a cadmium red on a greenish-blue ground at Sachs. Through Jan. 30. (Both galleries at 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Turner—"The Marked Woods," and other paintings by an artist who is attracted to wooded landscapes and finds many different ways of seeing the same stand of trees. Through Feb. 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Valenta—Wood-and-canvas constructions. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—New paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jerome Witkin—About two dozen oils (including a large narrative triptych entitled "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933") by a realist. Through Feb. 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Twenty Galleries / Twenty Years—Twenty dealers showing, in two galleries, two paintings each (one early, one late) by artists whom they have represented for two decades or longer—Pierre Matisse (Loren MacIver), Allan Stone (Wayne Thiebaud), Betty Parsons (Kenzo Okada), to name a few. Through Feb. 4. (The early works are at Terry Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.; the later ones at Grace Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Feb. 5. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **zabriskie,** 29 W. 57th St.: Wall sculptures (by Alexander Archipenko, John Storrs, Mary Frank, and others), which have the human figure as their common theme. Through Feb. 6. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dennis Ashbaugh—New abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Beauchamp / Fred Mitchell—Large oils of mythical landscapes populated by fantastic figures and animals. / Abstract watercolors. Through Feb. 3. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

Joseph Beuys—Found objects grouped together in display cases; drawings; and other works by this German Conceptualist. Through Feb. 13. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Deborah Clearman—Paintings of people relaxing at lakeside campsites. Through Wednesday, Jan. 20. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

William N. Copley—Recent comic, bawdy paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Tom Doyle—A large-scale sculpture composed of pine beams and planks, together with monoprints and related maquettes. Through Jan. 30. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Lesley Dumbrell and John Firth-Smith—Abstract paintings by two Australian artists: geometric works by the former, and more loosely based, monochromatic canvases by the latter. Through Jan. 30. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Louis Finkelstein—Figurative paintings. Through Feb. 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Leon Golub—A series of paintings entitled "Mercenaries and Interrogations," and portraits of political figures (Kissinger, Franco). Through Jan. 30. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Nancy Holt—An installation of electrical devices, assembled like a large erector set, representing the wires and conduits in household electrical systems. Through Jan. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Bruce McLean—Works on paper. Through Feb. 3. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway.)

Carolyn Parker / Jackie Carson—Photo-Realist paintings of buildings. / Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Starkman, 465 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Joel Shapiro—Drawings by an artist known primarily as a sculptor. Through Feb. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Nine black-and-white circular paintings from the year 1976. Through Jan. 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Andy Spence—Clean-cut geometric forms painted on sharply contrasting solid-color grounds, plus preparatory drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Joyce Stillman-Myers / Murray Alcosser—Super-realist pastels of candy. / Recent photographs: still-lifes of flowers. Through Jan. 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Boaz Vaadia—A trestle just under twenty-six feet long and made of raw cedar posts supports a roadway of bluestone slabs, and there are smaller pieces in the same materials. Through Jan. 30. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Andy Warhol / Bruce Nauman—New work. Through Jan. 30. (Castelli, at 420 West Broadway and at 142 Greene St.) / Sculptures and drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Castelli and Sperone Westwater Fischer, both at 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: The first of two installations of a fifth-an-

niversary show consisting of a hundred and seventy-four of the artists whose work has been featured at the center. Through Feb. 27. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Erté, Jean Cocteau, William Crovello, Clayton Pond, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **MARINO,** 489 Broome St.: Works on paper, ranging from artists' books to studies for sculptures, by about forty artists. Also, a room installation, by Kathleen Dinan, combining paper and steel. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PROTETCH,** 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, John Hejduk, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Feb. 27. (Opens at noon.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 392 West Broadway: New work by some of the gallery artists, including a wall-relief-and-mosaic that is Ned Smyth's study for a sculpture commissioned for Penn Station; large Polaroid photographs by William Wegman; and a rendering in ceramics (a new medium for this artist) of Moorish designs by Valerie Jaudon. Through Jan. 27. . . . **STEWART NEILL,** 136 Greene St.: Clouds as seen in still-lifes, landscapes, and abstractions by more than forty artists, among them Helen Miranda Wilson, Yvonne Jacquette, John MacWhinnie, and (quite appropriately) Ivy Sky Rutzky. Through Feb. 3.

OTHER GALLERIES

ALAN KIKUCHI-YNGOJO / ROSEANNE GENERALLI—Collaged color photographs. / Drawings in pastel and watercolor. Through Jan. 30. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

COOPER UNION—A hundred and eleven artists and architects showing, in response to an invitation from two Cooper Union professors, designs for three architectural elements: window, room, furniture. Although an eight-inch-square paper was specified, some took liberties with this restriction. Through Friday, Jan. 22. (Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St.: Paintings and sculptures by relative unknowns; Edward Albee was the curator. Through Jan. 30. . . . **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: A show dedicated to the late Ilya Bolotowsky, one of the founders of the American Abstract Artists: paintings and sculptures by Mr. Bolotowsky and other members, including Robert Conover and Charmion von Wiegand. Through Jan. 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Paintings and photographs, mostly, with admittedly ludicrous subjects; i.e., dogs dressed in shirts and ties. Through Thursday, Jan. 21. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JOHN ALBOK—A hundred and twenty pictures of New York and its inhabitants, from 1921 to the present, by a Madison Avenue tailor. Many of the photographs were taken from the window of his shop, near Ninety-seventh Street. Through May 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RICHARD AVEDON / THE HOWES BROTHERS—Paris fashion shows from the forties and fifties and a group of portraits. / Turn-of-the-century New England platinum prints by three itinerant commercial photographers who recorded all aspects of life there, from men and women in their workplaces to the homes of those for whom they undoubtedly worked. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ROBERT D'ALESSANDRO—Photographs of landscape and sky (New Mexico) and architecture and sky (New York and other cities). Through Feb. 5. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HAROLD EDGERTON—High-speed studies of bullets being shot through apples and bananas, and of athletes in motion. Through Jan. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JILL FREEDMAN—Prints from 1968 to the present of policemen and firemen at work by a photojournalist, plus scenic shots of England and Ireland. Through Jan. 30. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HANS NAMUTH—Color portraits of Edward Hopper, Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Louise Nevelson, and other twentieth-century artists. Through Jan. 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Photographic studies of Manhattan. Through Jan. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

EVE SONNEMAN—Eight large prints: "N. Y. Cops on Suicide Pillow" and "Roller Coaster Fire" are the titles of two. Through Jan. 30. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

RALPH STEINER—Photographs recently printed from old negatives, a number of them dating from the twenties. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

ARTHUR TAUSSIG / NIKI LOGIS—Photographs. / A large-scale painted-wood sculpture, plus related models. Through Feb. 13. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

GEORGE A. TICE—A retrospective of photographs from the past three decades. Through Jan. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Photographers and the National Parks" documents (in close to two hundred photographs by thirty-five artists) the parallel histories of landscape photography and the national parks. There are historical and contemporary views by Watkins, O'Sullivan, Adams, Cunningham, Weston, and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Ninety-six early prints (by Beato, Frith, Curtis, Hine, and others) owned by the library. Through March 3. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—A tenth-anniversary exhibit of recent work by twenty-four photographers associated with the Light gallery; among them are Harry Callahan, Frank Gohlke, Emmet Gowin, Robert Heinecken, and Linda Connor. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The museum will be closed for a few months for construction work.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly and Richard Shaw. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody. It includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. All the works are from the John M. Crawford, Jr., Collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth-anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor) but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An installation by Hera which incorporates slides, film, and audio. . . . ¶ Installations by twelve artists (Warner Wada, Judith Schwarz, and Richard Miller among them); Benny Andrews was the curator. Through Saturday, Jan. 16.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by Jenny Holzer and Peter Nadin (together), Jim Iserman, Jim Sanborn, and Hudson (a.k.a. Buzz Tone Outlet). Through Feb. 13.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Nearly a hundred and fifty books by Russian avant-garde writers and artists, from 1910-30. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photocopy art. Through Feb. 6.

Just Above Midtown / Downtown, 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Randy Williams' sculptural installations of wood, metal, and accompanying audio; and Janet Henry's, which consist of dolls, toys, candy, and other objects placed in plastic containers. Through Jan. 30.

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The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Bob Holman, Stephanie Skura & Yvonne Meier (performance), Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30; Liz Pasquale (performance) and Jim Neu, John Nesci, and Paul Galasso (performance), Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; Christian Marclay and Charles Dennis (performance), Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Michel Auder (video), Monday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 and 10. . . . ¶ An installation (lights, video, sound, and drawings) by Joseph Nechvatal. Through Jan. 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Gwynn Cornell, Gerd Brenneis, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 18: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 19: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Ryan Edwards; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Gerd Brenneis, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Julia Migenes-Johnson, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 16, at 1:30, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Vaughan Williams' "Hugh the Drover," staged by Linda Brovsky, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8, and Friday, Jan. 15, at 2: A program including the première of George Walker's Cello Concerto, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, and Lorne Munroe, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8; Friday, Jan. 22, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8: A Mozart-Bartók-Mendelssohn program, with Daniel Barenboim, piano.

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, at 8, a Mozart-Tippett-Debussy program, with György Pauk, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. . . . ¶ Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8, a Debussy-Dvořák program; no soloists.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting a Hindemith-Ravel-Stravinsky program, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—With Gidon Kremer, violin, and Kim Kashkashian, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Dylana Jenson, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Agostino Steffani's opera "L'Amor Vien dal Destino," in concert form, with D'Anna Fortunato, Elaine Bonazzi, and Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-sopranos; Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; John Ostendorf, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Haydn-Mendelssohn-Prokofieff program, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin, and Katsurako Mikami, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Piston-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the New York première of Undine Smith Moore's oratorio "Scenes from the Life of a Martyr" and Beethoven's "Der glorreiche Augenblick," with Esther Hinds, soprano; Isola Jones, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Arthur Woodley, bass; and William Warfield, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing: (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Josef Doller directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

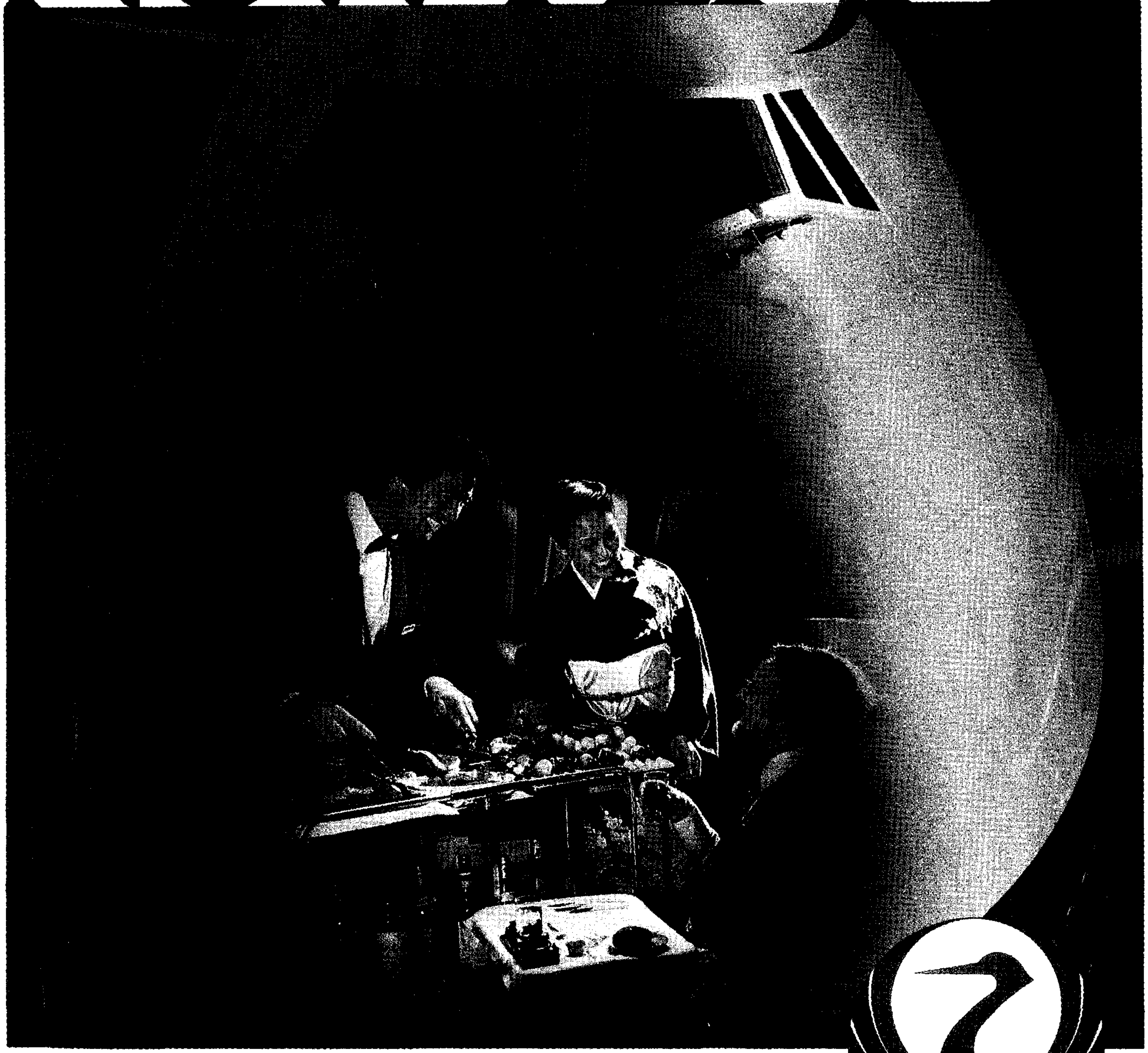
St. Cecilia Chorus—David Randolph directing a Vivaldi-Haydn program, with Mary Burgess and Martha Rafferty Page, sopranos; Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and John Challener, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Zitta Finkelstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8—there will be a pre-concert recital devoted to Israeli music at 7:15.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by William McKinley, Ben Weber, Stravinsky, and Paul Alan Levi. With Margaret Ahrens,

NOW FLY JAL



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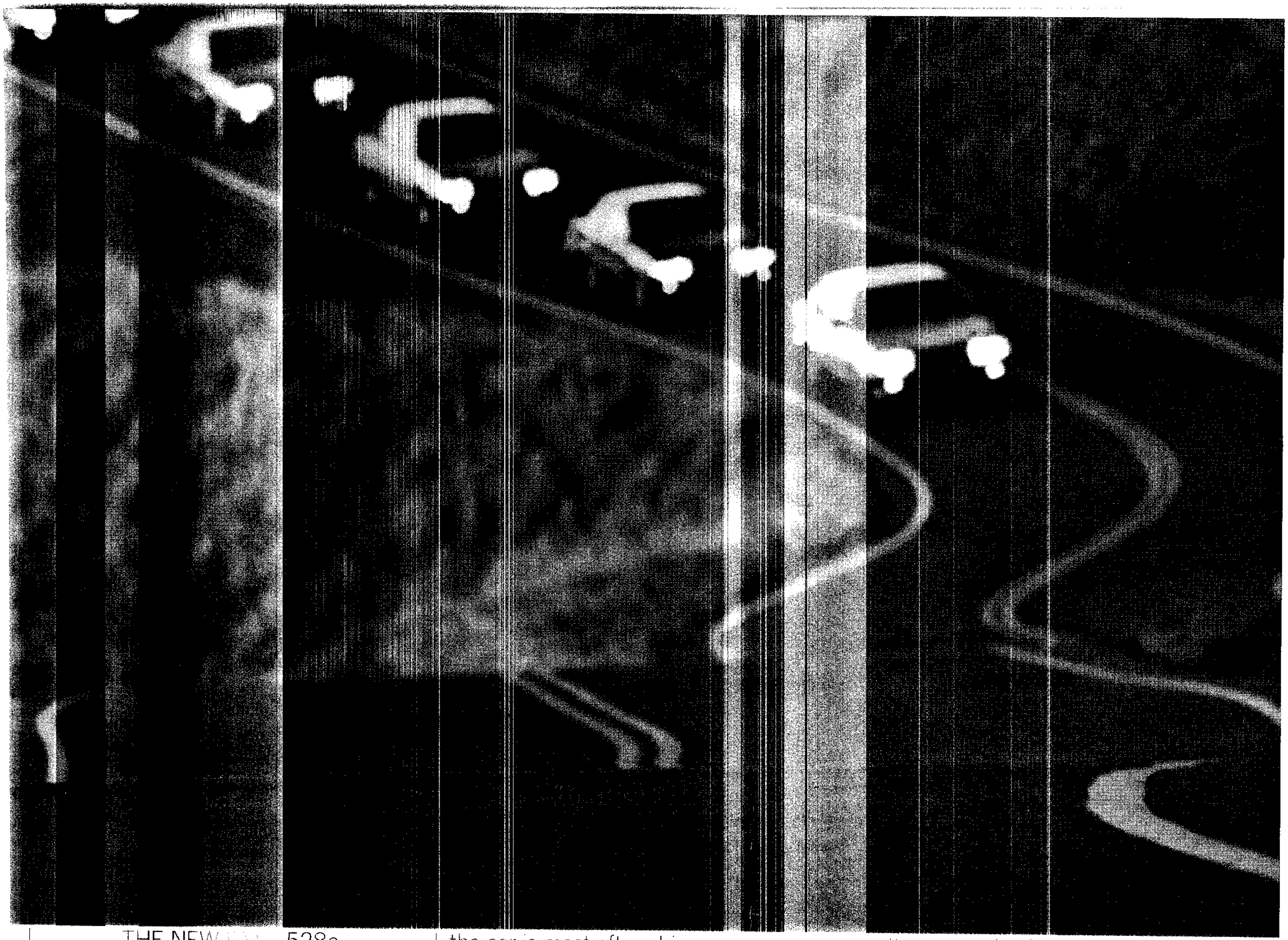

THE NEW BMW 528e.

It seems the automotive establishment has caught up with automotive enthusiasts in their affection for BMW's.

Lately, affection has become ardor—as witnessed by the number of cars resembling BMW's, comparing themselves to BMW's, and even claiming to perform "like" BMW's.

BMW shares this vision of what a car should be in the eighties, with one major disclaimer: cars should be motivated by foresight, not hindsight. And no better example exists than the new, technologically advanced BMW 528e.

THE 1982 CAR THAT WON'T BE IRRELEVANT BY 1987.

The new 528e is a luxury performance sedan that escapes further categorization largely because its category doesn't exist yet.

It is the sort of car other car makers, or those of them who value performance, will someday have to attempt—one that turns minimum energy into maximum performance.

The 528e accomplishes this through an inspired paradox called the "Eta" engine.

It runs slower than conventional 6-cylinder engines, stretching fuel in the process. Yet at the same time, it develops higher torque (or power) at those slower engine speeds—speeds at which the car is most often driven.

The result is the sort of exhilarating engine response you would expect if fuel efficiency were no obstacle; because in the 528e, it isn't.

Deep within the engine, where the important fuel efficiency decisions are made, another BMW innovation makes sure those decisions are always made in favor of maximum performance.

Digital Motor Electronics is an electronic system that constantly monitors the engine and assures that fuel ignition occurs at the optimum moment. It also cuts off fuel flow to cylinders when they're not needed, allowing the car to run on its own momentum during deceleration, saving fuel for acceleration.

All this makes for a car that performs extraordinarily well because of the fact that it's extraordinarily efficient, not in spite of it. Which helps explain its mileage figures, unsurpassed by any gasoline-powered car in its price class: EPA-estimated $\boxed{22}$ mpg, 32 mpg highway.*

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST OBEDIENT AUTOMOBILES.

The eighties are already being touted as the era of the personal car, a time when driver regains mastery over automobile.

As trailblazers forge ahead in this direction, they'll find the trail has been previously blazed by the 528e.

Its suspension is a refinement of a design so advanced, Car and Driver termed it "the single most significant breakthrough in front suspension design in this decade."

The resulting agility is complemented by its steering, highly responsive in the manner of all BMW's (a legacy of its racing forebears). On the road, it is one of the most obedient cars in the world.

Inside, it is a model of the "new" science of ergonomics, a recent discovery with some car makers and a tradition at BMW.

The interior is an elegant continuum of driver and automobile created by easily accessible controls, contoured seats and many other functional amenities.

But despite all this, no claim is made for the 528e as the Car of the Future.

It is not a car designed for mass-market accolades, but rather for a finite number of serious drivers—enthusiasts who've watched the performance characteristics of cars diminish in tandem with the world's fuel supply.

For those people, the 528e may well be a deliverance.

You may judge for yourself at your BMW dealer, where the 528e awaits your test drive.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY.

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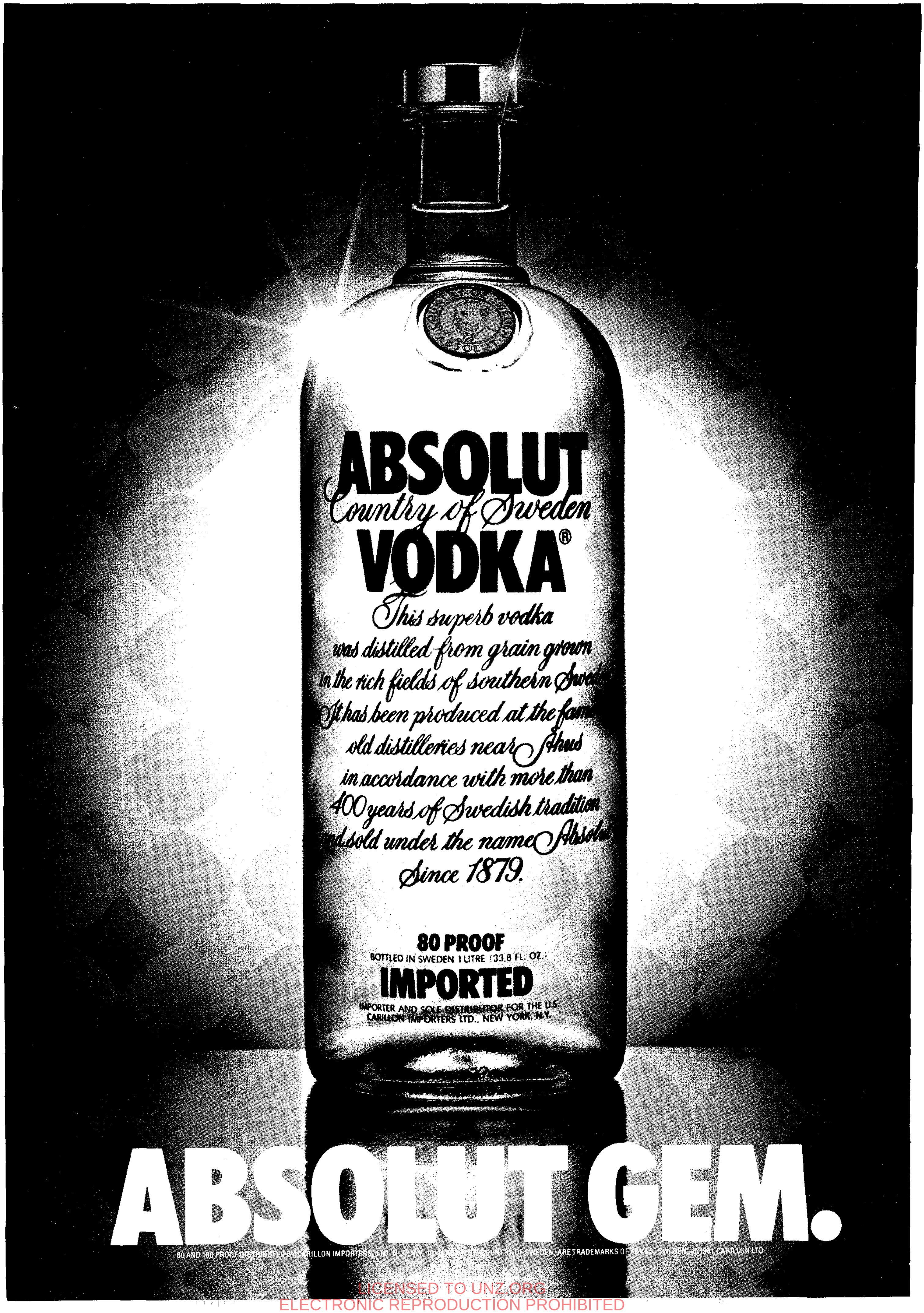
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

soprano, and Lillo Way, narrator. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Roberto Aussel—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.).

Jan DeGaetani and Gilbert Kalish—Soprano and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The second of four programs to be presented this season will be devoted to music from medieval times, with Julianne Baird and Cheryl Bensman, sopranos; Allan Fast, countertenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; William Sharp, baritone; Kurt Richards, bass; and instrumentalists performing on antique instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Syracuse Society for New Music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Douglas Reed—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a Beethoven-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Shigeo Neriki—Two recitals devoted to Beethoven's complete works for cello and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 16, and Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Jean Redpath—Scottish folksinger. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available forty-five minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ik-Hwan Bae, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; and Earl Wild and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, Jan. 17, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 18-19, at 7:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music for a While—A program of music of fifteenth-century Burgundy. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Craig Sheppard—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

Katia Ricciarelli—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Natan Brand—Piano, with Yuval Waldman, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello. The last in a series of all-Schumann recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Charles Rosen—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8, an all-Schumann program.)

American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Tafelmusik—Four musicians in a program of baroque and contemporary chamber music. With Jenny Hayden Brown, soprano; Tom Suarez, violin; and John Dexter, viola. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 777-1827. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

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Yefim Bronfman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

John Anderson—Oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—The third in a series of six programs of chamber music, this one performed by Franklin Cohen, clarinet; Pamela Mia Paul, piano; Richard Sortomme, violin; Robert Vernon, viola; and Frederick Zlotkin, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Capricorn—Thirteen musicians and three dancers in a program of contemporary music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music from Ravinia—The first in a series of three programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one performed by Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and Jeffrey Tate and James Levine, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—With Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet and the Fine Arts Quartet—A joint concert, presenting Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

New York Camerata—Diane Bruce, violin; Eleanor Clark, soprano; Glenn Jacobson, piano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; and Mark Shuman, cello. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

André Watts and Charles Treger—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Max van Egmond and Paul O'Dette—Baritone and lutenist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Charles Fisk—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Julius Rudel conducting the Mannes Orchestra, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, and Eugene Istomin, piano. A benefit for the Mannes College of Music. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 737-9088.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Jan. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Thursday, Jan. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, Jan. 17, at 1.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Affectionately Handicap, Sunday, Jan. 17, and the Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, March 12.

Tennis—Volvo Masters: Jose-Luis Clerc, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Roscoe Tanner, Eliot Teltscher, Guillermo Vilas, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 13-15, at 1 and 7; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 16, at noon; semifinal doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 16, at 7:30; and final singles match and final doubles match, Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 685-8780.)

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 6.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Jan. 18, through Saturday, April 3. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—June Jordan and Alberto Rios reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Norman Mailer reading from his own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gail Godwin and Gerald Jay Goldberg reading from their own novels. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7:30.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Red Grooms' three-dimensional walk-through model of Manhattan is back, with a taxi that can be climbed into (complete with passenger and talking driver) and a *tableau* depicting the purchase of the island from the Indians. (Burlington House lobby, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6; entrance fee of $2 or less, depending.)

National Boat Show—Cruisers, sailboats, inboards, outboards, dinghies, and canoes, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 16 and 23, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 17 and 24, from 11 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 18-22, from noon to 10.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Saturday, Jan. 16, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 21, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 16. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: African and Oceanic art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 14 . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 16. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 10: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 2: Old Master drawings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 14. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"American Success" (directed by William Richert), with Jeff Bridges and Bianca Jagger.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 14: "Cutter's Way" (†) and "A Small Circle of Friends" (†).
Jan. 15-21: "Body Heat" (†) and "All That Jazz" (†).
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 14: "Arthur" (†).
From Jan. 15: "Atlantic City" (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 21: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.
From Jan. 22: "Zoot Suit" (Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 14: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.
From Jan. 15: "The Boogens" (James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Jan. 21: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
From Jan. 22: "The Last Waltz" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
To be announced.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 19: A seven-day festival of Israeli films, eleven in all, shown in Hebrew with English subtitles. Call theatre for film titles and time schedules. Jan. 20-21: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War. From Jan. 22: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "On Golden Pond" (†). From Jan. 22: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Ticket to Heaven" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Jan. 21: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.
From Jan. 22: "Zoot Suit" (Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Absence of Malice" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 14: "Arthur" (†).
Jan. 15-21: "Cutter's Way" (†).
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 14: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.
From Jan. 15: "The Boogens" (James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), *with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.*

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Jan. 21: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
From Jan. 22: "A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunningham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. Jan. 15-21: "Saturday the 14th." From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas. From Jan. 15: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 19: "Traveling Hopefully" (directed by John G. Avildsen); and "In Our Water" (Meg Switzgable). From Jan. 20: "The Alien's Place" (1979; Rudolf van den Berg; in Dutch).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From Jan. 15: "Gates of Heaven" (1978; Errol Morris), a documentary; and "Vernon, Florida."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase. From Jan. 15: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From Jan. 22: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. From Jan. 15: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Time Bandits" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blood Wedding" (1981, Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 3: "Prince of the City" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 21: "Pixote" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (944-9300)
Jan. 15 at 7:30 and 10: "One from the Heart" (Francis Coppola), with Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr, and Raul Julia.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pennies from Heaven" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Jan. 14: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
From Jan. 15: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson. (No evening performances on Tuesday, Jan. 19.)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Four Friends" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Jan. 14: "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (Maxmilian Schell; in German).
From Jan. 15: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Absence of Malice" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 19: "Pixote" (†). From Jan. 20: "David" (Peter Lilienthal; in German).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Opera Prima" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish), with Oscar Ladoire and Paula Molina.
Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse. From Jan. 15: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Jan. 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From Jan. 15: "Saturday the 14th."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 21: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 22: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 21: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase. From Jan. 22: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas. From Jan. 15 (tentative): "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Jan. 22: "Zoot Suit" (Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Cutter's Way" (†). From Jan. 15: "The Boogens" (James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 14: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 15: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).

Theatre 4: "Atlantic City" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 2: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

Theatre 3: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

Theatre 4: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).

Theatre 5: "Body Heat" (†).

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 22: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 14: "Fighting Mad" (1978), with Jayne Kennedy and Leon Isaac Kennedy. From Jan. 15: "Revenge of the Shogun Women." In 3-D.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 14: "Time Bandits" (†). From Jan. 15: "Revenge of the Shogun Women." In 3-D.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Reds" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 2: "Ragtime" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas. From Jan. 15: "The Boogens" (James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris; and "Preacher Man." Jan. 15-21: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas. From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Graduation Day." Jan. 15-21: "Saturday the 14th." From Jan. 22: "A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunningham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn.

Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Jan. 13: "Waiting for Godot" (1971; directed by Alan Schneider), with Zero Mostel and Burgess Meredith; and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith.

Jan. 14: "Potemkin" (1925) and "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1927), both Russian silent films, directed by Sergei Eisenstein.

Jan. 15-16: "Woodstock" (1970; Michael Wadleigh), a film of the 1969 festival.

Jan. 17: "The Black Stallion" (1979; Carroll Ballard), with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr; and "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux.

Jan. 18: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers; and "The Cocoanuts" (†).

Jan. 19: "Whirlwind" (1964; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese); and "Stray Dog" (1949; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 20: "Blonde Venus" (†); and "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in German), with Hedy Lamarr.

Jan. 21: "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Jan. 22-23: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Michel Auclair, and Marcel André.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Jan. 14: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.

Jan. 15-16: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Jan. 17: "Inside Daisy Clover" (†) and "Gypsy" (†).

Jan. 18 at 8: "Accent on Youth" (Wesley Ruggles), with Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall; and "Mary Burns, Fugitive" (1935; William K. Howard), with Sylvia Sidney and Melvyn Douglas. Miss Sidney will be present.

Jan. 19: "Alice Adams" (1935; George Stevens), with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson; and "Young Mr. Lincoln" (†).

Jan. 20-21: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Accident" (†).

Jan. 22-23: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 14: "Room at the Top" (1958; Jack Clayton), with Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret, and Heather Sears; and "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

Jan. 15-16: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Jan. 17-19: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 20-21: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel. Both films X-rated.

Jan. 22-23: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 14: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Jan. 15-16: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot.

Jan. 17-18: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Jan. 19: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

Jan. 20-21: "The Last Picture Show" (†); and "Splendor in the Grass" (†).

Jan. 22-23: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Jan. 13: "Gentleman's Agreement" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield; and "The Pet-

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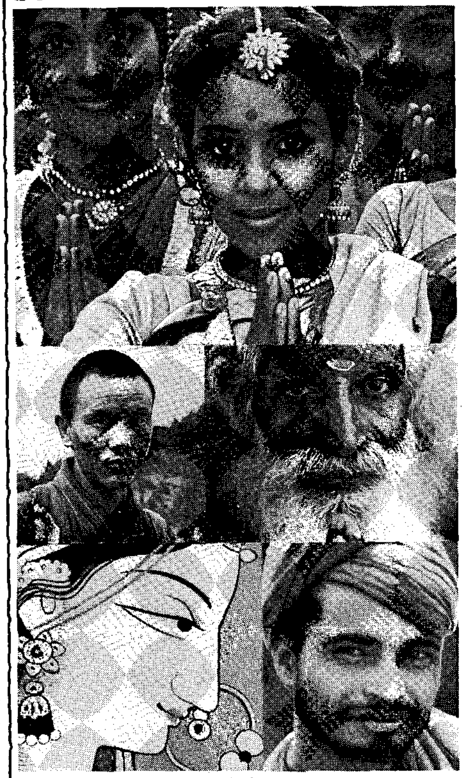

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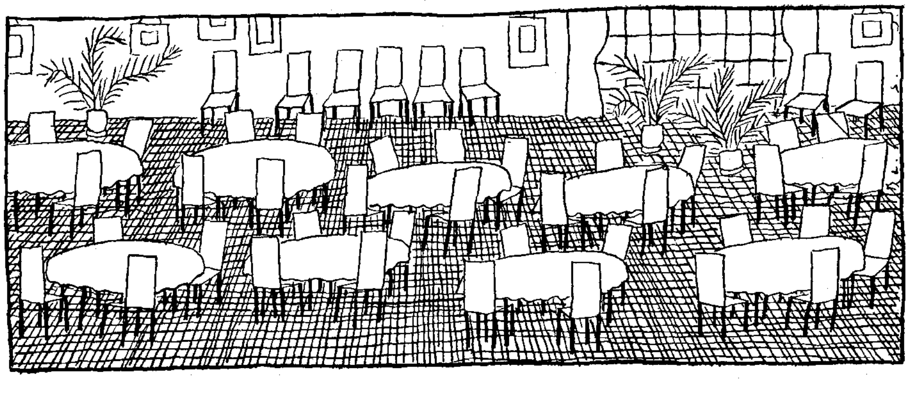
rified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.
Jan. 14-15: "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward and Simon Oakland; and "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray.
Jan. 16-17: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.
Jan. 18-20: "The Barefoot Contessa" (†); and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.
Jan. 21-22: "Ivanhoe" (†); and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.
From Jan. 23: "The Night of the Iguana" (†); and "The Man in the White Suit" (1951; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 13: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976; Lewis John Carlino), with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson; and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.
Jan. 14-15: "California Suite" (1978; Herbert Ross), with Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Michael Caine, and Maggie Smith; and "Eyes of Laura Mars" (1978; Irvin Kershner), with Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones.
Jan. 16-17: "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman; and "Moonraker" (1979; Lewis Gilbert), with Roger Moore.
Jan. 18-20: "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods; and "One, Two, Three" (1961; Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.
Jan. 21-22: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
From Jan. 23: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980; Michael Apted), with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones; and "A Touch of Class" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 16: "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.
Jan. 17-18: "Stella Dallas" (†) and "Mildred Pierce" (†).
Jan. 19-20: "Rachel, Rachel" (†) and "Norma Rae" (†).
Jan. 21-23: "The Country Girl" (†) and "Sunset Boulevard" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 13: "Mater Dolorosa" (1917) and "The Folly of Dr. Tube" (1916), both silent films, directed by Abel Gance.
Jan. 14: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland; and "Autumn Leaves" (1956; Robert Aldrich), with Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson, Vera Miles, and Lorne Greene.
Jan. 15-16: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
Jan. 17: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.
Jan. 18: "The Last Straw" ("The Old Gun;" 1976; Robert Enrico; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Romy Schneider; and "The Clockmaker" (†).
Jan. 19: "Stay As You Are" (†); and "Come Have Coffee with Us" (1970; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi.
Jan. 20: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.
Jan. 21: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, and Madge Kennedy.
Jan. 22-23: "Belle Starr Story" (1977; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Elsa Martinelli; and "Love and Anarchy" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 13: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.
Jan. 14: "The Girl from 10th Ave." (1935; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, Ian Hunter, Alison Skipworth, and Colin Clive; and "Housewife" (1934; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak, Ruth Donnelly, and Hobart Cavanaugh.
Jan. 15-16: "The Great McGinty" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Brian Donlevy, Akim Tamiroff, and Muriel Angelus; and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea, and William Demarest.
Jan. 17: "Vampyr" (†) and "Day of Wrath" (†).
Jan. 18: "Poppy" (†); and "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (1935; Clyde Bruckman), with W. C. Fields, Mary Brian, and Kathleen Howard.
Jan. 19: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch) and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; George Cukor), both with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas.
Jan. 20: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.
Jan. 21: "The Visit" (1964; Bernhard Wicki), with Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn, and Irina Demick; and "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid



Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

Jan. 22: "Rebecca" (†); and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

Jan. 23: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Jan. 20: "Discord" (1981; directed by Bill Lundberg), a film installation. Mr. Lundberg will be present on Thursday, Jan. 21, at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Jan. 13 at 8: "Ballet Mecanique" (1924; Fernand Léger), "Ménilmontant" (1927; Dimitri Kirsanoff), "Listen to Britain" (1941; Humphrey Jennings), and "In the Street" (1945-52; Levitt, Agee, and Loeb). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: A program of eight films by George Landow. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8: A program of films by Willard Maas, Marie Menken, and Mike and George Kuchar. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches" (1963-68; Jonas Mekas). . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Sunrise" (1927; F. M. Murnau; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8: "Neighbors" (1920; Buster Keaton; a silent film) and "The Great Blondino" (1967; Robert Nelson) and "Bleu Shut" (1970; Robert Nelson). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 8: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1971; Jonas Mekas). . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 8: "Chichi Ariki" ("There Was a Father;" 1942; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2: "More Men," a video work by Charles Atlas. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: "Umarete Wa Mita Keredo" ("I Was Born . . . But;" 1932; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese, no English subtitles).

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in April.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice—A trim, well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the basically insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force investigating the disappearance of a union leader. The story is false—the federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim, and the movie is about how he turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. It's doubtful that people who are out to get even are as calm and well-balanced as this character; Newman gives revenge class, so we can all enjoy it. The script, by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, is crisply plotted, but he doesn't write scenes to reveal anything more in the characters than the plot requires. Sydney Pollack's directing is efficient, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance (especially in the one scene when he blows up at the reporter and hisses his rage right into her ear), and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. As the head of the strike force, Bob Balaban must think that he's doing Captain Queeg. He has devised an attention-getting nervous shtick—he spins his hands around while playing with rubber bands—and he never gives it a rest. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Jan. 15.)

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A cleverly barbed comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness and, as the centerpiece, a long, drunken Sunday party, with people sitting down to supper when they're too drunk to eat. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly, gripping his jaw to stop a stutter or folding his arms to keep his hands out of trouble. With Stanley Baker, who is properly swinish as another academic, and Vivien Merchant, Jacqueline Sassard, Michael York, Alexander Knox, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. From the novel by Nicholas Mosley; cinematography by Gerry Fisher; music by John Dankworth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 20-21.)

All That Jazz (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and softlens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 15-21.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through Jan. 14.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 15.)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—Writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz tries to tell all about Hollywood—where the men aren't men and the women are magnificent, frustrated animals. Flamenco dancer Ava Gardner is discovered in the slums of Madrid by a vicious millionaire producer (Warren Stevens), a gutless, sycophantic press agent (Edmond O'Brien), and an alcoholic, broken-down director (Humphrey Bogart). She becomes a glamorous star but only feels at home with her feet in the dirt (symbolized by a guitar player, a chauffeur, and a gypsy dancer). The movie is so ornate and so garrulous about telling the dirty truth that it's a camp classic: a Cinderella story in which the prince turns out to be impotent. It's hard to believe Mankiewicz ever spent an hour in Hollywood; the alternative supposition is that he spent too many hours there. With Rossano Brazzi as the castrated Italian count, Marius Goring as a rich South American playboy, Valentina Cortesa, Elizabeth Sellars, Franco Interlenghi, Bessie Love, Tonio Selwart, Enzo Staiola, and Riccardo Rioli. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 18-20.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the man she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. Once degraded, she sinks down to flophouse level before she pulls herself together and becomes the toast of the night-club world. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. (It's the only memorable sequence in the movie.) With Sidney Toler as a detective, Cecil Cunningham as a night-club hostess, and Hattie McDaniel, Sterling Holloway, and Dewey Robinson. The screenplay is by Jules Furthman and S. K. Lauren, based on von Sternberg's story. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 20.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 15-21.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Art, Manhattan, and Lincoln Plaza.)

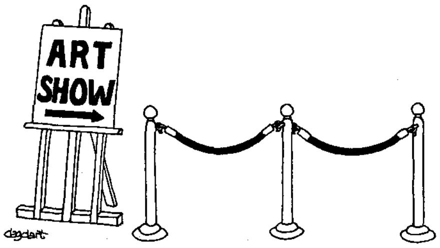
The Clockmaker (1974)—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 18.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in Paramount's Astoria Studios, on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the Florida land boom. Most of the action takes place in a hotel lobby; the characters walk on and off as if they were in a stage play, and they do stage business. The material hasn't been paced for the screen; there are dead spots (without even background music), but there are also a lot of funny verbal routines and a musical burlesque of "Carmen," and Harpo, as a fiendish pickpocket, is much faster (and less aesthetic and self-conscious and innocent) than in the Brothers' later comedies. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo as Penelope, a jewel thief; Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats as the rich Mrs. Potter, the possessor of a valuable necklace; and a pair of forgettable singing lovers (Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw). Based on the musical play by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, adapted by Ryskind, and directed by Joseph Santley and Robert Florey. With the Berlin song "When My Dreams Come True." The cast includes Basil Ruysdael and Cyril Ring. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 18.)

The Country Girl (1954)—This rather odd movie, derived from a Clifford Odets play, features the least broken-down of actors, Bing Crosby, as a broken-down actor—a weak-willed, alcoholic heel who lives on the strength of his wife, Grace Kelly. William Holden is the Broadway director who misinterprets the tangle of dependencies and tries to free the husband from the wife. Rather inexplicably, this sadomasochistic morass was one of the biggest box-office hits of its year, and somewhat inexplicably also, Academy Awards were presented to Grace Kelly as Best Actress and to the director-writer, George Seaton, for his uneven and incoherent screenplay. The film has virtues, however—Holden's performance, good backstage dialogue, and Anthony Ross in a small role. With Gene Reynolds; songs by Ira Gershwin and Harold Arlen. (Regency; Jan. 21-23.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Jan. 15-21.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son. When she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies, and at the funeral her mother-in-law denounces her as a witch. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be. As she is trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, one's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic fears of the "witch" and her accusers. With Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier as Marthe, the old woman who is arrested and burned at the stake in the great early sequences. Based on the play "Anne Pedersdotter," by Wiers Jensen; the musical arrangements of the "Dies Irae" (which gives the film its title) and the other fateful hymns are by Poul Schierbeck. Not shown outside Denmark until after the war; opened in this country in 1948. In Danish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)



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Four Friends—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian working-class youth, Danilo, who comes with a big, heavy symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, particularly in his sense of humor, and Penn, trying for a large-scale social vision, brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the big immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America," and in order to accommodate a whole catalogue of symbolic events of the sixties—everything from a race riot to the landing on the moon—the plot bounces along exhaustingly. The characters are always learning life's important lessons. In a key sequence, we get crosscutting between Danilo folk-dancing in the sunshine with his immigrant worker friends and the girl with her soul-sick druggie-hippie pals at a strobe-lighted psychedelic revel. It's health vs. sickness, life vs. death. And the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, and Jim Metzler and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy as a rotten-rich swine, and Lois Smith as his wife—she gets to let out a yelping sound that's like a grandmommy of a scream. So may you. (1/4/82) (Little Carnegie.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Loews New York, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Festival; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, Waverly, and New Yorker; through Jan. 21.)

Gypsy (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood (almost pitifully miscast) is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Jules Styne and Stephen Sondheim wrote the songs. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script (by Leonard Spiegelgass, from the Arthur Laurents play) and the other credits match. With Ann Jillian as Baby June. (Rosalind Russell's songs were partially dubbed by Lisa Kirk.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 17.)

Inside Daisy Clover (1966)—Natalie Wood plays the heroine, a teen-age singing movie star (fill in Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, et al.), in Robert Mulligan's film, based on Gavin Lambert's adaptation of his own novel. The people who make Daisy a star seem to have some terrible secret that we're never let in on; the movie is full of lurking evil that seems unrelated to anything. It's an inside-Hollywood movie with a gothic atmosphere—all portent, little content. It's short on characters, detail, activity, dialogue, even music; it's so determined to be stylish and knowing that, rather than risk banality, it eliminates almost everything. What's left are sinister, funereal pauses and a few ghoulish people, such as the head of the studio (Christopher Plummer, whose performance mightn't be so maddening if it were just speeded up). Even the showy recording-room sequence, with the heroine breaking down while post-syncing a song with her image on a large screen, doesn't work right—it's *too* showy. The film seems to be working against itself—cynical yet sentimental, it rarely achieves a satisfying emotional tone. Natalie Wood's way of acting teen-age is to be like a brassy Tom Sawyer. As the young star's no-good, vaguely homosexual husband (one of the most cryptic roles ever written), Robert Redford gives the only fresh performance. With Ruth Gordon as Daisy's mother, and Katharine Bard, Roddy McDowall, and Harold Gould. Produced by Alan J. Pakula; choreography by Herbert Ross; art direction by Robert Clatworthy; music and songs by André Previn, with lyrics by Dory Previn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 17.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—What a ruckus! Everybody in twelfth-century England is fighting everybody else—lunging at one another with long lances while on horseback, or throwing rocks off the parapets of keeps, or raising and lowering drawbridges over moats and plunging shouting, screaming men into the water below. In between, barbecue pits are made ready for human roasts and stakes are erected for the purpose of burning beautiful young women. The Normans, who have pledged their allegiance to Prince John (Guy Rolfe), are at war with the Saxons, who are committed to Richard the Lion-Hearted (Norman Wooland), and the Saxon hero Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor) is trying to raise the ransom money to free Richard from his foreign captors. Ivanhoe is also attentive to the beautiful blond Rowena (Joan Fontaine) and to the dark, sensitive Jewish outcast Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor). Elizabeth Taylor, just turned twenty, is so improbably beautiful that Fontaine, ordinarily a great beauty in her own right, seems pallid and smarmy. The big clash between Ivanhoe and the villain (George Sanders) is unaccountably brutal—they go at each other with axes and heavy spiked balls attached to chains. No one could say this isn't a rousing movie. It's also romantic, big, commercial, and slick, in the M-G-M Technicolor grand manner. Directed by Richard Thorpe and made in England, it was shot by Fred A. Young (who was later to do "Lawrence of Arabia"). With Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, Felix Aylmer, Basil Sydney, Robert Douglas, Harold Warrender, Sebastian Cabot, and Valentine Dysall. Screenplay by Noel Langley; score by Miklos Rosza. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 21-22.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—This straightforward, involving narrative picture about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties was Peter Bogdanovich's first great success. It's plain and uncondescending in its re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation. Concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie—loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aims in life—the movie has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to one another, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. Robert Surtees' stylized cinematography is in black and white, and the frequent silhouetting—so that we seem to be looking at a map of life as it was—helps to clarify the subject matter. The film badly needs this stylization, because, of course, its shallow overview of town life is dangerously close to TV, and especially to the "Peyton Place" series. The movie suggests what TV soap opera would be if it looked at ordinary experience in a non-exploitative way, if it had observation and humor. This is perhaps an *ideal* TV show. From Larry McMurtry's novel, adapted by McMurtry together with the director. With Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman. (8th St. Playhouse; Jan. 20-21.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Sutton; starting Jan. 22.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. With Mariangela Melato, Lina Polito, Elena Fiore, and Eros Pagni. Cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno; music by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 22-23.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. With Jack Carson and Eve Arden. (Regency; Jan. 17-18.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it flows smoothly, creating the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation of the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. The premise of the movie is that they haven't seen each other since 1975, when André dropped out—took off on a spiritual quest for "reality," which led him around the world. (Actually, they taped their conversations two or three times a week for three months, and then Shawn worked for a year shaping the material into a script, in which they play comic distillations of aspects of themselves.) Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, who's like a sum of all the crackpot glittery-eyed charmers in the world, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences. He keeps going in wave after impassioned wave, describing astonishing, preposterous adventures in the Polish forests, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, and in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart, when the men and women of the theatre became dissatisfied with the limits of stage performance and began to delve into para-theatrical cults. Shawn, the pragmatist and sensualist, throws in an occasional skeptical dart, and then, when he begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism and offers the grubbiest of small comforts as proof of the fullness of his life. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

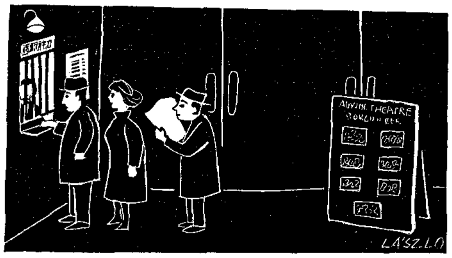
The Night of the Iguana (1964)—Richard Burton is the defrocked clergyman working as a tour guide; Ava Gardner is the strumpety widow who operates the rundown Mexican hotel where the action centers; Deborah Kerr is the saintly, middle-aged spinster from Nantucket, travelling with her ninety-seven-year-old poet-grandfather (Cyril Delevanti); Sue Lyon is the teen-ager out to seduce the minister; and Grayson Hall is the head of the schoolteachers' tour group. The director, John Huston, brings some coarse melodramatic vitality to the Tennessee Williams play, but whatever poetry it had seems to have leaked out. And without that the movie is terribly obvious, sentimental, and plain dumb. It's also indifferently made. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; starting Jan. 23.)

Norma Rae (1979)—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (Regency; Jan. 19-20.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema I; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Rivoli; starting Jan. 22.)

Pennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (Ziegfeld.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)



Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields did not write this script on the back of an envelope. It was a play first (by Dorothy Donnelly), and Fields himself had had a hit with it on Broadway in 1923—how could he miss in the role of the con man Eustace McGargle? He had even appeared in a silent movie version (called "Sally of the Sawdust") in 1925, directed by D. W. Griffith. (It was Fields' first success with the movie public.) The talkie version doesn't allow for the way Fields had developed: the public now enjoyed him because he snarled at sentimentality. He was given sticky-sweet, cow-eyed Rochelle Hudson for his ward, and she was given sticky-sweet, cow-eyed Richard Cromwell for a sweetheart, and really they're not the sort of people Fields should be mucking around with. Or maybe he should be—if he could just show us how he really feels about them. With Fields, you want any indication of virtue in his character to be a fraud or a momentary aberration; damned if this picture doesn't make him just a scowling angel. The adapters, Waldemar Young and Virginia Van Upp, and the director, Eddie Sutherland, give the old heart-of-gold stuff a workout, and Fields never gets a chance to cut loose and be mean and dirty-minded. With Lynne Overman, Maude Eburne, and Catherine Doucet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired in order to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema.)

Rachel, Rachel (1968)—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Regency; Jan. 19-20.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Loews State.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 21.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances—he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes the character's shyness deeply charming. With Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three showing their flair for playing rotten people. Also with Gladys Cooper, Nigel Bruce, Leo G. Carroll, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, and Melville Cooper. From Daphne du Maurier's novel, adapted by Robert E. Sherwood and Joan Harrison; the cinematography is by George Barnes; music by Franz Waxman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 22.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g.: Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Shoot the Moon—With Diane Keaton and Albert Finney, directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Jan. 22.)

A Small Circle of Friends (1980)—Misery loves company, and this may have been especially true at Harvard in the late sixties, with Vietnam and the draft to worry about. The three chief sufferers are Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker, and the director was Rob Cohen. (3/31/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote the baroque primer-Freud screenplay, about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture, set in a small Kansas town in the twenties, is hysterically on the side of young love, and this hysteria seems integral to the film's moments of emotional power, its humor, and its beauty. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are high-school sweethearts whose parents think they are too young to marry. And so, deprived of love together, the boy turns to a floozy and the girl, maddened by loss of him, goes to a mental institution. The parents are the mean, hypocritical monsters you expect in this sort of youth-slanted picture, which pretends to deal with real adolescent problems but actually begs the issue by having the two kids tenderly in love. The movie doesn't suggest that adolescents have a right to sexual experimentation—it just attacks the corrupted grownups for their failure to value love above all else. It's the old corn, fermented in a new way. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Martine Bartlett, Audrey Christie, Fred Stewart, Gary Lockwood, Phyllis Diller as Texas Guinan, and Inge himself as the Reverend. Cinematography by Boris Kaufman; production design by Richard Sylbert; music by David Amram. (8th St. Playhouse; Jan. 20-21.)

Stay As You Are (1979)—A contemporary *aventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 19.)

Stella Dallas (1937)—A sentimental war-horse, but effective. In this version, directed by King Vidor, Barbara Stanwyck plays the uncouth young woman who gives up her daughter (Anne Shirley), and John Boles is the socially proper man she can't live up to. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is entirely Stanwyck's, and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance. (Regency; Jan. 17-18.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salome, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. With Buster Keaton, H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Cecil B. De Mille, Jack Webb, Fred Clark, and Lloyd Gough. (Regency; Jan. 21-23.)

Ticket to Heaven—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Cinema II; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 15.)

FISH
SALAD
TEA
Westman

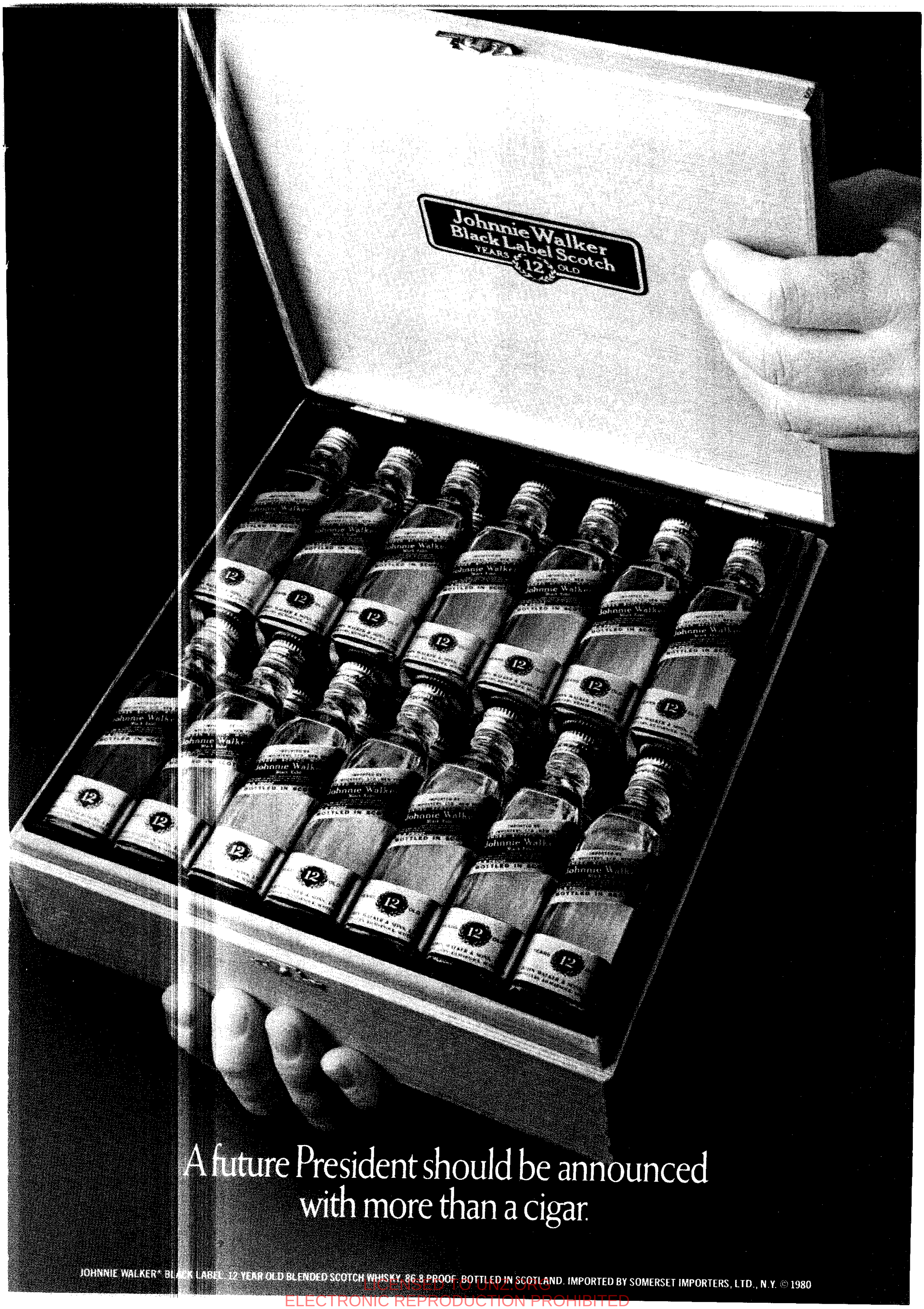
Time Bandits—Written by two members of the Monty Python group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great-looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from Hell makes his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on d. & d. (dungeons and dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mis-timing; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffer from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Embassy; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank; written by Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and with a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; starting Jan. 23.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

Young Mr. Lincoln (1939)—One of John Ford's most memorable films, and not at all the tedious bummer that the title might suggest. The film is an embroidery (by the scenarist Lamar Trotti) on an actual murder trial in which Lincoln was the defense lawyer. Henry Fonda, in one of his best early performances, is funny and poignant as the drawling, awkward young hero, and Alice Brady plays the mother of the two defendants, Richard Cromwell and Eddie Quillan. With Pauline Moore as Ann Rutledge, Marjorie Weaver as Mary Todd, and Arleen Whelan, Ward Bond, Donald Meek, Robert Lowery, and assorted members of the Ford stock company. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the most peculiar and at the same time most revealing episodes of the state of martial law in Poland has been the government's capture and detention of Lech Walesa, the elected leader of the now suspended Solidarity movement. From the start, his status has been ambiguous. The government has not said that he has been arrested. Yet he has not been allowed to go free. On being asked why Walesa was in Warsaw, where the government apparently first held him, Jerzy Urban, a government spokesman, replied vaguely, "Because that is where the government wants him." The only thing that the world really knows about his circumstances is that he has not been allowed to speak to the world on his own behalf. Meanwhile, the government has taken on itself the task of giving out certain pieces of supposed information about his activities. At the start of the crisis, the government claimed that he was in negotiation with it. In support of its claim, it released a photograph showing him sitting with a man in military uniform. The military man looked cheerful and expansive; Walesa looked tense, stiff, and glum. Then, as though to explain the failure of these "negotiations" to produce any results, a story began to make the rounds that Walesa had suffered a nervous breakdown and was weeping uncontrollably. A later story put out by a government official was that Walesa had been ready to make a statement to the nation counselling the futility of resistance to martial law but that the Church—an ally of Solidarity in its fight against the government for human rights in Poland—had persuaded the government that to permit Walesa to speak would be a mistake, since any sign of support by him for the government would so thoroughly destroy his credibility with the public that his usefulness for other purposes later on would be destroyed; in other words, Walesa himself was eager to express his support for martial law, but the government, at the behest of the Church, was wisely restraining him. Then came the news that Walesa was going to be moved to "a monastery"—almost as though the Church had now kidnapped him, or he had decided to retire from the world and become a recluse. But speaking much louder than these and other unlikely stories about Walesa has been his silence, which the world can only interpret as a rejection of the regime. And the longer that silence has gone on, the louder it has become, until now it in a way drowns out all the noisy propaganda that the government is pouring into Poland and the rest of the world through its state-run media. For Walesa is not just any person; he is unquestionably the person in Poland who is best qualified to speak for the Polish nation, having been elected to his position in Solidarity in the only free elections that Poland has known since the Communists came to power. (It is another confirmation of his de-facto leadership of the Polish people that, according to reports apparently circulated by sources other than the government, he has refused to enter into negotiations unless, among other things, the whole presidium of Solidarity, whose members were also elected to their positions, is with him.)

From its actions so far, it seems that the government thought that by capturing Walesa it could capture his political legitimacy, too, and transfer it to itself, as though legitimacy were a physical thing, like a bag of money that burglars could make off with. Thus, it has both locked up Walesa and spread stories that it is in negotiation with him and can hardly restrain him from foolishly expressing his support for the regime. But these are desperate measures. A government so

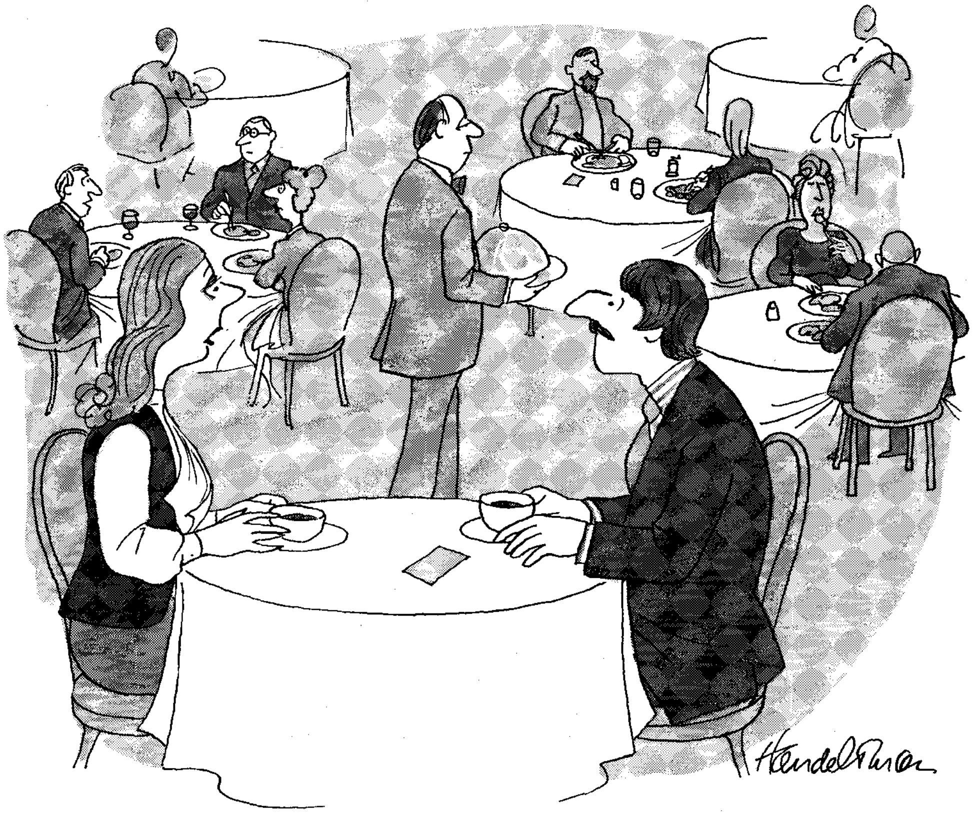
Albert Hubbell

lacking in popular support that it seeks to shine in the reflected glory of its political prisoners is in some kind of deep trouble. One wonders how long it can stand without drastic changes.

WE received the following communication from a friend:

I spent the Christmas holidays visiting relatives in Northville, Michigan, a snug suburban community fifteen miles west of Detroit which has suddenly found itself in the center of an economic maelstrom. Northville is an exceptionally pretty town, particularly when it is blanketed by new snow, as it was two days before Christmas. There is a historic center, which consists of a shopping area that has been spruced up with brick sidewalks and antique street lamps, and of several streets of tall, narrow, pastel-colored Victorian wooden houses, so attractively ornamented that they are often used as a background for automobile ads. Surrounding this core is a circle of post-Second World War housing developments: winding roads lined with imposing mansions, which are inhabited by Detroit-based executives, and smaller ranch houses and condominiums, which belong to the middle and lower echelons of the work force. (Rarely in such developments do you find a straight road. The people who built them were so preoccupied with the appearance of individuality that they planned everything in loops.) Northville has three good restaurants (Genitti's, an old-fashioned place with brick walls and home-style cooking; MacKinnon's, a casual, country-style French bistro; and Elizabeth's, a more expensive French establishment, which occupies the ground floor of a remodelled Victorian house); a candy store that hand-dips its chocolates; a yarn shop that sells hand-woven garments as well as the equipment (raw materials and looms) for making them; a motion-picture theatre that has been refurbished in turn-of-the-century style to resemble the vaudeville house it once was; a post office; a town hall; and six churches—Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, and Christian Community. Until recently, the main industries were a race track for trotting horses (racing goes on here in weather that would intimidate a Siberian Husky) and the Ford Motor Company's Northville Valve Plant, a long, low building next to a creek. A paddle wheel at one end of the building recalls its original existence as a sawmill. In 1919, when Henry Ford was setting up satellite plants to feed automotive parts into his Detroit assembly lines, he turned the sawmill into a factory, and he began producing valves for tractors and Model T's there the following year. The race track is still drawing crowds, but the valve plant, which employed two hundred and thirty people, closed down on December 23rd, the day I arrived in Northville. Although the workers had organized a last-minute effort to buy the plant, for three million dollars, Ford turned down the proposition, on the ground that the factory was too old and too small to produce valves economically. Ford also said, in an official statement, that the reduced demand for valves caused by the switch to smaller, four- and six-cylinder engines was an additional reason for shutting down the plant. The Northville *Record*, which quoted the Ford statement, pointed out in the same story that Ford now buys its valves from a non-union Eaton Corporation plant in Nebraska, and added that this "out-sourcing of parts . . . will be a leading topic of debate when the union leaders discuss contract reopeners." It is unlikely that the U.A.W. will save the Northville plant, because production stopped on November 20th, and the workers who remained on the job until the end dismantled the machinery. Of its two hundred and thirty employees, forty-three either have been placed in other Ford facilities or are eligible for retirement. This leaves Northville with a hundred and eighty-seven skilled and semi-skilled workers—the people living in the ranch houses and the condominiums—who will be unemployed, probably, at least for the rest of the winter. Northville, which has eight police cars and fourteen policemen, worries about an increase in crime. And people wonder what will happen to these workers when the benefits run out and many of them have to go on welfare.

On the same day that the valve plant closed, the Detroit *News* ran a full-page story on unemployment under the headline "TIME IS RUNNING SHORT FOR MICHIGAN'S JOBLESS." In it, a reporter named Steven Rosenfeld pointed out that, with the automobile industry in a prolonged slump (it lost four billion dollars last year and, it is estimated, will lose one billion four hundred million in 1982) and unemployment benefits running out for workers who were laid off last year



"You have to decide, Peter. Am I your significant other or am I your tootsie-wootsie?"

"Edna tells me we haven't been seeing enough of you folks, but I don't buy that."

• •

the situation in and around Detroit was getting desperate. "In the past eighteen months, the number of people seeking food from relief organizations . . . has tripled," Rosenfeld wrote. "Twice as many people are on the state welfare roll as in 1979. Burglaries have increased 18 percent, and robberies 16 percent. . . . Job related emotional illness, alcoholism, drug abuse and suicide attempts have increased. In Federal Bankruptcy Court in Detroit 5,338 companies were declared bankrupt in the first ten months of this year, more than 2,000 more than failed during the same period in 1979. People are not buying many new cars. Prices are high. And the proportion of new car sales captured by foreign companies is high."

For an automotive community such as Northville, the proliferation of foreign cars in its own state is the ultimate indignity. Michigan people are buying Toyotas, Hondas, and Datsuns. There are rumors of attacks on foreign cars in factory parking lots and of angry confrontations at service stations. But the Detroit newspapers carry long lists, side by side, of foreign and domestic cars for sale. And on Christmas Eve, driving home with my cousin on an icy road, I noticed a small silver-gray Toyota sliding to a stop at the intersection in front of us; it disappeared down a winding lane as strings of colored lights—framing doorways and windows, encircling snow-clad trees and bushes—began to twinkle in the gathering dusk. A few minutes later, when we were passing the dark, silent Ford plant, my cousin remarked that he'd heard that a group of investors wanted to turn the building into a shopping center. "They'll have to be willing to take care of the ducks, though," he said, stopping for a moment to point out several clusters of dark-brown birds that stood out against the snow. He explained that for the last twenty years Northville has had several hundred wild ducks living permanently in a millpond next to the Ford paddle wheel. "When we knew the plant was going to close, our mayor negotiated an agreement with the company to make sure that the ducks wouldn't starve during the winter," he said. "Ford provides feed, and the city supplies the manpower to distribute it. It's ironic, isn't it? Here we are in the middle of the worst economic crisis that Northville has ever faced, and the one *positive* thing we've been able to do is to make sure that those birds survive."

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Free Verse

O New York Foundation for the Arts!
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Ye Nonprofit Organizations Who Boldly Say:
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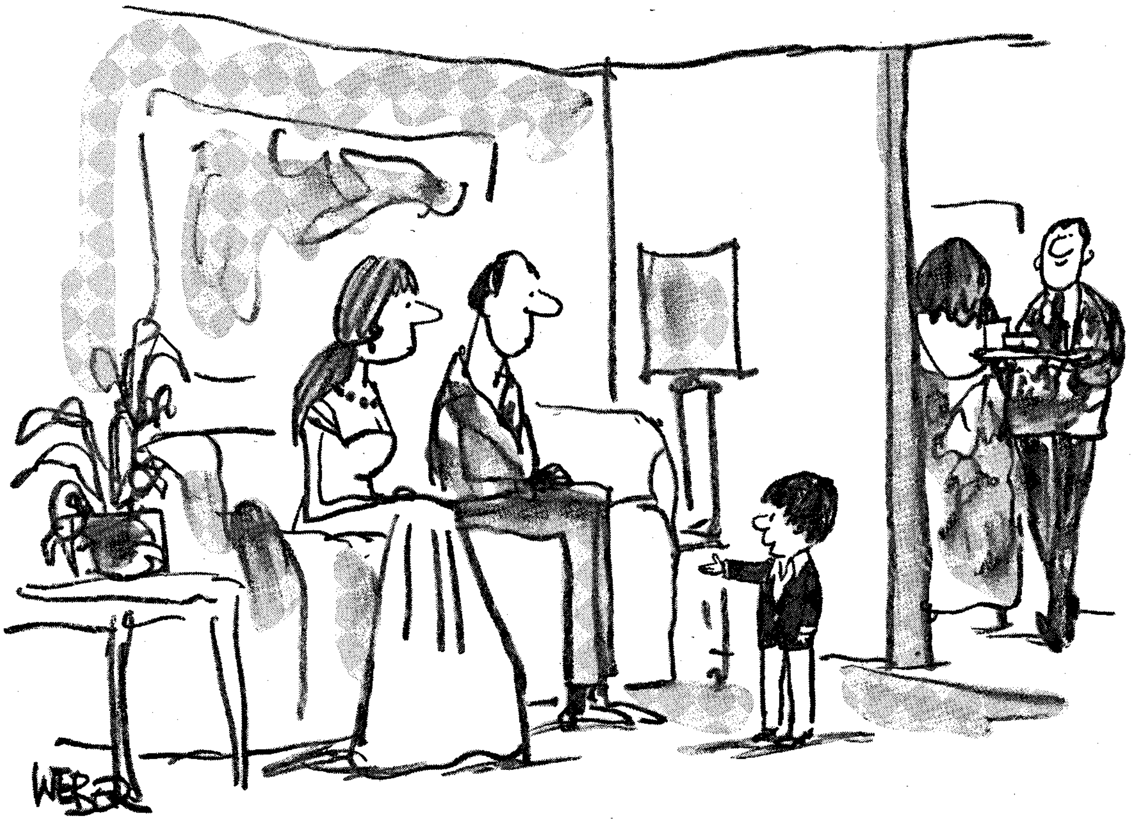
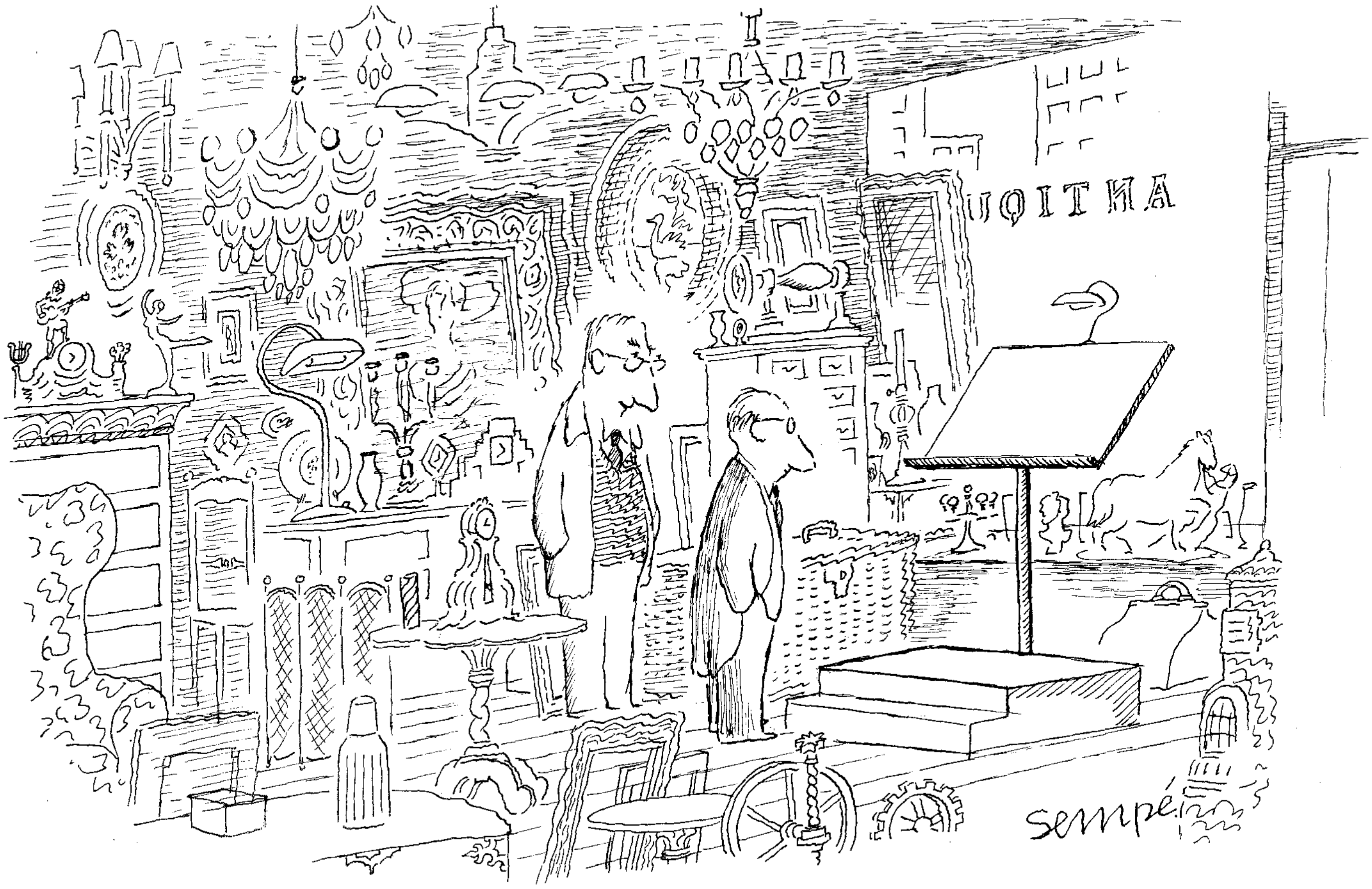
Your Tired Poems, Your Poor Poems,
Also Your Good Poems If Ye Have Any;
Your Huddled Poems Yearning to Be Read at the
N.Y. Genealogical & Bio. Society, Fifty-eighth Street.
O Proposed Sculpture, Titled "Cosmopolis"—
You Who Need a Nice Poem to Be Inscribed Upon You,
You Who Have a Poetry Contest and Reading
Sponsored in Your Behalf!
O Sculpture! O Contest! O Poem!
Big Sculpture, Maybe Twenty-eight Feet High,
But First . . .
Sculptors need Moola! Moola! Moola!
Here Tonight to Read Their Poems: Some Poets.
O Poets!
Forty-Word Limit Per Poem: Contest Rule.
(Forty Words?)
O Rigors of the Poet's Life!
Audience Numbers Not Quite Forty at N.Y. Genealogical & Bio. Society.
Bring On the Poems!
But First . . .
Refreshments!
But Wait . . .
Guy with Refreshments Stuck in Traffic!
O Traffic! Damn Traffic!
But Wait . . . He Arrives!
O Wine! O Cheese!
Eating, Drinking,
Drinking, Eating,
Drinking Some More. (Oops.)
Hail, Contest Winner Rebecca Holtzman, from the Bronx—
You with Pretty Red Dress and Short White Hair,
You Who Wrote Your Poem in the Beauty Shop While Under the Dryer,
You Who Usually Compose Your Verse While Taking the Bus to Work,
You Who Learned While Riding in an Elevator at Co-op City
That You Were the Winner of the Contest!
O Rebecca Holtzman! O Co-op City!
And Now . . .
Time to Read the Poems,
Each Forty Words or Less.
O Poems! O Sweet Brevity!
Applause for the Ten Poems Read on This Occasion!
Godspeed Nikos Korkantzis, Sculptor, Father of "Cosmopolis"!
Good Luck Raising Moola, Nikos!
And Best Wishes to You in Your Other Career: Masseur.
Hmm, Masseur. Ah, Massage.

Shoemaker

IN the subway arcade beneath Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue—a very heavily travelled thoroughfare and one of the most dangerous spots in the city—there is a group of shops which includes a pizza parlor, a doughnut stand, a barbershop, a games parlor that stays open around the clock, and a tiny shoe-repair shop. Despite the great number of distracting elements in the arcade and the constant crush that urges most pedestrian traffic on, our attention was drawn one morning by the man who occupies the shoe-repair shop. He was standing behind the window of his shop, looking out and calmly puffing on a cigarette, which he held between his thumb and index finger. The man looked to us to be about sixty, and he was wearing a green smock, eyeglasses in bulky dark frames, and a black beret, which only partly covered an



"Good evening. I am Martha's son by a previous marriage."



"It's a conductor's podium. From there, with a baton, you can lead eighty to ninety guys."

• •

impressive, clean-shaven head. He would have been the perfect picture of a jaunty foreign bohemian—except that his build, sturdy and compact, and a slight stoop suggested that he had the strength of a farmer, not a watercolorist. When the man suddenly changed the direction of his gaze, he noticed us outside his shop and acknowledged us with a little salute. We decided to go in.

The shop is divided in two by a glass counter. On one side is the working area, which contains all the cutting and grinding machinery, several metal shoe stands on which the repairman's work-in-progress can be mounted, and, along the wall, a basic inventory of parts and products for the shoe. On the other side is an area for customers, consisting of three aluminum-and-vinyl chairs, which might once have belonged to an oversized dinette set, and just enough room to stand in front of them.

"You want fixen shoes?" the man asked us.

We said no, we wanted to talk with him awhile. We took a seat. We asked how he came to be in the Forty-second Street subway arcade. From the expression on his face, we saw that the question didn't quite register, so we asked him what his native language was.

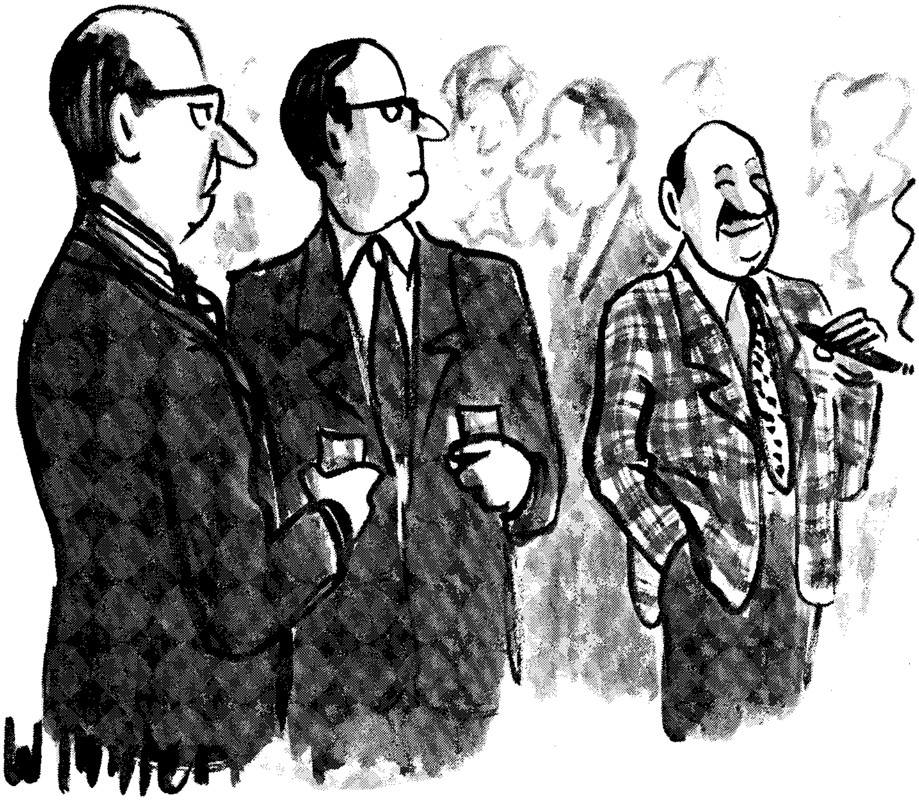
"I speak all language," he replied. "What you want. I am Polish, I am Russian, I am German, I am whatever. You want fixen shoes, I am looken. O.K., thank you."

In all the languages he mentioned, with only a minor contribution in English, the man introduced himself as Isaac Beckman, from the city of Lvov, in a part of the U.S.S.R. not far beyond what is now the Polish border. Mr. Beckman told us that for forty-five years he had been a shoemaker and shoe repairman, as his father and his grandfather were before him; that he had been in the United States for seven months; that he had come here from Lvov with the intention of joining his wife's mother and brother, who had emigrated to New York several years ago, but that a month after they arrived the mother-in-law died, and shortly thereafter the brother-in-law became ill and left to recuperate in California; and that before the brother-in-law left, three months ago, he had presented Mr. Beckman with his shoe-repair business in the Forty-second Street subway arcade.

A young man flung the door open, sending in a blast of wild electronic sound from the games parlor mingled with a hubbub of voices and footsteps. "Could you give me some traction here?" he asked, pointing to his shoes, which were fairly new Italian loafers. "These are too slippery. I need some more traction." Mr. Beckman appeared not to understand what the young man said, but he looked the shoes over and said, "Lifts. O.K., I am fixen. Sit down, please." He proceeded to cut, glue, nail, buff, and spray a new pair of heels for the young man's shoes in less than five minutes.

When the young man had left, we asked Mr. Beckman whether he had had a shop like this back in Lvov.

"Oh, no," he said, in his mixture of languages. "There you do not have one man, one shop. The place where I



"Maybe somebody should tell him that a mere cigar does not a George Burns make."

• •

worked could not be called a shop. It was closer to a factory. There were thirty or forty workers, all trained in every aspect of shoemaking and repairing. At one time, at another, you had to do everything there. Sometimes you could do a whole job—make a shoe. Sometimes you would make only parts of the shoe for weeks at a time. Then, if you worked in the repair area, people came in and sat and waited for their shoes the way they do here, except there would be twenty or thirty at a time. All the repair prices were on a list on the wall, and there was always a woman cashier in the front. She collected the money—we never handled money—and she also collected the tickets from the customer to show who did what work and for how much. At the end of the month, the tickets were collected and added up. If I did a thousand dollars' worth of work, then there would be a thousand dollars in the register credited to me, and twenty per cent of that was my pay. That was the law. I was a quick worker, so I did well enough. But if your work was slower you made twenty per cent of less money. That was the system. Here it is much better. They come, I fix, I take the money, they go—finished."

He paused for a moment to get a tin of shoe polish for a customer, then continued, "Of course, the living you make here is no living. I live in Coney Island, not in a big apartment, in a little place, like student rooms. But it's fine. I'm not used to more. In Russia, I didn't have a house, either. I got four rooms—that is what I was given by the government, because of an injury I suffered during the war. I had three kids, four rooms, so it wasn't much. As I said, I am not used to much. But what I have I thank God for. Perhaps if I had come thirty years ago I might have made a living here. But they didn't let you out so easily then."

A young, heavyset fellow in a gray nylon jacket and with an apron wrapped around his waist opened the door and sat down. He asked Mr. Beckman, "You seen Crazy Billy yet?"

"You friend Crazy," Mr. Beckman repeated.

The young man turned out to be an employee of the games parlor, whose daily habit it was to check on Mr. Beckman and at the same time take five in one of Mr. Beckman's chairs.

We asked the young man, who identified himself as Donald, whether security was a problem for a man like Mr. Beckman.

"See, he don't know any English, right?" said Donald. "So when people be coming up to him and bothering him, he don't know it, exactly. Plus, people see that he don't understand what they're saying, either, so as far as they are concerned they can't be bothered. I mean, he could be as unpredictable as they could be. So nobody messes with him. Right now, I'm teaching him to speak English, and read it, too."

"Yes, I am reading in English but I do not understand what it is I am reading," said Mr. Beckman, leafing through a magazine on his counter top. "Look," he said, pointing to an advertisement for an automobile. "The De Lorean. Live the dream," he read aloud. "What does this mean? I don't know." It occurred to us that Mr. Beckman was not able to decipher the signs posted on his walls, like "Leave Shoes by Morning, They Will Be Ready on Your Way Home," and "Not Responsible for Goods Left Over Thirty Days."

We asked him if he was affected by the people he saw around him all day.

He shrugged, and indicated a group of boys outside his window who were huddled around a large and loud radio. "Upon what do I look here?" he asked. "I don't understand this. I see people who are not working. I cannot learn from people who do not work. Besides, I cannot give answers to so much of what these people are saying to me, because I cannot speak. Seeing—*that* I do plenty of. I see women who come into my shop in the morning and put makeup on. I see twelve-year-old and thirteen-year-old boys and girls running around all day. But I also see that here in America it is free. Here it is democratic. People have what to eat. People feel like talking, like singing, if they want. That much I understand about what I see. The rest of what I know is shoes. I have seen a lot of shoes. I have made a lot of shoes. I have worked on American machines, on English machines, on Czech machines, on Russian machines. I have seen all types of shoes, although until I came to the United States I never saw shoes made of plastic or paper. What I know about shoes, I should open a school here for shoemakers. You see, being a shoemaker all my life, I have become strong in a small way."

CURRENT SOMNOLOGY

EVERY school child knows the acronym for the four stages of the normal sleep cycle—PSHA—and what it stands for: Primos, Sigismund, Hondo, ALBA (Almost Like Being Awake). In fact, folklorists (Bonana, Fana, et al., in *Recess!: The Journal of Playground Protocols*) have recently noted the appearance of the acronym, broken down into its four abecedarian components, in the completive/exultant ("going out") slot of double-Dutch jump-rope rhymes of third and fourth graders in Mendocino County; that is, after going through the alphabet in, say, the "A my name is Amy and my mother's name is Alice" procedure, the child chants, "P, S, H, A, now it's time to hit the hay. P, S, H, ooh, next to go is y-o-u," and points to the one she has chosen to follow her in the competition.

For purposes of review, then:

Primos—The initial stage of sleep, whose most salient characteristic is the annoyances it causes in the outside world: barking dogs, squirrels scrabbling inside walls, Messianists preaching on sidewalks, car doors slamming, floorboards reporting on changes in humidity, the whine of a solitary but resolute mosquito. EEG shows the "sawtooth" profile.

Sigismund—The second, contractive stage, during which the body loses as much as an inch in length and four pounds in weight, teeth recede slightly into the gingiva, fingernails and toenails retract, and mattresses and bedclothes shrink to about four-fifths their normal proportions. EEG shows the so-called "ripple" silhouette.

Hondo—The deepest stage, marked by levitation (more than a foot in infants, as little as a quarter of an inch in the aged), unearthly facial beauty, and "cinnamon breath." EEG is straight as piano wire.

ALBA—The cycle's last stage, which grows longer as the night progresses and which consists of dream sleep and the period of pseudoconsciousness that extends from what is commonly called "waking up" to three hours after lunch. (We average some seven hours of full consciousness out of every twenty-four. Little is known about this puzzling state.) ALBA's EEG is seismic, chaotic.

THE above outline of the now almost quaint quadriphasic model of sleep, taken from an introductory psychology text published two years ago, is less inaccurate than it is rudimentary. With the aid of recent technological advances—the Dornier solid-state neuroscillograph, the "Morpheus" chamber, introduced by Halaby at U.C.L.A., etc.—somnologists have broken down the sleep cycle into seventeen distinct stages. (The jury is still out on the new phase described, with more enthusiasm than evidence, by Szold in last month's *Schlaf*.) They are: New Primos, Old Primos, Intersom, False Primos, Pontine, Sigismund A, Sigismund B, Pre-Hondo, Hondo, Hondissimo, Centrex, The Hague, Premature ALBA, Col, ALBA Minor, ALBA Major, and Terminus. The Mnemonics Control Board has just approved "Now Otto is fishing perilous seas, Sally—probably hopes he'll catch hake, porgy, carp, and a trout."

Three highlights:

Intersom—A consciousness-imitating phase, in which the sleeper "decides" that he can't get to sleep and imagines himself wandering around the house, having a bland snack from the refrigerator, and surreptitiously calling an old flame on the phone in the den. Neuroscillogram is the "cat's-paw" formation.

Centrex—One of the four deep stages, in which the internal organs, freed from all mental monitoring and control, rearrange themselves in amusing patterns. (The kidneys may flank the heart, the spleen may sit like a hat on top of the liver.) NOG egg-and-dart.

Col—A brief (four-to-six-second) and poorly understood transitional phase notable because its absence, in about ten per cent of the population, is a reliable predictor of extreme gullibility in waking life. Fleur-de-lis NOG.

SATURN's moon count is a hundred and six and holding. Particle physics turns out to be an ever more sharpenable knife at work on an endlessly sliceable pie. Linguists have catalogued some three thousand ur-sentences. There are nine discrete kinds of rage (but twelve of love). This is all O.K. We'll never run out of names.

—DANIEL MENAKER

SAVAGES

Mabel McCann's family lived in a cottage at the end of our avenue, and we were forever going back and forth, borrowing tea or sugar or the paper or liniment, agog for each other's news. I was eleven when Mabel came home. We knew of the homecoming for weeks, but what we did not know was what type of car she would arrive in and whether it would be daylight or dusk. She was coming from Australia, making most of the journey by ship, travelling on a mail boat to Dublin and then by train to our station, where passengers seldom got off. She would be tired. She would be excited. She would be full of strange stories and strange impressions. How long would she stay? What would she look like? Would her hair be permed? What presents would she bring? Would she have an accent? As the time got nearer, her name was on everyone's lips.

I was invited to help her mother bake a cake on the Saturday before her arrival, and in my eagerness I set out at cockcrow, having brought six fresh eggs and the loan of our eggbeater. The first task was to clear out the upstairs attic for Mabel. It was a room with a skylight window and a slanting ceiling. In fact, it was only half a room, because of the way one kept bumping one's head on the low slanting ceiling. It smelled musty. Mice scrambled there, because the family kept oats in it. My job was to scoop oats with a trowel and pour them into a sack. So buoyed up was I with anticipation that I now and then forgot and let the oats slide out of the sack again. Her mother said things like "I hope she hasn't an accident" and "I hope she hasn't broken her pledge," but these things were said to disguise or temper her joy. Mabel's coming had brought hope and renewal into her mother's life.

Mabel had been gone for ten years, and the only communication had been her monthly letter and some photographs. The photos were very dim, and they were always of her with other girls, smirking, so that one couldn't guess what she was like in repose. Also, because of a hat she wore her features were always disguised. Mabel worked as a lady's companion, and her letters told of this lady—her wrath, the sunflowers in her garden, and the beauty of her German piano, which was made of cherry wood.

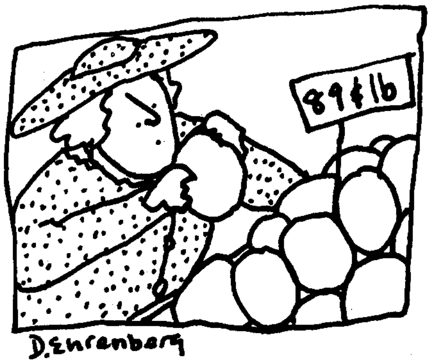
"I expect she'll stay for the summer," her mother said that Saturday, and I thought that a bit optimistic. Who would want to stay three or four months in our godforsaken parish? None of the women wore cosmetics, and in the local chemist's shop the few jars of cold cream and vanishing cream went dry because of no demand. Of course, we read about fashions in magazines and we knew, my sisters and I, that ladies wore tweed costumes the color of mulberries and that they sometimes had silk handkerchiefs steeped in perfume which they wore underneath their bodices. Not for a second did I think Mabel would stay, but had I said anything her mother would have sent me home. We carried a trestle bed up to the attic, put clean sheets on and blankets, and then hung a ribbon of adhesive paper for the flies to stick to. The place still smelled musty, but her mother said that that was to be expected and that if Mabel was ashamed of her origins, she could go back straightaway.

We went downstairs to the kitchen to get on with the baking. Her mother cracked the six fresh eggs I'd brought into a bowl and beat them to a froth-like consistency. Then she got out the halves of orange peel and lemon peel, and in the valleys were crusts of sugar that were like ice. How I longed for a piece of that cake. I was put sieving the flour and I did it so energetically that the flour swirled in the air, making the atmosphere snow white. Mabel's mother said we would be invisible if I didn't stop.

At that moment her husband came in and demanded his dinner. She said couldn't he see she was making a cake. She referred him to a little meat safe that was attached to a tree outside in the garden, but that only made him growl. He said there was nothing in the meat safe—only buttermilk.

"Don't addle me," she said.

"Is it grass you would have me eat?" he said, and I saw that he was in imminent danger of picking up the whisked eggs and pitching them out in the yard, where we would never be able to retrieve them, what with the hens, ducks, and pigs paddling in the muck out there.



D. Ehrenberg

"Can't you give me a chance?" she said, but, seeing that he was about to explode, she stooped and from under a dish hauled out an ox tongue that she had boiled that morning. It was, of course, meant for Mabel. As she cut the tongue, he watched silently, barely containing his rage. She cut it in thin slices, as she was trying to economize. In the silence I thought I heard a mouse trigger the trap that we had just put down in Mabel's room. Its screech was both sudden and beseeching. The husband picked up a slice of the tongue with his hand, being too impatient to wait for it to be passed on a plate. I, too, wanted to taste it, but not by itself. I would have loved it with a piece of pickle, so that the flavor was not of oxen but of something artificial, something out of a jar. He ate by the fire, munching loudly, and asking me for another cut of bread, and quick. He drank his tea from an enamelled mug, and I could hear it going *glug-glug* down his gullet. He had never addressed a civil word to me in his life.

The baked cake was dark gold in color; it had risen beautifully and there were small cracks on the top into which Mabel's mother carefully poured a drop of whiskey to give it, as she said, an aroma. I asked if she was going to ice the cake, but she seemed to resent my question. For some absurd reason I began to wonder aloud who Mabel would marry; she was not yet married and she must not, of course, be left on the shelf, as that was a most mortifying role.

"You can go home now," her mother said to me.

I looked at her. If looks can speak, then mine must have. My look was an invocation. It was saying, "Let me come for Mabel's arrival." I lingered, thinking that the mother would ask me, but she didn't. I praised the cake. I was lavish in my praise of it, of the clean windows, the floor polish, the three mice caught and consigned to the fire—of everything. It was all in vain. She did not invite me.

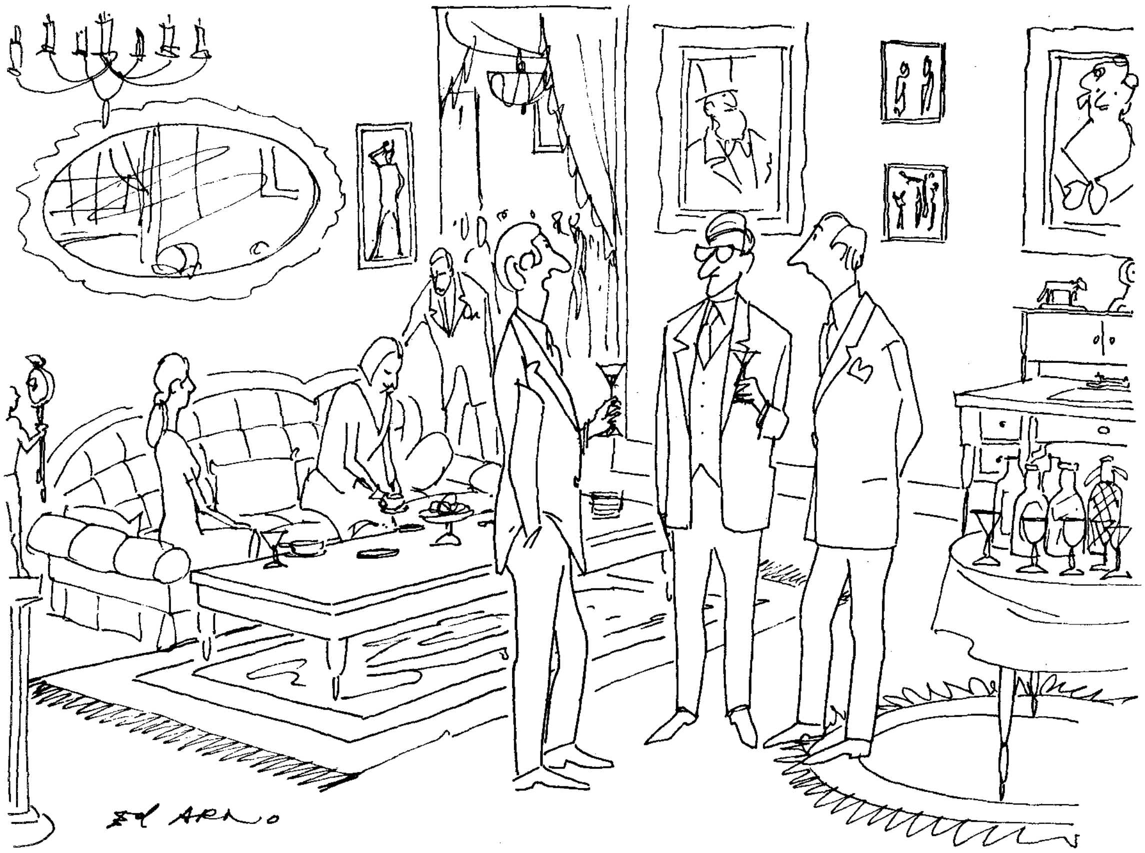
THE next day, Sunday, was agony. Would I be asked? The invitation was still not broached. In the kitchen, I picked up the clock that was lying face down. If I had guessed the time to within minutes, then I would surely go. A butterfly got caught between two panes of the opened window and I thought, If it finds its way out unaided, then I shall go. The butterfly struggled and beat its wings as it kept turning in circles to no purpose, yet miraculously it shot up and sailed out into the air, a vision of soft brown and fluttering orange. Not to go would be torture. But worse would be to have my sisters go while I was told to mind the house. It sometimes happened. Extreme diligence took possession of me, with such a spurt of tidiness that my mother said it was to our house Mabel should be arriving. If only that were so! After tea, when I had washed up the dishes I could no longer contain myself, and I began to snivel. My mother pretended not to notice. She was changing her dress in the kitchen. She often changed there and held the good clothes in front of the fire to air them. The rooms upstairs were damp, the wardrobes were damp, and when you put on your good clothes you could feel the damp seeping into your bones. She was brusque. She asked why ringlets and why my best cardigan. I cried more. She said to put it out of my head—none of the children were going, the McCann kitchen was far too small for hordes. While my father shaved, I went under the table to pray. It was evident he was in a bad mood, because of the way he scraped the stubble off his chin.

By the time my mother and father returned from meeting Mabel, it was dark, and we could hear the hasp of the gate, the dogs bounding toward the door, and then the latch lifting. My mother was first. She always came first, so as to be able to put on the kettle, and so as to get on with her tasks. First thing we noticed was the parcel under her arm. It was in tissue paper and it had been opened at one end. My sister Nancy grabbed it. We harried Mother to tell, tell. All she would say was that Mabel had come, was tired from her journey, spoke in a funny accent, and had revealed that in Australia "wattles" meant trees and not mere sticks or stones.

My father said that he was a better-looking specimen than Mabel would ever be and then did an impersonation of her accent. It was like no accent I had ever heard. My father said that the only interesting thing about her was that she backed horses and had been to racing meets in Sydney. My mother said that she had been marooned out on some sheep station and had met no one but the shearers and the lady she worked for. My mother pronounced her looks haggard and said her skin was tough and wizened from the sun. The present turned out to be pale-blue silk pajamas. I could see my mother's immense disappointment. For one thing, she had hoped for a dress or a blouse; she had certainly hoped for something glamorous instead of a wearable. For another thing, pajamas were shameful, sinful. Men wore pajamas; women wore nightgowns. My mother folded the pajamas up quickly, so as not to let my father see them, in case it gave him ideas. She bundled them into a press. She would have even liked a remnant, so as to be able to make dresses for us.

The homecoming had been something of an anticlimax, and it seemed that even Mabel's father couldn't understand a word that she said. The men who had come to vet her agreed that she wasn't worth tuppence, and the women were most disappointed by her attire. They had expected her to be wearing high-heeled shoes, preferably suède, and she was wearing leather shoes that were almost, but not quite, flat. To make matters worse, they were tan, and her stockings were tan, and her skin was tan, and along with all that she was in a bright-red suit. My mother said she looked like a scarecrow.

Next day it rained. The rain beat against the windows and every so often hailstones pelted them. The sky was ink black, and even when a cloud broke the silver inside was dark and oppressive. I was sent about the house to close the windows and put cloths on the sills, in case the rain seeped through. At the parlor window, I saw a figure coming up the avenue, and I called to my mother that there was a beggarwoman here with a coat over her head. When we heard the knock-



"As Immanuel Kant—or possibly Cap Weinberger—once said . . ."

RURAL DELIVERY

I never thought we'd end up
This far north, love.
Cold blue tinge in lieu of heavens.
Quarter moon like chalk on a slate.

This week it's subtraction
And the art of erasure we study.
Oh, the many blanks to ponder
Before the arctic night overtakes us
One more time on this lonely stretch of road
Unplowed since morning,
Snow mittens raised against the sudden
Blinding gust of wind,
But the mailbox empty.
I had to stick my bare hand
All the way to nothing and no one
To make absolutely sure
This is where we live.

The wonder of it! It seemed
We retraced our footsteps homeward
Lit up by the same fuel as the snow
Glinting in the gloom
Of the early nightfall.

—CHARLES SIMIC

• •

ing on the back door, my mother opened it sharply, poised as she was for hostilities.

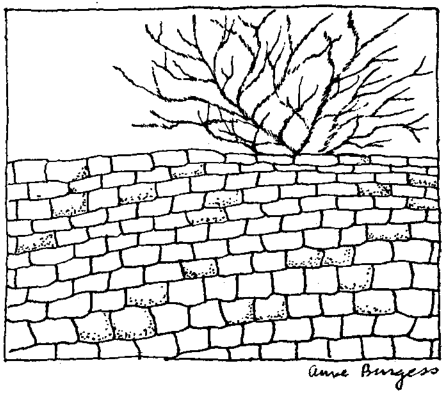
"Mabel," I heard my mother say, and I ran to see her. She was a small woman with black bobbed hair, a very long nose, and eyes that were gray and darting. She seemed about forty. She wore rubber overshoes, which she began to remove at once, and as she held on to the side of the sink I stood in front of her. She asked me was I me, and said that the last time she had seen me I was screaming my head off in a hammock in the garden. Somehow she expected me to be pleased by this news, or at least amused. What struck me most about her was her abruptness. In no time she was complaining about those two old fogies her mother and father, and telling us that she was not going to sit by the fire with them all day and discuss rheumatism. Also, she complained about the house, said it wasn't big enough.

My mother calmed her with tea and cake and my father asked her what kind of horses they bred in Australia. He wagered that they were not thoroughbreds. To that my mother gave a grunt, since our horses brought us nothing but disappointment and debt. When pressed for other news, Mabel said that she had seen a thing or two, her eyes had been opened, but she would not say in what way. She hinted at having undergone some terrible shock, and I thought that possibly she had been jilted. She described a tea they drank out of glasses, sitting on the veranda at sundown. My mother said it was a wonder the hot tea didn't crack the glasses. Mabel said that she should never have come home, and that when she wakened that morning and heard the rain on the skylight she yearned to go back. Yet in no time she was contradicting herself and saying it was all "outback" in Australia and who wanted to live in an outback. My father said he'd make a match for her, and gradually she cheered up. As she sat at the side of the stove, from time to time she popped one foot or the other into the lower oven for warmth. Her stockings were lisle and a very unfortunate color, rather like the color of the stirabout that we gave to the hens. She had an accent, but she lost it whenever she talked about her own people. She said their house was nothing but a cabin, a thatched cabin. When she said indiscreet things, she laughed and persisted until she got someone to join in.

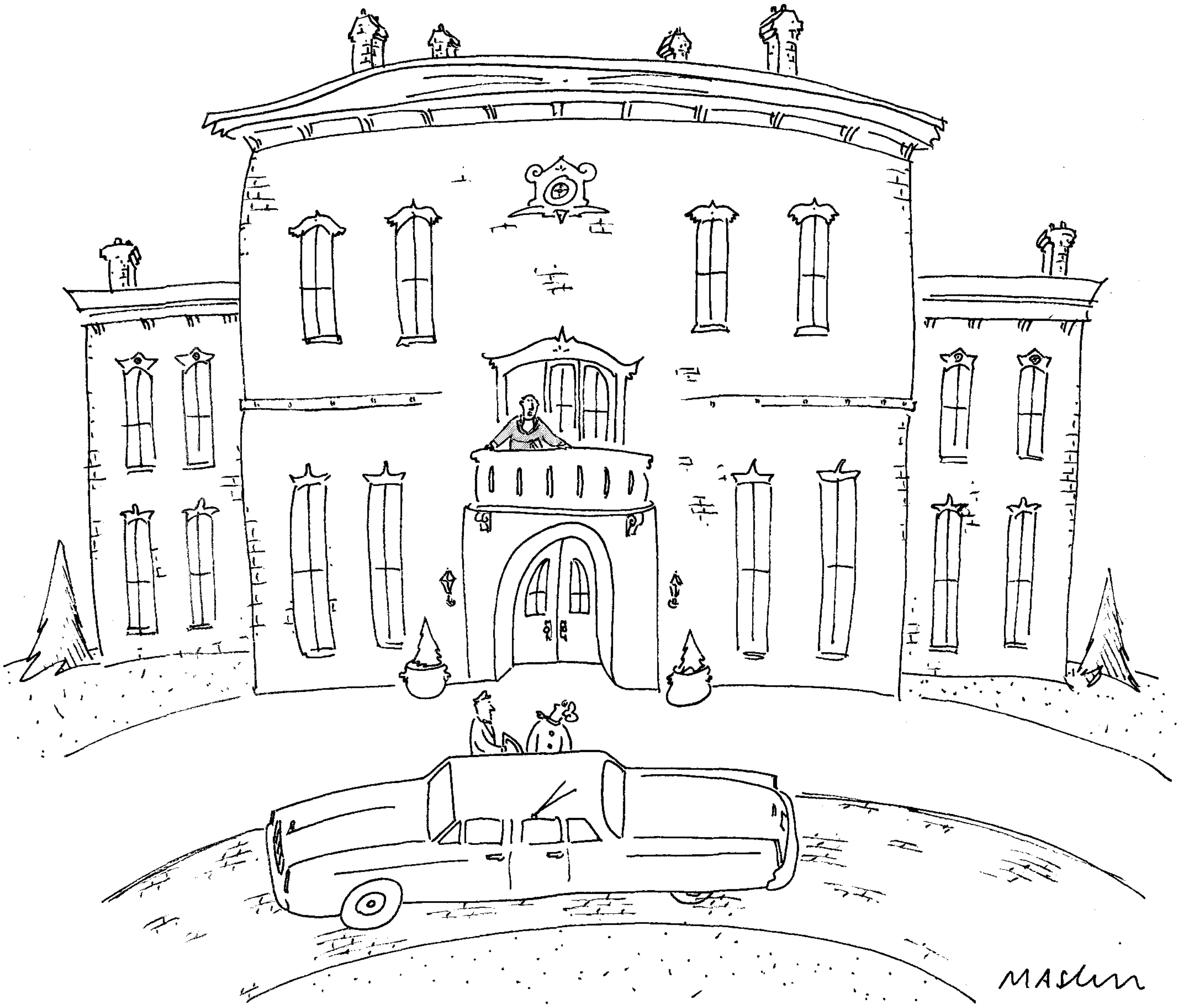
"Mabel, you're a scream," my mother said, while also pretending to be shocked at her indiscretions.

Very reluctantly, my father had gone out to fodder the cattle, and Mabel was drinking blackberry wine from a beautiful stemmed glass. When she held the glass up, colors danced on her cheek and then ran down her throat just as the wine was running down her gullet. Presently Mabel's face got flushed and her eyes teary, and she confessed that she had thought of Ireland night and day for the ten years, had saved to come home, and now realized that she had made a frightful mistake. She sniffled and then took out a spotted handkerchief.

"Faraway hills look green," my mother said, and the two of them sighed as if a wealth of meaning had been exchanged. My mother proposed some visits they could make on Sunday, and, regaled by the wine and these promises, Mabel said that she had a second present for my mother but that in the commotion the previous evening she had been unable to find it. She said it must be somewhere in the bottom of her trunk. It was a brush-and-comb set, she said, with matching bone tray. We never saw it.



IT took several months before Mabel paid me any attention. She had favored my sisters, because they were older and because they had ideas about how to set hair, how to paint toenails, and how to use an emery board or a nail buffer. It was one of them she took on her Sunday excursions, and it was one of them she called to come sit with her in the garden and chat. It proved to be a scorching summer, and Mabel had put two deck chairs in the front garden and had planted lupines. She never let anyone pass without hollering, she was that avid for company. In the autumn my sisters went away to school and suddenly Mabel was in need of a walking companion. My mother had long since ceased to go with her. Mabel had worn out her welcome in every house up the town, and in many houses up the country.



"Monique, wait! I've changed my mind. I'll have the pistachio after all."

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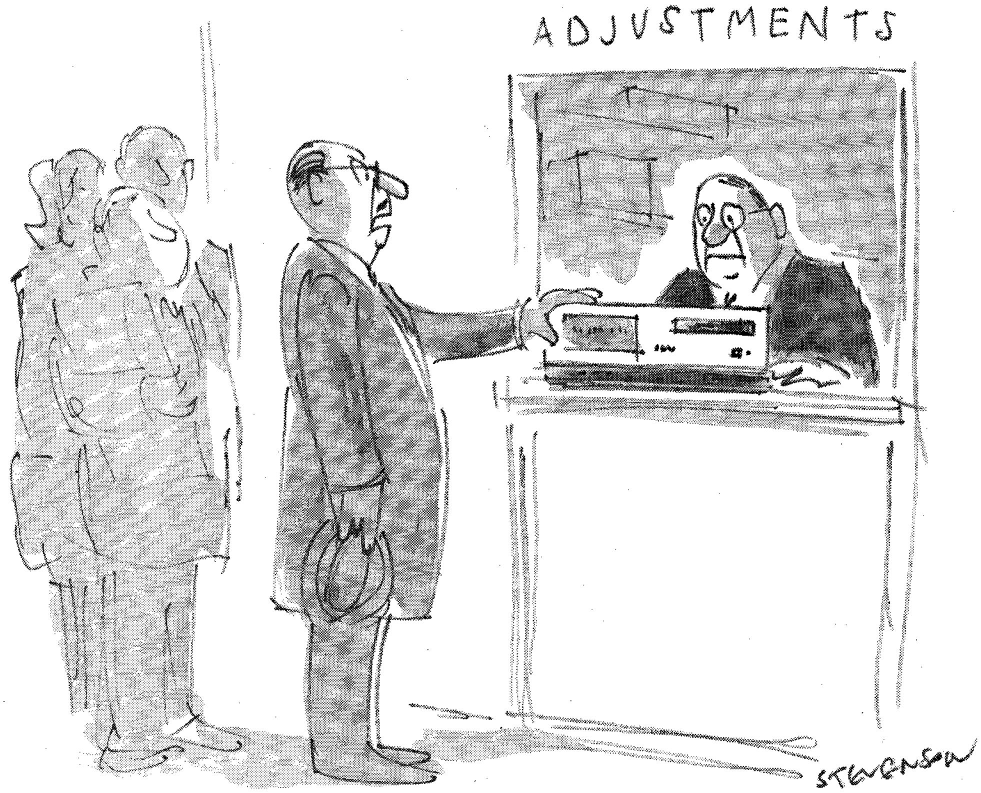
One Sunday, she summoned me. It was exactly as if she had just arrived home, because to me she was still a mysterious stranger. We were calling on a family who lived in the White House. It had been given that name because the money for it had come from relatives in America. It was a yellow two-story pebble-dash house set in its own grounds, with a heart-shaped lawn in front. At the edge of the lawn was a flower bed in which there had been dark-red tulips, and at the far end was a little house with an electrical plant. They were the only people in the neighborhood to have electricity, and that plus the tulips, plus the candlewick bedspreads, plus the legacies from America, made theirs the most enticing house in the county. As we went up their drive my white canvas shoes adhered to the tarmac, which was fresh and melting. The house, with its lace-edged fawn blinds, was quiet and suggested luxury and harmony. Needless to say, they had cross dogs, and at the first sound of a yelp Mabel lagged behind, while telling me to stand my ground and not give off an adrenaline smell. A boy who was clipping the privet hedge saved us by calling the dogs and holding them by their tawny manes. They snarled like lions. Since we were not expected, a certain coolness ensued. The mistress of the house was lying down, her husband was in bed sick, and the little serving girl, Annie, didn't ask us to cross the threshold.

The mistress appeared, having risen from her nap, and she greeted us somewhat reservedly. As she ushered us inside, she and Mabel discussed who had taken Holy Communion, who had been at Mass, and who had a new outfit. All my life I had yearned to be inside the house, and now I prayed that we could be given a tour of it. When she opened the drawing-room door, what one first saw was the sun streaming through the long panes of glass and bouncing on the ochre walls and the richly polished furniture. She muttered something about having forgotten to draw the blinds. Pictures of cows and ripening corn hung on either side of the marble mantelpiece, and in the tiled fireplace there was an arrangement of artificial flowers—tea roses: yellow, apricot, and gold. Not only that, but the flowers in the round thick rug matched. To look at it you felt certain that no one had stepped on that rug, that it was pristine, like a wall hanging. Its pile and its softness made one long to kneel or bask in it. Mabel commented on the various features—on the curtains, for instance, which were sumptuous, on the pelmet that matched, on the long plaited cord by which the curtains could be closed or parted. Pulling the cord, I fancied that I was opening the curtains of a theatre and that presently through the window would come a troupe of performers. The mistress of the house was pleased at our being excited, and as a reward she took a miniature cabin made of blackthorn wood from the china cabinet and let me hold it.

Mabel rubbed her stomach to indicate that she was hungry, while the mistress put on her apron and said that soon it would be milking time, as well as time to feed the calves and do a million chores. Halfheartedly she offered us a cup of tea. There was nothing festive about it; it was just a cup of tea off a tray, with four scones, and the butter was not fashioned into little burr balls, as I had expected, but was a slab of strong-smelling yellow country butter. Mabel kicked me under the table, knowing that my disappointment was extreme. There was no cake or cold meat. Mabel judged people's hospitality by whether they gave her cold meat or not.

On the way home, Mabel lamented that there was not a bit of lamb or chicken, or beetroot and freshly made potato salad with scallions, and perhaps a hard-boiled egg and parsley as a garnish. As we wended our way, some stones got inside Mabel's shoe, and when she sat down to get rid of them she reiterated her hunger. It was a warm evening, and the corn, golden and ripe in the field, was a sight to behold. Here and there it had lodged, but for the most part it was high and victorious, ready for the thresher. She said, "I wonder what they're doing in Australia now," and ventured to say that they missed her. She asked did I like those flowers my mother fashioned by putting twirls of silver and gold sweet paper over the ears of corn. When I said no, she was thrilled. It meant that she and I were now friends, allies. Of course, I knew that I had betrayed my mother and would pay for it either by being punished or by having bouts of remorse. She took out her flapjack to apply some powder. It was a tiny gold flapjack and the powder puff was in shreds.



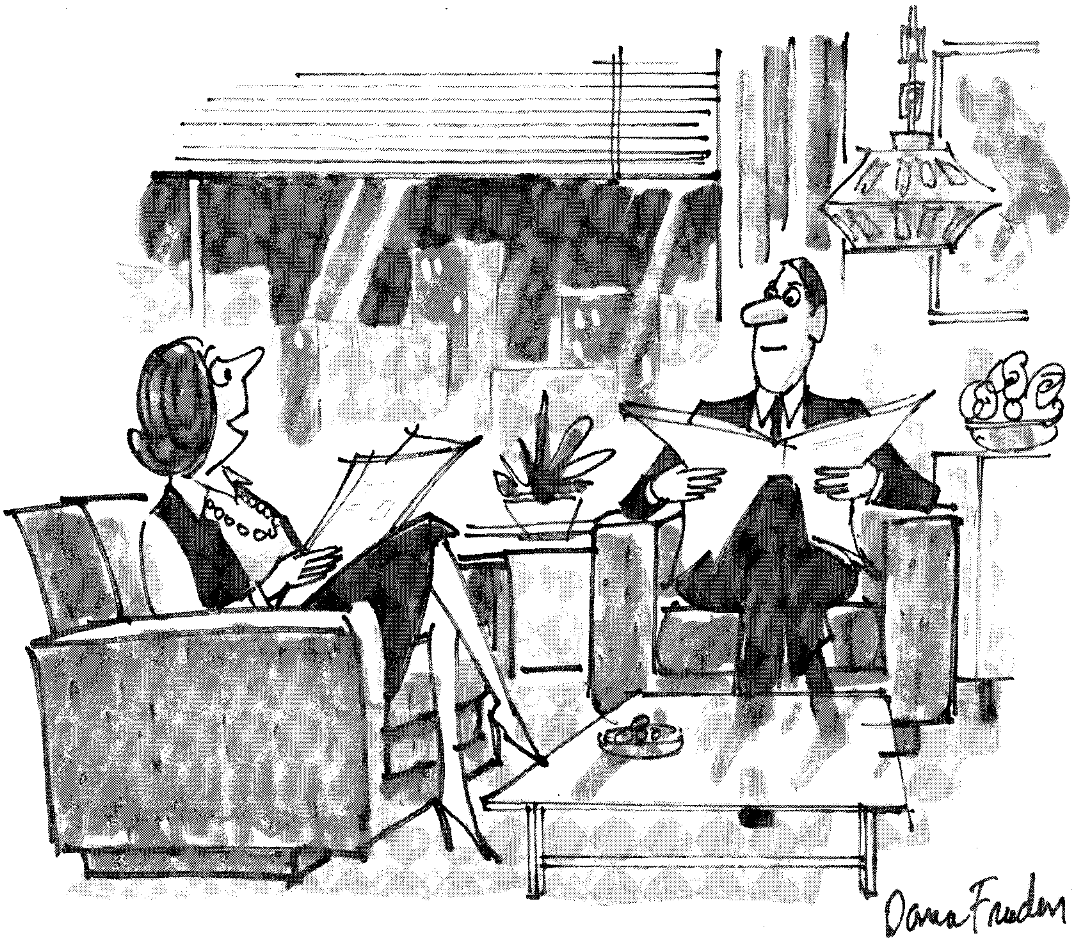
"Whenever I go out, it Betamaxes a 'Gilligan's Island.'"

Mabel made a face at herself, and then asked if I had a boy yet. The word "boy" threatened to make me faint. She said soon I would have a boy, and to be careful not to let him lay a finger on me, because it was a well-known fact that one could get a craze for it and end up ruined, imprisoned in the Magdalen Laundry until you had a baby. She might have launched into more graphic tales, but a car came around the corner and she jumped up and waved so as to summon a lift.

In town, we called on a woman to whom Mabel had given a crocheted tea cozy, and our reward was two long glasses of lemonade and a plate of currant-topped biscuits. She burped as we walked down the hill and over the bridge toward home. It was getting dark and the birds were busy with both song and chatter. Every bird in every tree was spouting. As we passed the houses, we could hear people banging buckets and dishes, and by the light of a lantern we saw one woman feeding calves at her doorstep. As each calf finished its quota, its head was pulled out to give the next calf a chance. Those whose heads were outside the bucket kept butting and kicking and were in no way satisfied. We knew the woman, but we did not linger, as Mabel whispered that it would be dull old blather about new milk and suckling calves. Mabel did not like the country and had no interest in tillage, sunsets, or landscape. She cited pools of water in the roadside, pools of water in the meadows, the corncrake in the evening, and the cocks crowing at dawn. As we walked along, she took my hand and said that henceforth I was to be her walking companion. It was a thrill to feel her gloved hand awkwardly pressing on mine. Untold adventures lay ahead.

EACH Sunday we set out. Of course, we were not made welcome everywhere that we called. In some houses we met with a shut door and in others we were not asked to cross the threshold. But these rebuffs meant nothing to Mabel, and she merely designated the people as ignorant and countrified. As luck would have it, our second Sunday we struck on a most welcoming house. To reach it we travelled first along a tarred road, then a dirt road, and then across a stream. It was a remote house. Our hosts were two young girls who were home from England, and great was their pleasure upon receiving company. They were home for a month but were already aching to go back. The older one, Betty, was a nurse and Moira, her sister, was a buyer in a shop and consequently dressed like a fashion plate. We went every Sunday after that, knowing that they would be waiting for us and had got their father and mother out of the house visiting cousins.

As we came to the stream, we took off our shoes and stockings, then let out shouts about the temperature of the water, but really to alert them. It was a clean silvery water with stones beneath, some round and smooth, some pointed. Betty and Moira would hear us and run down the slope to welcome us, asking in exaggerated English accents if the water was like ice. To hear our names called was the zenith of welcome.



"But if there ~~were~~ a Secretary of Clothing I'd nominate Bill Blass."

We would be brought through the kitchen into the parlor while they told Nora, their younger sister, to put the kettle on and to be smart about it. The parlor was dark, with red embossed wallpaper, and we all sat very upright, on hard horsehair sofas. I was given a slice of coconut cake that they had brought back from England and that was kept in a tin with a harlequin figure on the lid. It was a bit dry, but more exotic than their homemade cake. Mabel would let her tongue roll over her top and bottom teeth, then ask was there any meat left, whereupon Moira would lift a plate that exactly covered another plate and reveal that she had kept Mabel a lunch.

"You sport, you," Mabel said. Her accent would suddenly sound Australian.

"Don't mention it," Moira would say airily.

Our visits sustained them. With us they could fit on their finery and discuss fashion, then later do the Lambeth Walk in the big flagged kitchen, to the strains of music from the crackling windup gramophone. Doing this led to howls of laughter. Always, one of us got the step wrong and the whole thing had to be recommenced. Even their sheepdog thought it was hilarious. We alternated at being ladies and gents, and we had conversations that ladies and gents have.

"Do you come here often?" or "Next dance, please" or "Care for a mineral?" was what our partners said. Afterward we lounged in the chairs, breathless, and then we set out for a walk, or, as they called it, "a ramble."

It was on one of these rambles that we met Matt. An auspicious meeting it proved to be. He had the reputation of being a queer fellow, a recluse. He had gone to Canada, made some money, and come back to marry his childhood sweetheart, but was jilted on the eve of the wedding. Some said that the marriage was broken off because the two families couldn't agree about land, others said she thought his manners too gruff; at any rate, she fled to England. Matt was a tall man, with a thin face, a wart, and long, fine hair. He looked educated, as if he spent time poring over books and pamphlets. It was said he had newfangled ideas about planting trees, whereas most of the farmers just felled them for firewood. There was something original about him. It may have been his gravity or his silence. He could go into a public house and drink a pint of porter without passing a word to anyone, even the publican. He never visited any of his neighbors, and had his Christmas dinner at home with his brother, who was supposed to be a bit missing in the head.

Matt met us down by the river. He had a stick in his hand, and his hat was pushed back on his head. He must have been driving cattle, because he was perspiring a bit, but he still looked dignified. Moira had picked some sorrel and was eating it, saying it was like lemon juice and very good for one's skin. He stood apart from us, but at the same time he was taking stock. At least that's what one read from his smile. There was mockery in his smile, but there was also scrutiny. Betty and Moira knew him, knew his moods, and pretended not to notice that he was there.

"Wouldn't you all fancy sugarplums?" he said to no one in particular.

Mabel was the first to respond. "Are they ripe?" she asked.

"They're ripe," he said, but in such an insolent way we were not sure if he was telling the truth or just tantalizing us.

"I much prefer damsons," Moira said.

"Damsons are too tart," Mabel said. "Damsons are only fit for jam."

"Please yourselves," he said, and sauntered off, letting a whistle escape from his lips. Mabel called out were we invited or not. "As you wish," he said, and, nodding to each other, we followed.

I thought we were like cows ambling across a field, not quite a herd and not herded, but all heading in the same direction and feeling baffled. It was a beautiful autumn evening, with the sun a vivid flame and in the sky around it rivers of red and pink and washed gold. His was a two-story stone house and the front door was closed. It looked very dead and secretive. There was a hand pump in the yard, and as he passed it he worked the handle a few times to replenish the trough underneath. We could hear the calves lowing, and as we crossed the yard the cock started to crow as if in disapproval. Hens ran in all directions and there were two small bonhams wallowing in the mud. It was anything but cheerful. He did not invite us into the house. The orchard was a great tangle of trees and fruit bushes, all smothered in convolvulus, and the grass needed to be scythed. The apples looked so tempting, blood-red and polished, while the plums were like dusky globes ready to drop off. He put one to his lips. It was the first time that anything approaching pleasure touched his countenance. "Help yourselves," he said, and I thought perhaps he was a generous man, perhaps he was kind inside and only needed four or five girls giggling and gorging to draw him out.

Mabel was intrepid as she picked three plums and debated which to sample first. Moira and Betty, having been to England, did not rhapsodize over the taste and did not drip juice onto their chins. Mabel declared that there would be no stopping her now, that she would come Sunday after Sunday while the fruit lasted. Matt picked up the lid of a tin can that had been lying in the grass, lined it with a few wide leaves, and handed it to me, saying that we were to take some fruit home. It was obvious that he took great pleasure in the fact that we were so mirthful.

"No one ever eats them; they just rot," he said.

"That's a shame," Mabel said, and she winked at him, and he winked back.

"We'll come every autumn," she said, smiling, and hoping for encouragement. It is an odd thing how a face can suddenly alter. It was not that she appeared beautiful, but she had a kind of lustre and her glances were knowing and piquant.

"Every autumn," she said, and I thought of life as being charmed, a series of autumns just like this, the sun going down, the beautiful globes of fruit, like lamps waiting to be plucked, our happiness undimmed. In my hand I felt the softness of a plum, yet knew the hardness of the stone deep within it and knew that my optimism was unwise.

"How long are you home for?" he asked Moira.

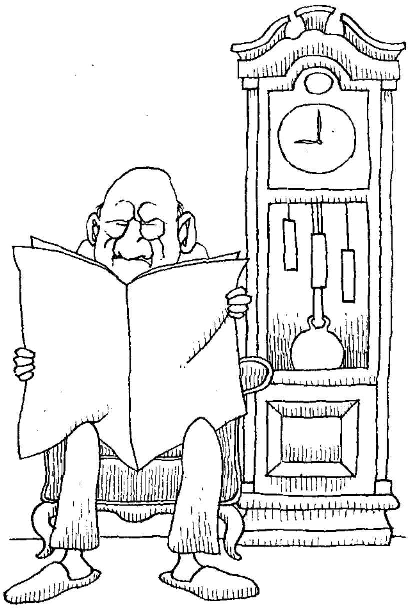
"Long enough," she said, and shrugged. Her reply both shocked and dazzled me. I thought what a wonderful way to talk to a man: to be at once polite and distant, to be scornful without being downright rude.

Then he broached the subject of the carnival. The carnival was to take place at the end of the month. Mabel asked if he'd take her for a ride on the swing boats or the bumper cars, and he smiled at each one of us and said he hoped he would have the pleasure.

"We'll be gone back," Betty said.

"Ye ought to stay for the carnival," Mabel said, but I knew that she did not mean it and was looking forward to the time when she would see Matt without the competition of two younger, comelier girls. God knows what fancies stirred in her then. Perhaps she thought: a bachelor, prosperity, a two-story house, a man to cook for, a wedding. She clung to Matt's coat sleeve by way of thanking him, but he did not like that. He left abruptly and said to help ourselves to the black plums as well.

On our way home Moira and Betty made fun of him, made fun of his wart and the unmatching buttons on his coat. "And what about his anatomy?" Mabel said, and we all burst out laughing, though we did not know why.

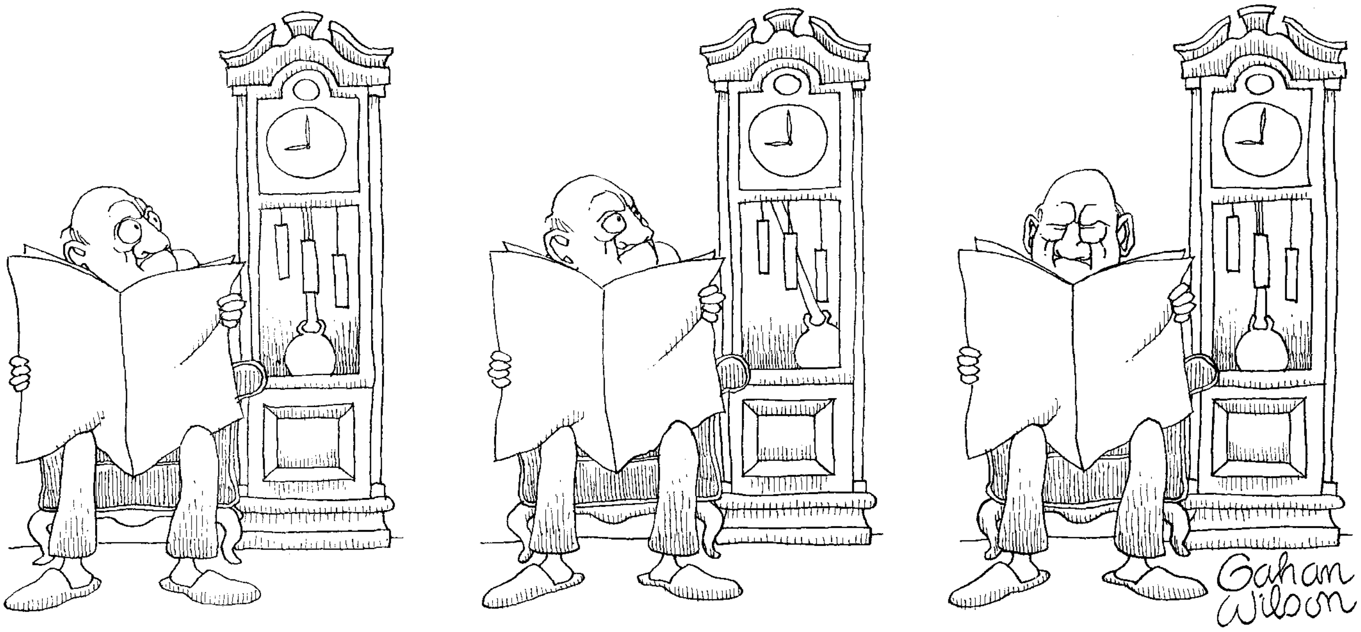


"Bong. Bong. Bong. Bong. Bong. Bong. Bong. Bong."

• •

HE appeared the last night of the carnival, danced with two elderly Protestant girls, excelled at the rifle range and won a jug, which he gave to Mabel. She had been trailing around after him the whole evening and asked him up for the Ladies' Choice. No one knows for sure if they went behind the tent, but they were missing for a while, and the following day Mabel was trembling with excitement. She told everyone that Matt had "what it takes." She had a home perm, which did not suit her, and she wrote to the woollen mills to ask if they had remnants sufficient for two pieces, or perhaps three pieces, and in anticipation she reserved the dressmaker's time. The money for these fripperies came from a few remaining bonds, which she cashed. Her mother did not know. Her father did not know. I thought how courageous in a way her recklessness was. She was younger, giddier, and in good spirits with everybody.

One morning she met me on my way to school. There was a light frost and the plumes of grass looked like ostrich feathers. Feeling my bare hands, she said that she would knit me gloves before the winter. I wondered why she was so affectionate. Then came the command. I was to get away early from school by telling the



"Bong."

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teacher that we were expecting visitors and I had to help my mother with sausage rolls and dainties. I dreaded telling a lie, but she had a hold over me. She told me where to meet her and what time.

There was a downpour after lunch, and when I came upon her she was cursing the rain, cursing the fates, and putting her hands up to protect her frizzled hair. Her hair hung in absurd wet ringlets over her forehead and made her look like an aged doll. "What the hell kept you?" she said, and started to walk.

Before long I learned that I was to take a letter to Matt. She conveyed me some of the way to his farm, and then crouched against a wall to wait. There was a roaring wind and she looked pathetic as she huddled there, in suspense. "Take the shortcut, through the woods," she said.

It was an old wood and dark as the underworld. Every time a bird chirped and every time a branch snapped, I thought it was some monster come to tackle me. To keep things at bay I talked out loud, I shouted, I ran. At moments I doubted if I would ever get there. The thought of Mabel hunched beneath that wall in her good coat, reeking of perfume, drove me on. The perfume was called Californian Poppy and it had a strong smell, like carnations. I could barely distinguish the path through the wood. The old trees were swaying and groaning, and briars barred the way. Nevertheless, my heart gave a leap of joy when at last I saw the three chimney pots and realized that I was almost there. The house seemed lonelier than on the first day. The hall door, the stone itself, and the window frames were green and sodden with rain. It looked a picture of desolation, with no other houses to buffer or befriend it and no woman to hang curtains or put pots of geraniums on the sill. It would have been ghostly had it not been for the snorting of the pigs. I reckoned they would kill the pigs for Christmas. A man who must have been Matt's brother gaped through the window, then drew the bolt to the front door, peered out, and said, without being asked, "He's gone to Gort and won't be back."

I thrust the note into his hand, sped down the yard, not stopping to close the iron gate, and hurried into the woods, which by comparison seemed safe. I was sure the peculiar brother would assault me, as there was no one to stop him and no witness to tell the tale.

Mabel was livid. On my return to the wall empty-handed, she called me every name under the sun: an eedjit, a fool, a dunce, an imbecile. She wanted me to go back for the letter, but I said that the brother would have read it by now and going back would only show that we were culpable.

"You little poltroon," she said, and I thought she would brain me with the point of a stick, which she brandished and prodded in the air. The rain had stopped, but the drops came in sudden bursts from the trees and she ducked to protect her hair. On our walk home not a word passed between us. The only thing I heard was an occasional smack as she clacked her tongue against the roof of her mouth. We parted company as we got to the town, and she said that this was the last time we would be seen walking together. Knowing that it was in vain, I did not plead with her. Poor Mabel. It was pitiful to think of how she had dressed up and had worn crippling shoes under her galoshes and had been lavish with the perfume all to no avail. But I could not tell her I pitied her. I don't know what she did then—whether she went back to search for Matt or went into the chapel to give vent to her grief. She might even have called on her friend the lady publican for a few glasses of port. All I know is that she stopped speaking to me and when we met on the road she would give a toss of her head and look in the opposite direction. Sundays reverted to being long dull days when one waited uselessly for any diversion.

AFTER Christmas, there was a rumor, and it was that Mabel was having a baby. It resounded throughout the parish. The rumor was at first hotly denied by Mabel's mother, who was told it in the strictest confidence by my mother. Mabel had grown a bit stout, her mother conceded, but that was because she ate too much griddle bread. The denial and the excuse pacified people, but not for long. Within a month, Mabel was much larger, and one day a few of the women set a terrible trap for her. Polly, the ex-midwife and her nearest neighbor, enlisted Rita, a young girl, to help in the ruse. The plan was that they would invite Mabel to tea, flatter her by telling her how thin she looked, and then, having put Mabel off her guard, Rita was to steal up on her from behind and slip a measuring tape around her waist. As it turned out, Mabel was huge, and by nightfall the conclusion was that Mabel was indeed having a baby. After that, she was shunned at Mass, shunned on her way down from Mass, and avoided when she went into the shops. Throughout all this ostracism, Mabel did nothing but grin and smile and say what marvellous weather it was. If people were snooty, she went up to them and said, "Go on, tell me what you're thinking of me." She would dare them to give an opinion.

My mother said that it would be no crime if someone were to take a stick to Mabel, and her mother said that when Mabel's father got to hear of it he would kick her arse through the town. Mabel had few friends—the lady publican and the postman, who himself had once got a girl into trouble. She went to the pub at all hours and was said to cadge cigarettes off men once they were drunk.

"Whose is it, Mabel?" she was asked by one.

"Your guess is as good as mine," she was reported to have said, manifesting no shame at all.

She did not go to see Matt and she did not mention him. He kept to himself and was not seen at Mass. Mabel probably had admitted to her mother that the baby was Matt's, but nothing was done, no posse went to call on him. It may have been because Matt was felt to be superior, having been to Canada; also, he kept a shotgun and might fire as they came through the yard. The priest promised her mother that he would go when the weather got finer, but he kept putting it off and, instead, one Sunday gave a most lurid sermon about impurity. The women in the congregation coughed, blushed, and were deeply affected. All Mabel did was smirk and cross her legs, which was a disrespectful thing to do in a holy place. It was decided that she was losing her reason and that accounted for her outrageous behavior.

OF OYSTERMEN, WORKBOATS

The wide, white, wing-boned washboards of twenty-
footers, off-sloped, ridged to hold
a man's tong-clenching stride,
the good stance
to scrape deep with a motion like big applause,
plunging the teeth true beyond the known
mounds of the dead, the current-carried,
murk-cloistered
miracles that bloom
luminous and unseen, sweet things to be
brought up, bejewelled, culled from husks,

as oystermen like odd angels glide far off enough
to keep a wake gentle as shirts on fall's line,
red baseball caps dipping like bloodied
heads upright, the claw-hand slapped
at the air in salute,
those washboards that splinter
the sun on tongs downlaid, on tines humming,

those womb-hulls harbored flank to flank at dusk
until the white-robed priest of the moon
stands tall to the sea's spume-pour
in nostrils
of the men who sway from heel to heel,

the season come again, the socketed gray
of their eyes outward,
forearms naked past longjohns,
the salted breast-beaters at first light

lined up, ready to fly.

—DAVE SMITH

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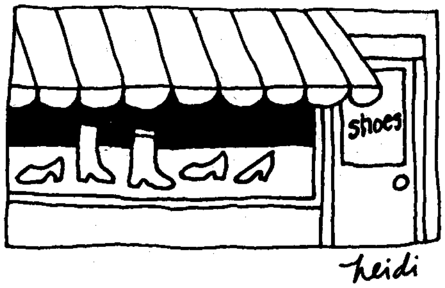
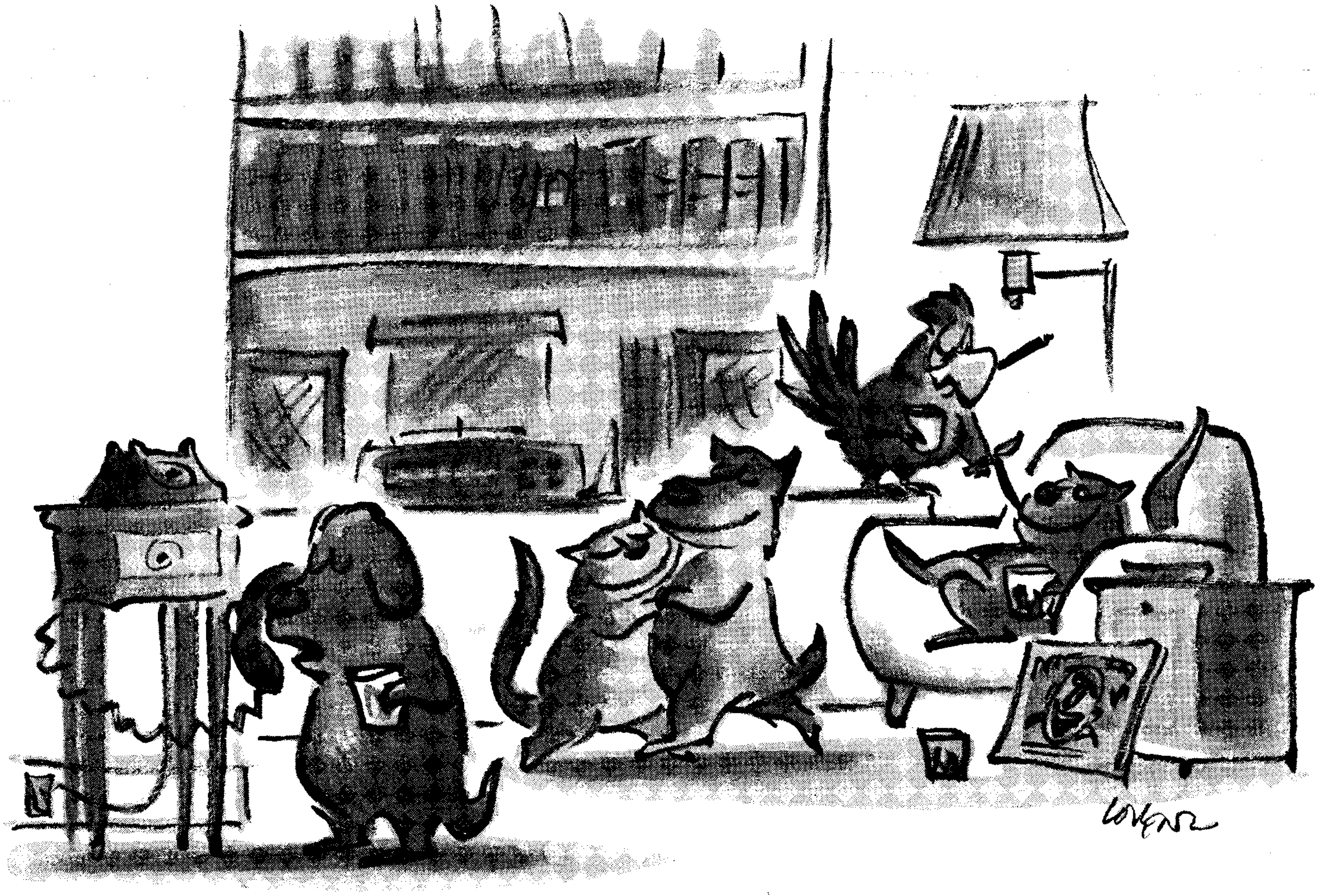
Certainly she alternated between being very talkative and very gloomy. She sat in the henhouse for hours smoking and brooding. Getting cigarettes was one of her biggest problems, because she had overextended her credit in all the shops. By then she was talking to me again, and she asked me if ever I got a shilling or found money to get her a packet of fags. Then she made me listen at the wall of her stomach and said wasn't it full of mischief.

It was February and my parents were enlisted by Mabel and her mother to help. A stranger was to come to our house. I was not sure what he was to do for Mabel, but a man in a long brown leather coat and matching gauntlets arrived in his motor just before dark. He was shown into the front room, where my parents and Mabel's mother spoke to him. Mabel was with me in the kitchen, where she did nothing but make faces. She had discovered the satisfaction of making faces. She scrunched up her nose, stuck out her tongue, and rolled her eyes in all directions.

"I can paddle my own canoe," she said as she paced back and forth. Watching her, I kept imagining the most terrible metamorphosis going on inside her and tried to calculate how old the thing was. She asked if the people up the street ever spoke about her, and I lied and said no. She said that a lot of people had bees in their bonnets, but when my mother called her name she quailed. She went in with bowed head and bowed back. Presently my mother came out and said to lay a tray quickly. She was surprisingly cheerful, as if the stranger had promised to perform a miracle. She bustled about the kitchen and said what a mercy it was that we did not





"I'm afraid they're out for the evening. Would you care to leave a message?"

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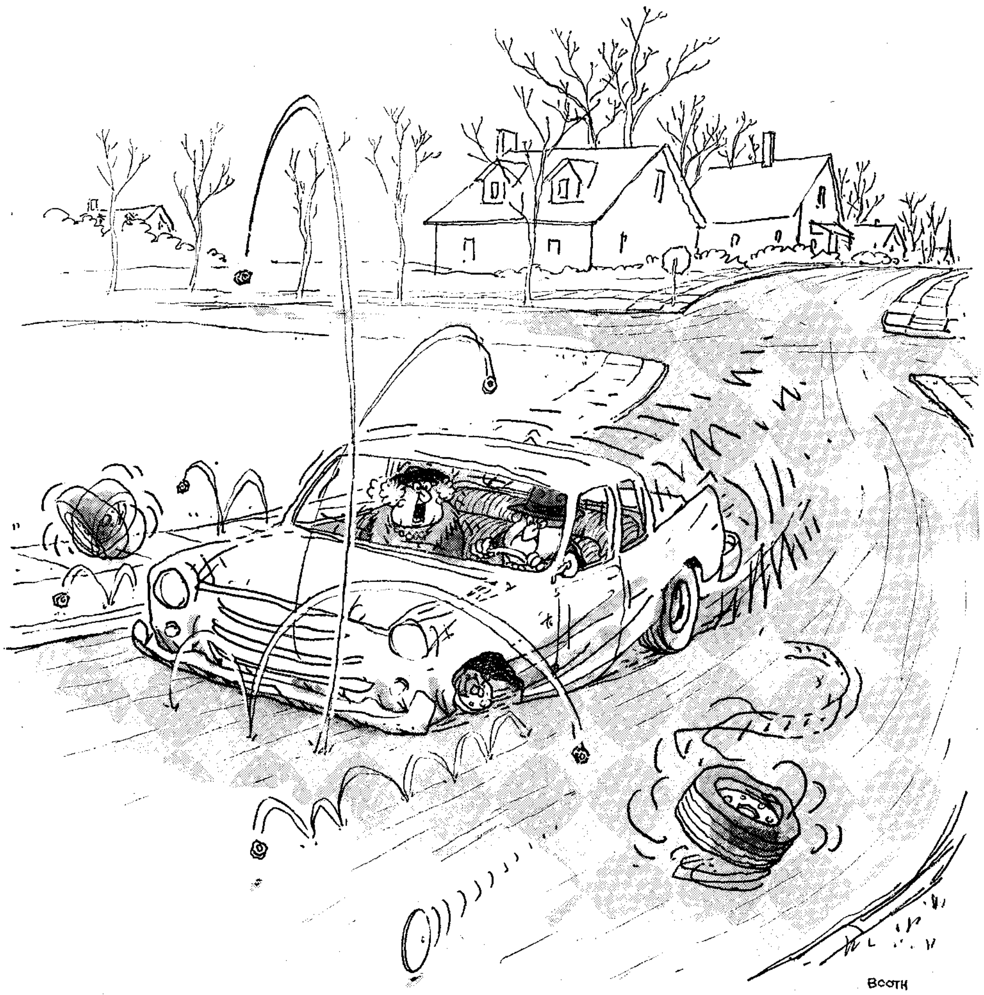
have such a cross to bear. Then she asked me to put a doily on the cake plate and to make sure that the cake knife had no mold or rust.

To this day I do not know whether the stranger was a faith healer or a quack or a bachelor in search of a wife. At any rate, after he left, spirits sagged. There was another consultation, and it was decided that in my parents' presence Mabel's father would be told that night.

The shock of Mabel's father upon hearing the news was such that he could be heard roaring half a mile away, and my mother said it took three people to hold him, for he threatened to go to Mabel's room and kill her. Gradually he was mollified with hot whiskey and the assurance that the event had happened in the most untoward and unfortunate way—in short, that Mabel had been molested by a stranger. Thus his rage was transferred to a brute who had come and gone, and Mabel was told to come down and eat her supper. She sat hunched over the fire, snivelling and fiddling with the tongs, while her father ranted. He had somehow got it into his head that it was a tinker who had done the deed, and he cursed every member of that tribe, both male and female. He was made to swear that he would not strike Mabel and when my parents left the McCanns were as happy as any family might be under such woeful circumstances. They had made their peace by kneeling down to say the Rosary.

THE next day, Mabel's mother went to town to buy wool, and in her spare time she began to knit vests, matinée coats, and bootees. But it could not be said that she and Mabel were reconciled. The mother would sit out in the yard scraping the ground with a stone or a stick, making Vs and circles, and asking her Maker to intervene. Not a word passed between the two women—only growls. When the mother came into the kitchen, Mabel went out to the henhouse. No one knew where the birth would take place and no one knew when. No arrangements were made. When asked, Mabel burst into tears. She was a sight, in her brown tweed coat and knitted cap. Being large did not become her, and in contrast her face looked small and wizened. She went to the chapel every afternoon as if to atone, and as it got nearer her time people were less vicious about her.

IT was a summer's day and the men were in the hayfield when Mabel's labor commenced. The Angelus had just struck. As her mother heard the first howl, she ran with the fire tongs still in her hand onto the road for help. She hailed a passing cyclist and told him to get the doctor quick. The doctor, who was a local, was bound to be in the dispensary at that hour. I was nearby, playing shop with two of my friends, and we were sent to fetch my mother. Pots of water were boiled. Mabel was writhing and begging for ether. My friends and I were drawn to the house and repelled by it. At every outcry, Mabel's mother asked was it coming, yet she avoided going into the room. Mabel was becoming delirious as the pains got worse, but mercifully we saw the doctor arrive. He asked what the trouble was. My mother and Mabel's mother told him her condition. "Why haven't I seen her



"Let's not squabble with one another, Wes. As loyal conservatives, let us not squabble within the ranks."

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sooner?" he said, and he frowned as if he'd decided that everyone in the neighborhood was a barbarian. Mabel was howling as he entered the room, but soon a calm descended, and we remained in the kitchen praying.

It was not long before he came out. "You can put that stuff away," the doctor said, nodding toward the swaddling clothes and the aluminum bath that was filled with water.

Mabel's mother concluded that the infant was dead and said, "Lord have mercy on its soul."

"There is no *it*," he said.

My mother and Mabel's mother were aghast. It was as if some terrible trick had been played on them.

"There's nothing there. I've examined her."

"But Doctor, is that possible?" my mother asked accusingly.

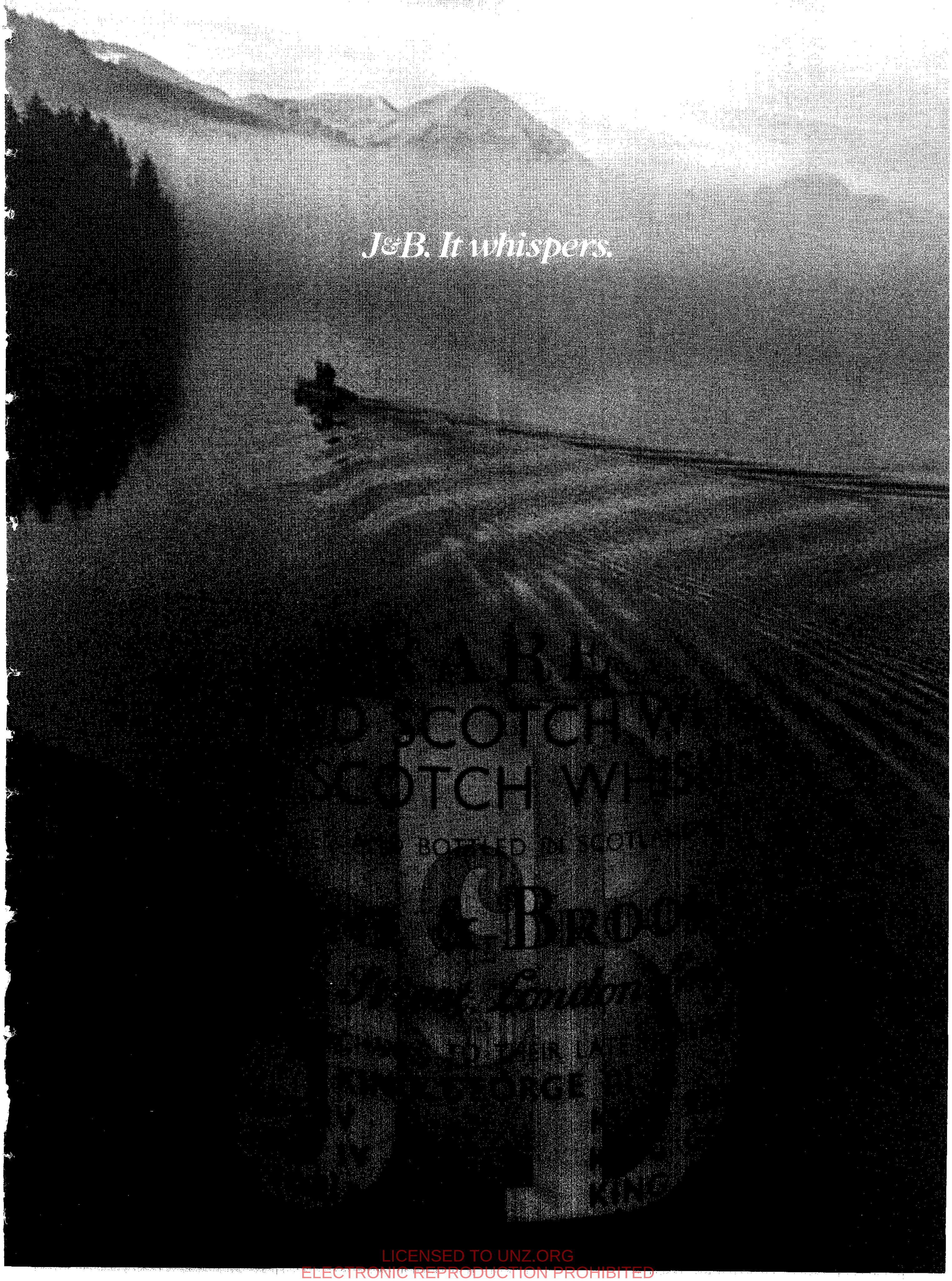
The doctor did not know the circumstances and nobody bothered to tell him. He simply said that it was a pity he had not been consulted sooner and then announced that his fee would be two pounds and he'd like it there and then. Mabel's crying had stopped. No one took the slightest trouble to go to her. Her mother simply closed the bedroom door and said that to tell this disaster to the parish was the last straw. The waves in her white hair bristled and she reminded me of nothing so much as a weasel, poised to spit. Her temper held in check was worse than all her husband's oaths. "Let her break it to him herself," she said, pointing a fist toward the attic.

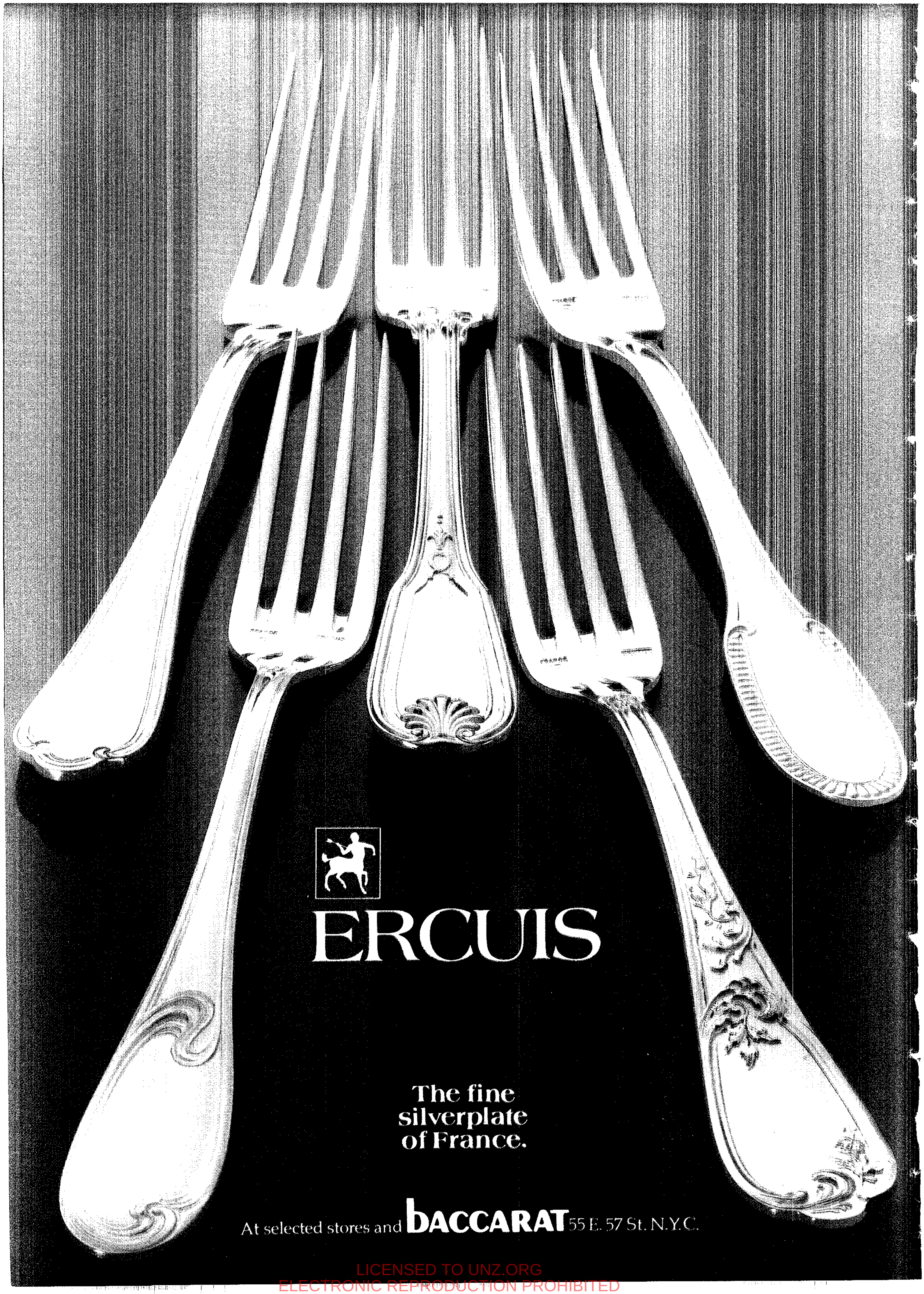
By way of consolation, my mother said that surely Mabel could not be right in the head. Her words were hardly welcome and hardly a solace.

From the room there came a low whimper. No doubt Mabel was still lying in the bed, bunched up as she had been in labor, waiting for a kind word. No one ventured up. Her mother emptied the tea leaves into the front garden and told my two friends, who had been waiting outside, to *vamoose*. Back in the kitchen, she began to list Mabel's faults and lament the money she had cost since her return home. Money on tonics, money on finery, money on faddish food when she got those cravings at night. "Tinned salmon, no less," she said sourly and told my mother that each week her pension had gone toward Mabel's whim. Then, for no reason, she recalled a large, beautiful hand-painted urn that Mabel had broken as a child. From the confines of her pram Mabel had reached up to embrace it and toppled it instead. Then they spoke in whispers and I got the impression that Mabel's attraction to the opposite sex had been in the nature of a disease. I stood near the front door, half listening to them and wondering if Mabel's swelling had gone down suddenly, and if so where it had disappeared to. It would be funny to see her thin, having just seen her that morning large and cumbersome. The rush crib was still on the kitchen table, and the sight of it was an affront. I had a great desire to bring Mabel a slice of cake or tea in her favorite china cup. But, much as I would have liked to, I did not go to Mabel. I feared that this would be as much a quality of mine as my eyes or my hair, this wanting to step in but not daring to. I would, I wouldn't. Thus I wrestled. But the weight and depth of their opprobrium won, and I did not go in, nor did they, and like some monotonous chant the whimpering went on.

WE did not lay eyes on Mabel again. Just as the shame of pregnancy had made her brazen, so now the shame of non-pregnancy made her hide. She would not come out of her own room and she refused to see my mother and barely broke her fast. One evening, after dark, she left as she had once arrived, in a hackney carriage, and from that moment her memory was banished. The only reminder was that next day on the clothesline were her blankets, her patchwork quilt, and some baby clothes. Her parents had a Mass said in the house, and in time it was as if she had never come home, as if she were still in Australia.

Some said that she was in Dublin working for nuns, others said that she worked in a nursing home, and still others that she was a charwoman. These were just rumors. No one ever learned the truth, how she felt, or if she survived; no one knew the real story and no one can really say if ever she knew it herself. —EDNA O'BRIEN


J&B. It whispers.



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LETTER FROM EUROPE

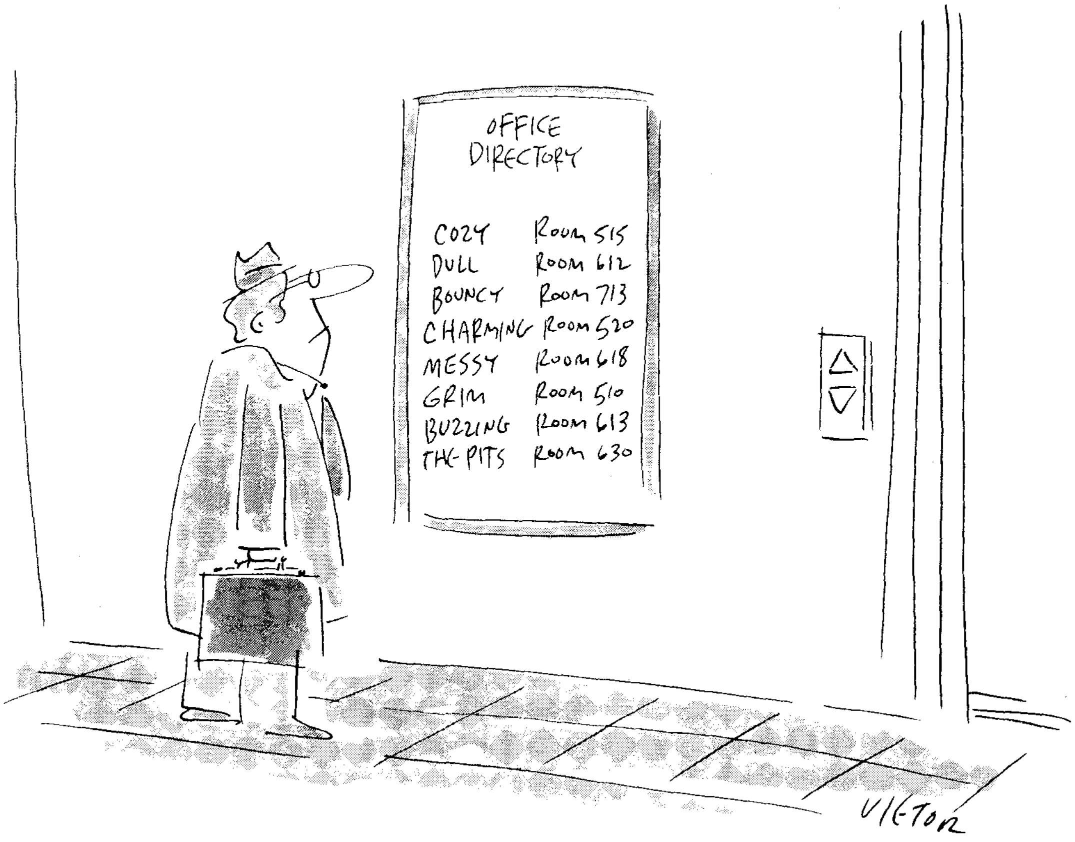
PARIS, JANUARY 4

CHRISTMAS and Poland occupied the French entirely these past few weeks, being occasions for celebration and declamation—two highly cultivated national activities. It snowed here before the holidays. The city was luminous under snowflakes and Christmas lights. People complained about inflation, which seemed to entail a change of shops rather than a change of habits—the result being that the Bon Marché was mobbed the week before Christmas, and Saint Laurent was a little less mobbed. There were vigils and services for Poland all over Europe during Christmas Week. In Paris, the week passed in a kind of dirge for the Polish people. France literally went on strike for Solidarity. All the unions but the Confédération Générale du Travail, which the Communists control, joined the strike, and some C.G.T. members—the journalists, for example—went out anyway. On Christmas Eve, Parisians carried candles all the way from the Russian Embassy, near the Bois de Boulogne, to the Polish Embassy, off the Invalides, and set them on the ground there, making a field of light and chanting from Paul Éluard's poem of the Occupation, '*Liberté . . . j'écris ton nom.*"

The crackdown in Poland made for some strange occasions. People turned on the elevision news one night and witnessed Cardinal Lustiger, the Archbishop of Paris, discussing Poland with Roman Polanski, the movie director, who is still on the lam from a statutory-rape charge in California. The politicians were much less gracious than the bishop. The Giscardiens and the Chiraciens and the Mitterrandistes spent so much time fighting about who was most eligible, morally speaking, to mourn the Polish revolution that by the end of a week they could not bring themselves even to demonstrate together. In the Assembly, the right was demanding some sort of "action," which it was hard put to it to define. The Prime Minister, Pierre Mauroy, was talking fairly sensibly about matching promises to possibilities. And everybody else was wondering how a Socialist government with four Communist ministers was going to justify keeping those ministers in their posts once their party had refused to support the government in condemning the Communists in Poland.

THE Compagnie Financière de Paris et des Pays-Bas, better known as Paribas, is the most important merchant bank and holding company in France. Its offices are on the Rue d'Antin, near the Opéra, in the remarkable *hôtel particulier* where Napoleon married Josephine. It is probably the only bank in the world where clients can talk to their bankers in private rooms off a perfectly acclimatized *orangerie* with an equestrian statue of Louis XIV for decoration. And for months now it has been at the center of what the French, depending on their politics and their pocketbooks, consider either a banking scandal or a bankers' trauma of consuming fascination. *L'affaire Paribas* is the sort of bewildering, complicated affair that the French relish—part boulevard comedy, part *comédie humaine*, part social drama of class intrigue and divided loyalties, pitting the ruling bourgeoisie, in all its public patriotic virtuousness, against a dark world of crafty financiers and "foreign influences." In short, it is the story of the determination of the President of France to nationalize Paribas (along with one other holding company and thirty-six ordinary private banks on his nationalization list) and the equal determination of the president of Paribas to get his company's most enterprising foreign banking subsidiaries—Paribas Suisse, in Geneva, and Cobepa, in Brussels—off that list. For derring-do and gullibility, there has been nothing like it here since Serge Alexandre Stavisky floated a couple of hundred million dollars' worth of bad bonds in the city of Bayonne fifty years ago. The derring-do was mainly on the side of Paribas's president, who (to simplify, but not a lot, really) managed in the course of two days this fall to "liberate" Paribas Suisse and Cobepa from François Mitterrand's list by selling the French majority holding in the Swiss subsidiary to the Belgian subsidiary, and vice versa. The gullibility was mainly on the side of the government, which was so busy talking about its list that few people in power seemed to notice what was happening.

The president of Paribas—the ex-president now—was a fifty-nine-year-old banker by the name of Pierre Moussa. He was by all accounts a brilliant banker. His one great failing



Joe Mirachi

"Christmas has been over for weeks. When are you going to cheer up?"

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was to have loved his work better than he loved his government. That is, nobody else involved was willing to make the same mistake in loyalty—or, more accurately, in judgment. Even the bankers and businessmen on Moussa's board, whom he had counted on to support him, claimed that they preferred a Paribas nationalized but French to a Paribas broken up and its subsidiaries distributed among foreigners. In the end, they fired him instead. Moussa had what the French consider the right background for endurance: he went to the École Normale Supérieure, he taught at the École de Science Politique, he became an Inspecteur de Finance. He put in time as *directeur de cabinet* for a colonial minister in Pierre Mendès-France's Fourth Republic government, where he invented the phrase *"les nations prolétaires,"* and then he wrote books about those nations—which meant that he was respectably connected to the French left and was thus a properly accredited intellectual. His mother was a Catholic midwife from Lyons—which meant that he was also respectably connected to the provinces. But his father was Egyptian and (at least by origin) Muslim—which meant that in many people's minds there was also something exotic, something not quite French, about Moussa, if only the fact that he was sallow and heavy-lidded from too much work and too much reading. Certainly he did not belong to the old banking bourgeoisie, who almost seemed to consider lending money and investing money indelicate practices—something on the order of an indiscreet adultery. Nor was he connected to any of the great banking dynasties like the Rothschilds ("Jew under Pétain, pariah under Mitterrand—that's enough for me," Guy de Rothschild wrote in *Le Monde* this fall when his Banque Rothschild was put on the nationalization list, and then he retired, furious), or to what economists like to call the "smart-people-no-money" school of merchant banking, like his friends at, say, Lazard Frères. He had little interest in becoming a servant of the French state—the usual way for an intellectual to translate business into a form of statecraft and thereby ease his squeamishness. Moussa, coming to Paribas in 1969, was quick, solitary, a little elusive, even a little furtive in the way he worked. He was a buccaneer capitalist in a country where decent wealth is still supposed to be in gold bricks under the bed or in boulle desks or in court *tapestries*—that is, when it is not in Switzerland. (Some twenty to thirty per cent of Paribas Suisse's assets are in accounts fuelled by flights of capital.) At Paribas, he invested in the Persian Gulf and in Canada and Japan and the United States. By 1981, Paribas was active in forty-one countries. More than half its activity was outside France, and its assets—some two hundred and thirty-eight billion francs—were up by twenty-three per cent. When Mitterrand decided to take over Paribas—*"la récupération du patrimoine,"* or the recovery of France's patrimony, the President called it—not many of Paribas's foreign partners agreed with him that *their* investments were France's to recover.

Moussa seems to be one of those unfortunate public figures who are just as useful one day as models of the national achievement as they are the next as object lessons in national disgrace. He took over Paribas in 1978 from a banker of the old school named Jacques de Fouchier, who had brought him in as his dauphin and had fought for his appointment, telling everybody how modern and energetic Moussa was. De Fouchier evidently expected to preside at Paribas thereafter as a sort of éminence grise, and he never forgave his protégé for actually moving into his office (and moving de Fouchier out) when he took the job. I was in fact de Fouchier who, as honorary president of the company, fough the hardest this fall to get Mouss fired. Then, too, Moussa inherited a se of contingency plans in 1978 that hi board of directors had presumably approved of. They were plans for spinning off the Swiss subsidiary—and maybe the Belgian one—in the event of government of the left coming to power in France, and they were not so different from the plan, code-named Noah's Ark, that finally went into operation after the 1981 elections. But by 1981 most of the members of the Paribas board—men who together controlled companies with two hundred and sixty billion francs in assets and more than half a million employees—had clearly decided that they had more to gain from good relations with the new Socialist government than from Moussa's tenure at Paribas, and they formed a picture of outraged patriotism when they heard the news from Geneva and Brussels.

A couple of weeks ago, Pierre Mauroy got up in the National Assembly and said that Moussa had the "mentality of an *émigré*." He was

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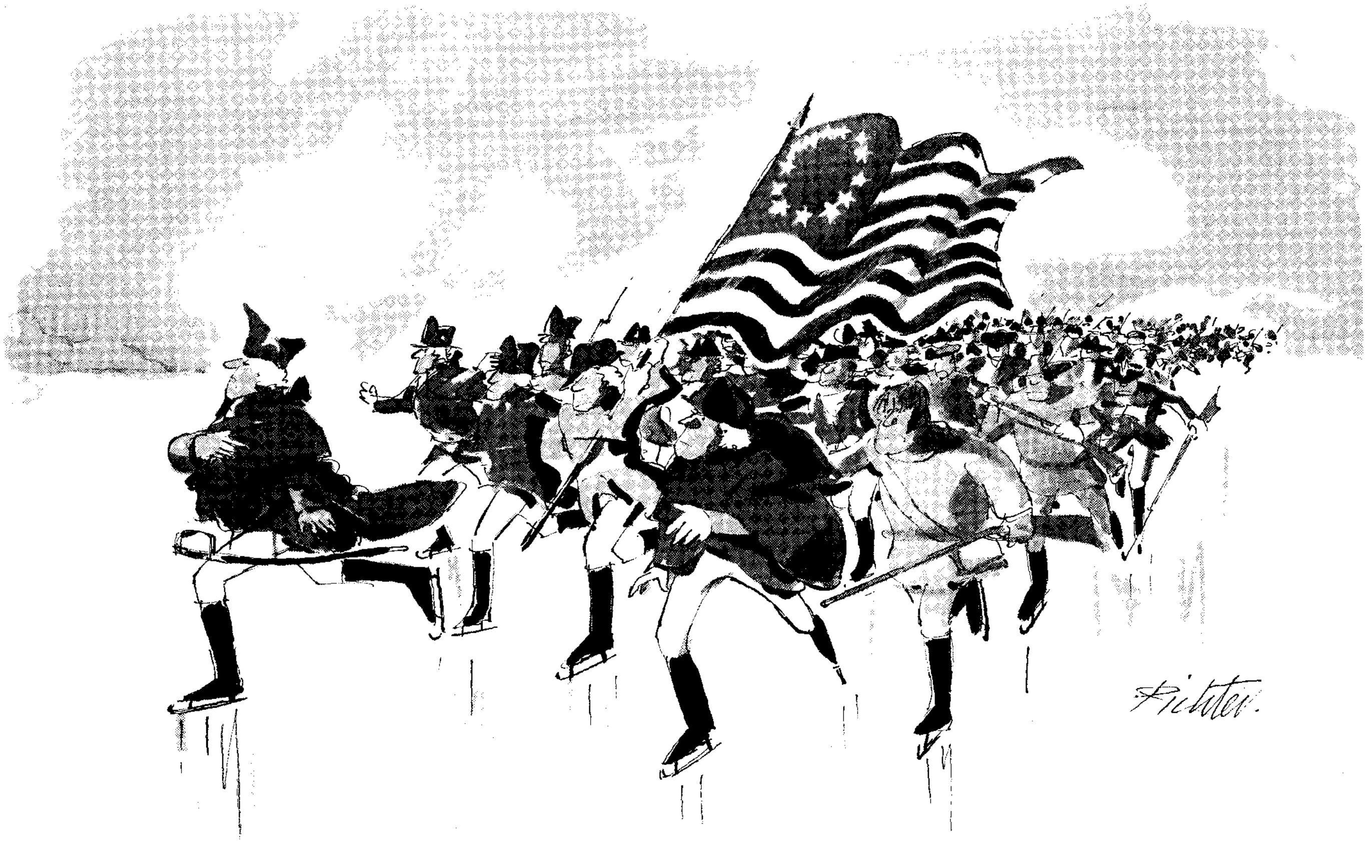

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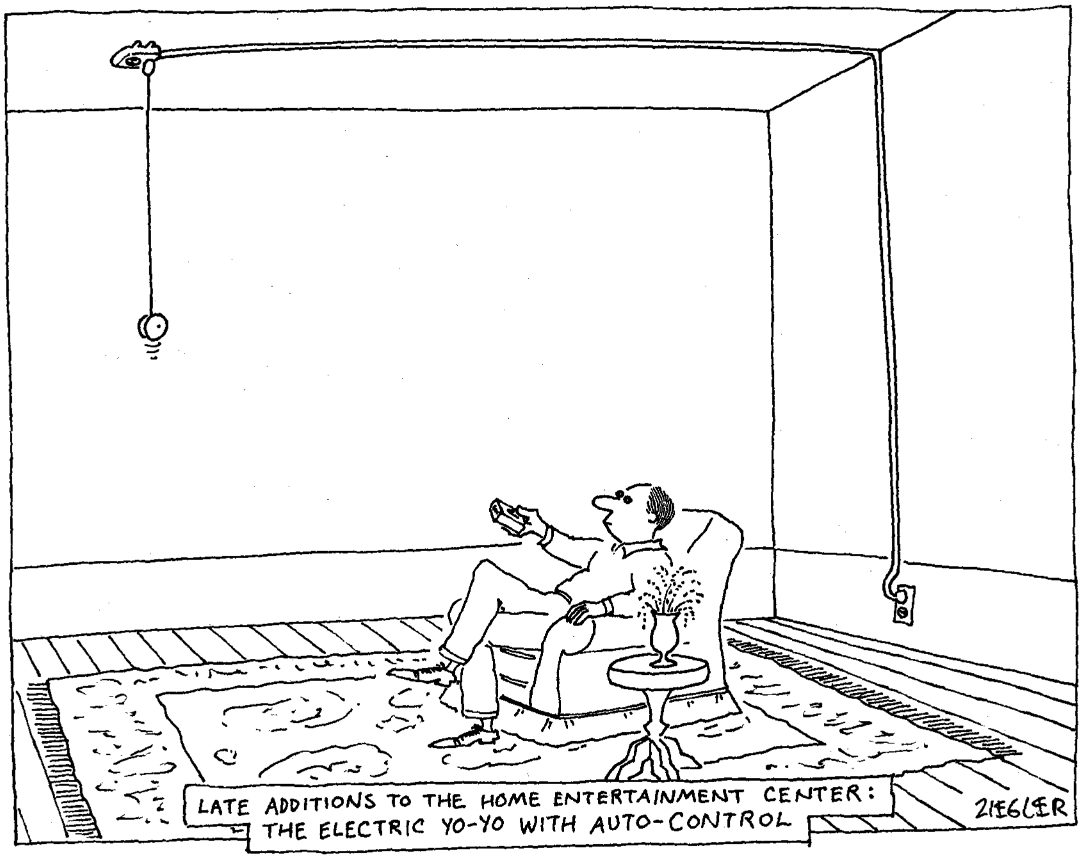
talking about the *émigrés* of 1789—rich Frenchmen who fled to Koblenz with their money after the Revolution started—and there was a time, certainly, when every schoolchild in the country would have understood the reference. The trouble was that—French education being what it is lately—very few people understood, or wanted to. There was a lot of talk about foreigners' desecrating *le patrimoine*. The television news one night was full of allusions to "the fringes of Freemasonry." On the radio, the phrase was "cosmopolitan influence." Graffiti sprayed on the wall of Moussa's apartment house on the Quai d'Orsay were ugly and explicit. Strictly speaking, there was nothing criminal about Moussa's selling his subsidiaries to each other. A bank president here has enormous power. He is a little like a king who can be crowned in the morning and beheaded in the afternoon. Moussa had the legal authority to sign those stock transfers last October without his government's—or even his board's—approval. (He wouldn't have it now, because there is a new decree, in his honor, that controls the sale of stock in any company the government intends to nationalize.) Whether he had the moral authority is, of course, debatable. The government considers Moussa completely deceitful, which in a way he was, and Moussa considers the government completely deceitful, because he believed himself to be a friend of the Socialists and assumed that while Mitterrand might nationalize Paribas's French banking arm, and might even go as far as to nationalize the French companies that Paribas owned or controlled, he would surely, at the insistence of such an old friend, leave its foreign banks and businesses and investments in private hands or settle for making the state a minority stockholder (not, admittedly, an especially interesting arrangement for the home office). He assumed that he could negotiate with Mitterrand, the way he would have negotiated with a sharp investment banker from Wall Street or Tokyo—that he could at least convince Mitterrand of the financial risks he would run in tying a complicated multinational outfit like Paribas to Socialist domestic policies. Besides, Jacques Delors, the Finance Minister, had been reassuring Moussa about Paribas through the summer. It was well known that Delors did not consider Mitterrand particularly diplomatic in proposing to turn Cobepa, the third-biggest bank in Belgium, into a kind of overseas branch of a French Socialist government. Delors respects what he calls *le fair play international*—which was what made him wary of nationalizing anything that involved important foreign investors who could not be expected to have any particular loyalty to François Mitterrand's economic theories. He saw the justice of Moussa's position, but he was no match for the ideologues in Mitterrand's Cabinet, who were determined to nationalize. In a way, perhaps, Delors understood even better than they did the particular French pride in "serving the legitimacy" that caused so many French bankers and businessmen to abandon Moussa after Moussa, in their view, had abandoned France. The fact is that in France business and the state are not adversaries. The impulse is to reflect, to identify. *Le patrimoine* is a real (if, to some, an erroneous) notion; translated, it can mean that to turn your business or your bank or your grandmother's Sèvres over to foreigners is to steal something that belongs to France. It is because of *le patrimoine* that Mitterrand rewrote his tax on wealth last fall, exempting art and antiques in order to keep them in trust for the nation, as it were, in French living rooms. And it is because of *le patrimoine* that his nationalizations, including Paribas, have been accepted here.

In November of last year, the government indicted Pierre Moussa, four of his bank officers, and a French aeronautics millionaire named Pierre-Jean Latécoère, who had recently dug up thirty-five thousand gold coins that his father had hidden under the floorboards of the family château in 1934 and—on Paribas's advice and with Paribas "couriers"—dispatched them out of France and into a vault in Edmonton, Canada. On one count, the government charged Moussa and the officers with assisting Latécoère, and on a second count, acting in Latécoère's behalf, it charged them with "abuse of banking confidence"—someone at Paribas having substituted ordinary gold coins for eight hundred rare Indian-head dollars in Latécoère's stash and having presumably pocketed the difference in value, a matter of some four hundred thousand francs. Finally, the government charged Moussa and the officers as "parties to a fraud" in a case involving about four hundred Paribas clients with numbered bank accounts in Switzerland. Swiss bank accounts are an old French habit. It has been understood by most governments here that Swiss accounts are a natural function of being rich and French and, by national character, parsimonious, and until now they were never considered a breach of citizenship—just as it was never considered bad citizenship for a French businessman to claim that his car registered in Liechtenstein or his apartment in Monaco really belonged to a mistress he could not identify, the lady in question being married. People who got caught taking money out of the country usually made their arrangements with the Customs Bureau, paying a fine that was understood to constitute a recovery of sorts; then the matter was closed. Latécoère himself was arranging to pay a thirty-six-million-franc fine on his smuggled gold—Paribas was lending him the money—when the government changed its mind and indicted him.

As for Paribas's four hundred clients, they were an old scandal. People here had known about them since the fall of 1980, when customs policemen raided Paribas on a tip and found a record of their Swiss accounts, in code, sitting in the desk of an important Paribas banker named Léonce Boissonnat. No one prosecuted them then. First of all, it was hard to discover who any of them were; they went by code names like Nero and Britannicus and Rhododendron. And the ones who *were* identified simply negotiated their fines—on Boissonnat's advice—and thought they had done with it. Every bank in France, private or public, has engaged in this sort of thing to some extent, and most probably still do. (Just a month or so ago, the newspaper *Libération* sent three reporters as couriers to Geneva with two thousand chocolate napoleons in their suitcases, and in two days—crossing and recrossing the border by train, by boat, by car, and once on foot—they had managed to deposit their "gold" at the front door of Paribas Suisse, to be eaten by the bankers.) No one expected Mitterrand to go after the "Paribas four hundred," if for no other reason than that he was going to nationalize Paribas and it is generally considered bad business to start prosecuting one's own clients. But this November the prosecutions started: the president of a bicycle company; the owner of a chain of discount appliance stores; a ninety-one-year-old caviar importer from Lille; a few perfectly ordinary people like engineers and doctors and professors. So far, fifty-five Paribas clients have been arrested and charged with "expatriating" around a hundred and eighty million francs of the national patrimony. Some people say that the Paribas prosecutions are mainly the obsession of an ambitious and, by all accounts, disagreeable young budget director in Mitterrand's Cabinet named Laurent Fabius, who is not noticeably hard up for cash himself, being the son and heir of the most important antique dealer in Paris and the proud owner of the city's most elegant Maserati. Other people say that Mitterrand is using Fabius to appease his voters who wanted to see the rich punished. And still others say that once Paribas gets to be old news most of the charges will be dropped anyway, and fines, as always, will be quietly arranged. Lately, Mitterrand has been putting pressure on a few big stockholders in Paribas Suisse—stockholders like a Volvo subsidiary, with which the French government does enough business to make that pressure felt. He wants to save face for France in the Paribas affair, which means that Paribas is going to buy back as much stock in its old Swiss subsidiary as those stockholders agree to sell it. They will sell a lot, no doubt, but never



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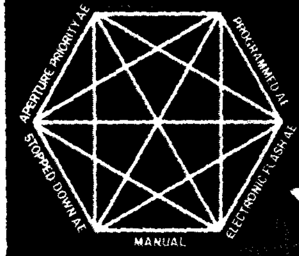

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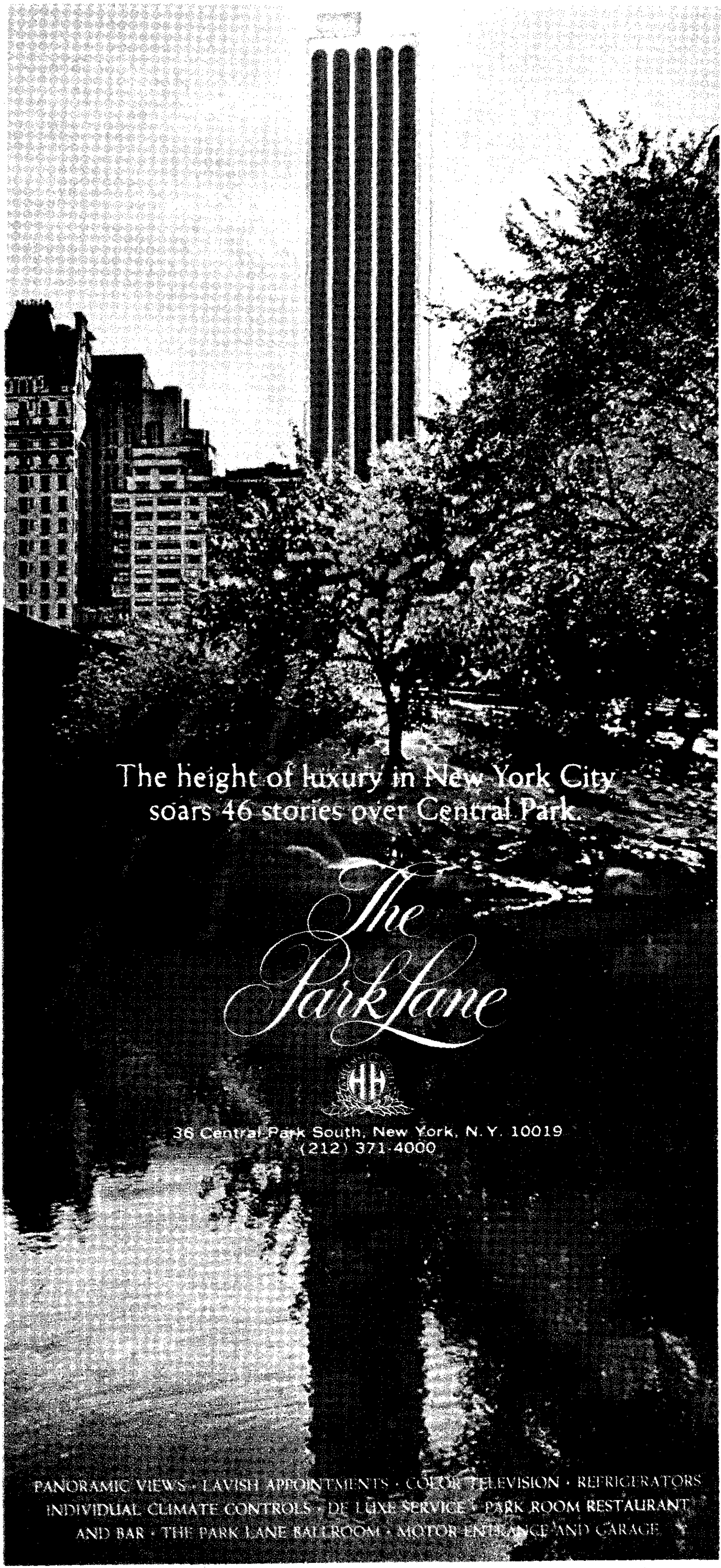
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enough to let the French recover their old majority holding. For France, Paribas Suisse and Cobepa are gone—off the target list, outside the nationalization law. They will not be France's to nationalize. Meanwhile, Pierre Moussa is out of a job. Pierre-Jean Latécoère, hard pressed now to pay a fine amounting to over six million dollars, has moved to Switzerland. And five days before Christmas, Léonce Boissonnat sent his family away for the weekend and shot himself through the heart.

THERE has been an epiphanous exhibition of Venetian Mannerist painting at the Doges' Palace this winter—images from a disquieting century that seem now like uncanny commentaries on our own. People came from all over Europe to see the hundred and six canvases in "Da Tiziano a El Greco: 1540-1590," often not knowing why they *had* come, complaining at breakfast at their *pensioni* that they did not really like the Mannerists, and pointedly slipping off to the Accademia for a look at Giorgione's cool, blue, bosky "Tempest" or one of Bellini's limpid Madonnas, or to San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, where Carpaccio's St. George rescues the shy princess and leads a sulky dragon to captivity.

Venetian Mannerism is not the exemplary Mannerism of Florence. It does not offer up its tensions to calm reflection. It is Eastern, voluptuous, agitating—of a piece with its city. It is exhausting in its implosive energy and in its unsettling, sensuous theology, which holds that the flesh—contradicting the constraints of canvas and composition and narrative and modesty—*is* the soul shining. The paintings at the Doges' Palace shone. "Mortal we may be, but we are still here!"—Auden on Italy in the nineteen-fifties—could be an epitaph for Venice in the fifteen-fifties, raising the foundations of its gaudy palaces against a treacherous sea, producing paintings like the pyramid of gold and velvet that is Titian's portrait of Pietro Aretino, and the glowing, rosy form of Vasari's "Patience," confined to her narrow canvas, and far too generous and lush for the sombre globe behind her. The show was filled with paintings that confounded people who saw them with a kind of atavistic modernism. Veronese's Venus and Mars are surprised by Cupid leading his father's horse—a dippy, pink-nosed horse with a curly mane and batting eyelashes—down marble stairs into the room where they are making love, intruding into the wise privacy of their eroticism with sentimental and malign innocence. Titian's Cain and Abel are locked in a composition whose harmony is in the act and angles of fratricide. El Greco's Holy Family flee from Egypt with the distress of ordinary travellers: Joseph pulls hard at the ass's rope; the ass backs up, refusing to cross the plank that spans a stream; Mary in her blue cloak sits sidesaddle and precarious; Jesus, twisting in her arms, glares down at the stream, a furious and frightened baby. Bassano's Calvary is a crush of bodies, alarming Christ with their solicitations. Tintoretto's "Last Supper," with its overturned chair, is a painting about a long night with too much wine and too much argument and the morning after of a broken solemnity.

These are resonant images today. The people who said they did not really like the Mannerists kept coming back to them, drawn by a disturbing familiarity. It was hard to tell, after seeing the exhibition, whether the city evoked the paintings or the paintings evoked the city. By six o'clock—which was the hour the exhibition closed—the piazzetta off San Marco was as dark and foggy as a Mannerist night. The lamps that hung from the Procuratie, dotting the arcades, seemed far away in that fog, and beyond them—beyond the windows full of shoes and pocketbooks and glass paperweights and embroidered tablecloths on the narrow shopping streets that curve out from the square—Venice was shrouded and so still that one could hear the water lapping at the docks of the shuttered palaces along the Grand Canal. The *vaporetti* carrying Venetians home from work made little pokes of noise and light into what suddenly seemed an immense darkness. People walked fast. Their footsteps on the stone bridges sounded gallant and important. Visitors would leave the ducal palace with the bells in the Campanile chiming six o'clock, and, as if by instinct, head for San Marco, for the soothing, almost suffocating splendor of the Basilica, to breathe the incense heat and listen to the familiar incantations of the Mass and blink through candlelight at the golden mosaic domes.

—JANE KRAMER

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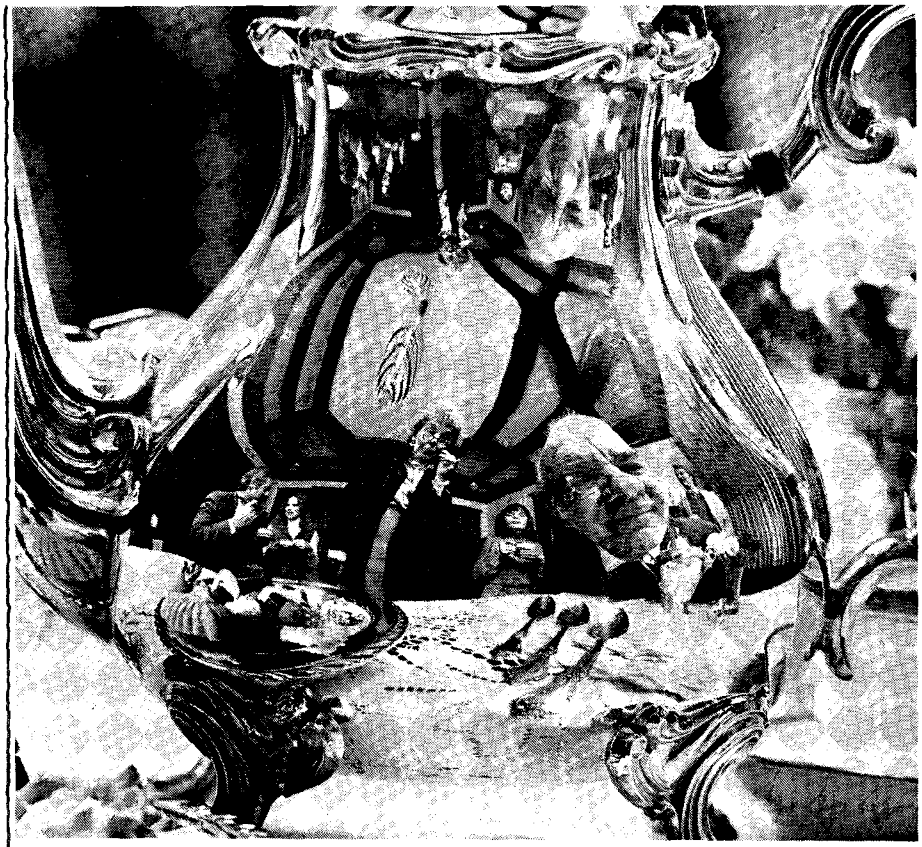
NEXT, THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE (708 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017) has suspended publication.—*The Writer.*

Hmm.



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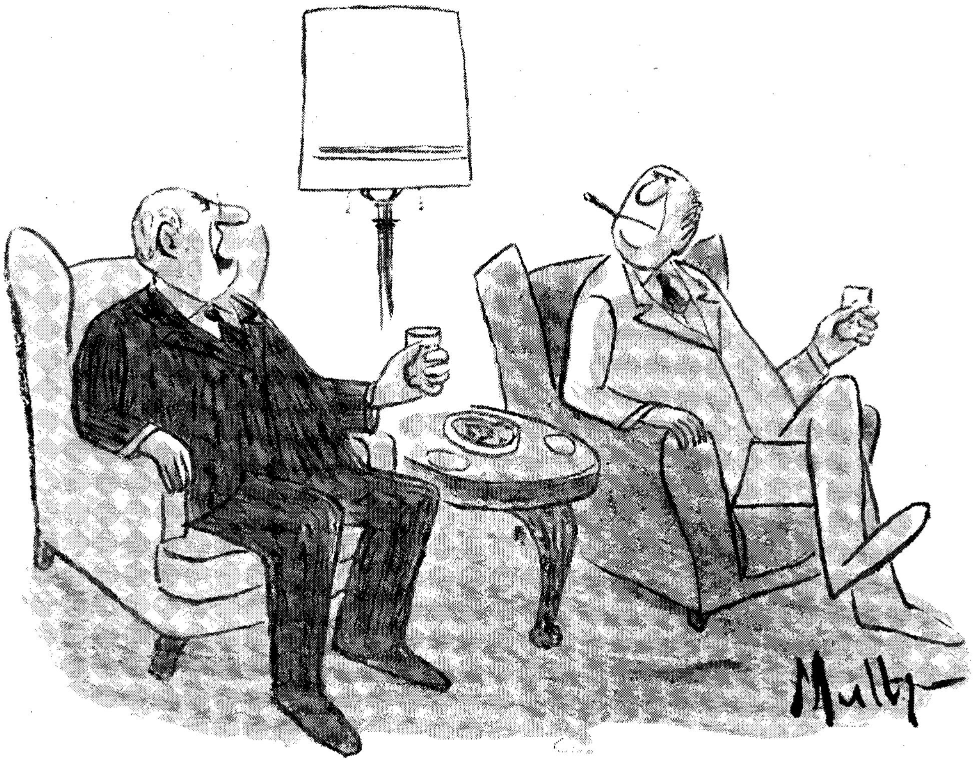
THE SPORTING SCENE

PLACEKICKING

NEAR the end of October, when the teams in the National Football League were preparing for the eighth of the sixteen games they play during their regular season, I went down from New York one day to watch the Wednesday-afternoon practice of the Philadelphia Eagles. At that time, the Eagles, who had been defeated by the Minnesota Vikings the previous Sunday, had won six games and lost only one—a record that put them in first place in the Eastern Division of the National Conference, which is one of the two conferences (the other is the American) that make up the N.F.L. The fact that the Eagles were faring so well had something to do with my wanting to take in one of their practices. My main reason, however, was to observe the team's placekicker, Tony Franklin, up close. In recent years, field goals have taken an increasingly significant role in professional football—particularly since the N.F.L. ordained, in 1974, that a sudden-death overtime period be played to decide the winner of games that are tied at the end of the regulation sixty minutes. (Webster, by the way, defines placekicking as the act of kicking the ball after it has been placed on the ground. Nowadays, it can also be placed on a tee, and we will go into that later.)

Franklin first gained national attention in 1976, when, during his sophomore year at Texas A. & M. (originally Texas Agricultural and Mechanical), he kicked field goals of sixty-four and sixty-five yards against Baylor University. In performing this feat, which took place at Kyle Field, Texas A. & M.'s home field, in College Station, he broke the intercollegiate record, of sixty-three yards, set in 1975 by Clark Kemble, of Colorado State, and he bettered the N.F.L. record, also of sixty-three yards, which Tom Dempsey, of the New Orleans Saints, had set in 1970. As it happened, some of the glory was diminished by the circumstance that on the same afternoon Ove Johansson, of Abilene Christian University, in Texas, had made good on a sixty-nine-yard placement. Franklin, though, had made his kicks with only a seven-mile-an-hour wind at his back, whereas Johansson apparently had the assistance of a junior gale. In addition, Texas A. & M. is a member of the Southwest Conference, in which the standard of play is very high—much higher than that of Abilene Christian's conference, the Lone Star. The following year, Franklin's Southwest Conference record was broken by Russell Erxleben, of the University of Texas, who booted a sixty-seven-yard field goal, but Franklin kept on making awesomely long field goals during his college career, and generally outperformed Erxleben and his other great conference rival—Steve Little, of the University of Arkansas. Then, too, Franklin kicks barefoot, and this has done a great deal to augment the fascination that has swirled around him since his high-school days. Down through the years, there have been a number of fairly effective punters who preferred to kick without a shoe, but until Franklin appeared no shoeless placekicker, as far as I can recall, had had the ability to make a good college team, let alone go on into professional football. When Franklin got out of A. & M., in 1979, he left behind him eighteen National Collegiate Athletic Association records, including most field goals (fifty-six), most field goals in one quarter (four), most field goals of fifty yards or more (ten), and highest average distance on field goals (thirty-nine and a half yards). A placekicker is rarely selected in the early rounds of the N.F.L. draft unless he also punted for his college team, and Franklin didn't, but Franklin was such an outstanding performer that in 1979 the Eagles drafted him in the third round.

The Eagles hold their practices at John F. Kennedy Stadium (formerly Municipal Stadium), a huge concrete saucer that went up in 1926 and is best known as the former venue of the Army-Navy game. It is now part of a singular three-structure sports complex, some four miles south of Independence Hall. The two other buildings are the Spectrum, an enclosed arena, built in 1967, that serves as the home rink of the Philadelphia Flyers and the home court of the Philadelphia '76ers, and Veterans Stadium, built in 1971, where the Eagles and the Phillies play their games and where the Army-Navy game is now held. The Eagles' offices and the players' dressing room are in Veterans Stadium, but the natural grass at



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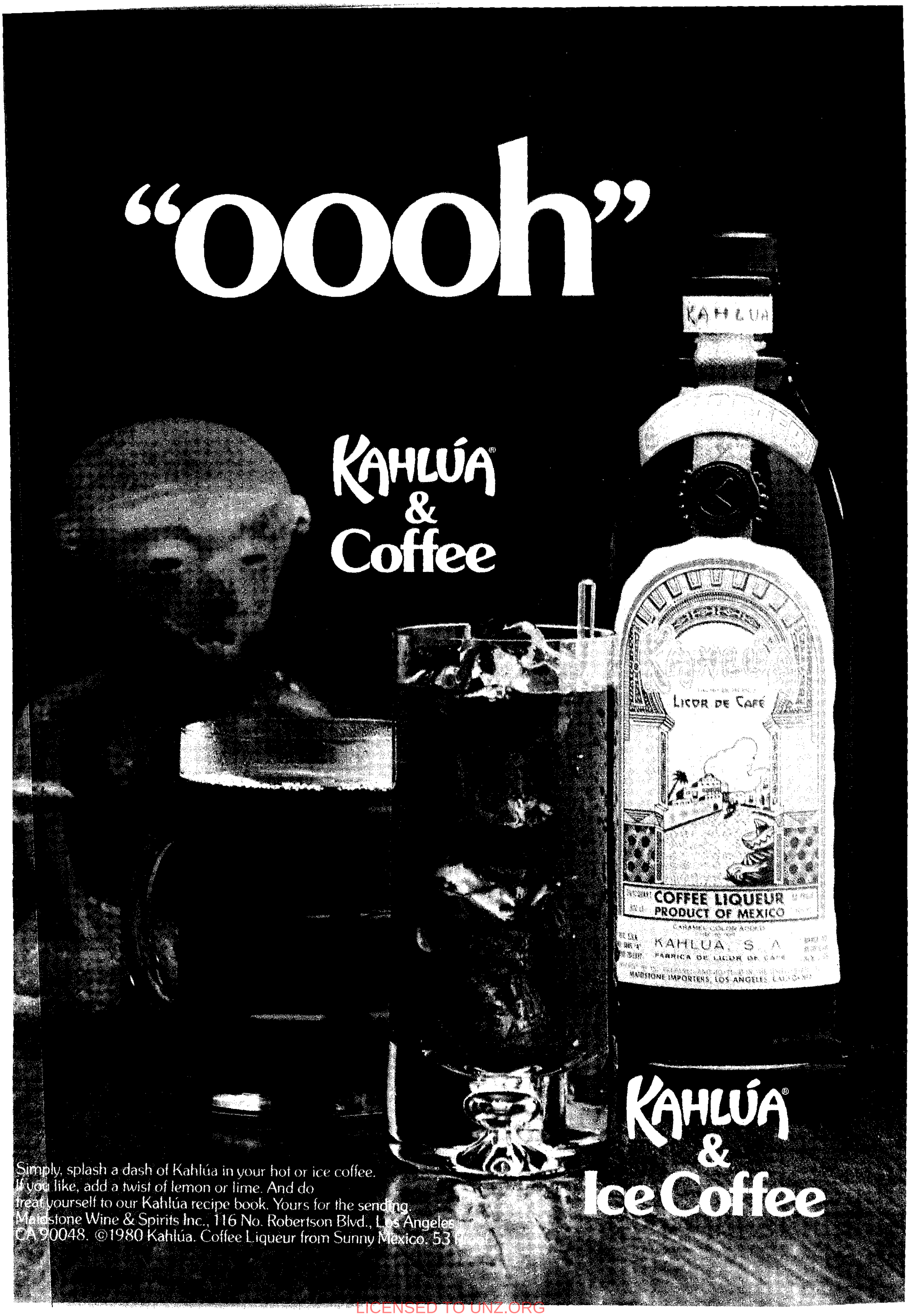
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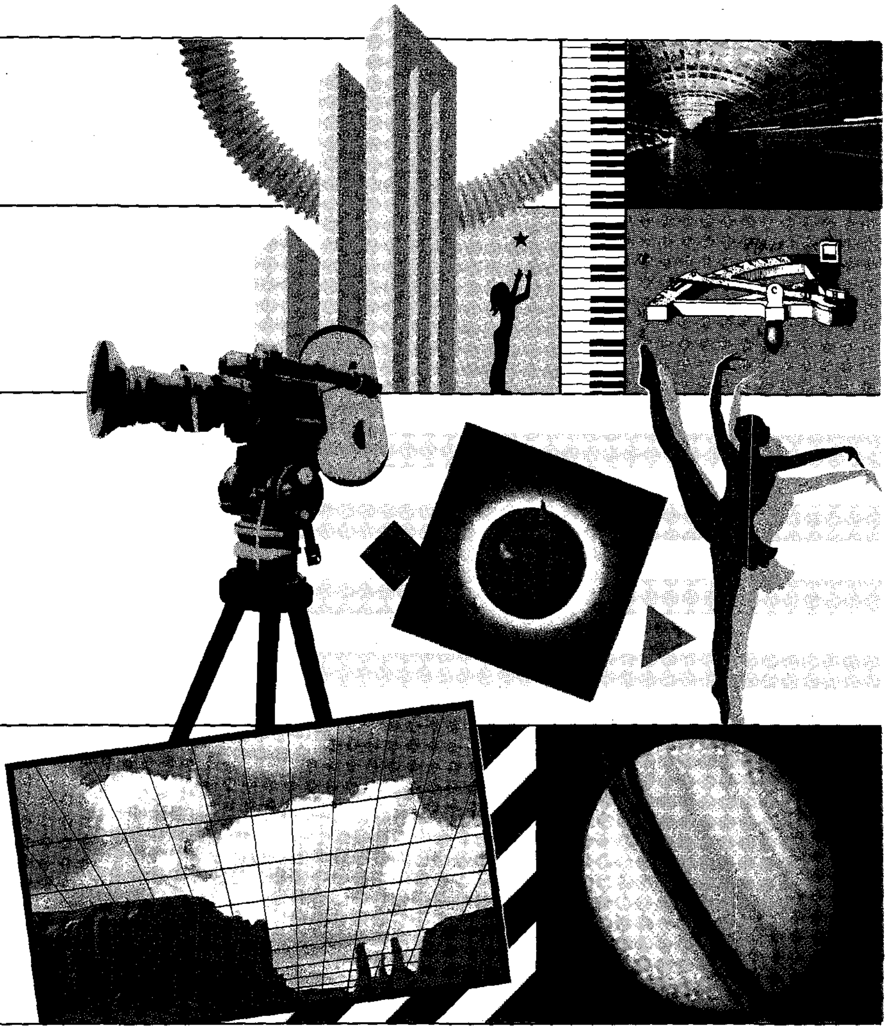

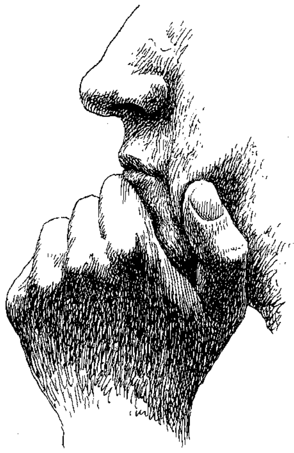

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J.F.K. Stadium is not as hard on the players' legs as the AstroTurf of Veterans Stadium, and for that reason the team's management decided some years ago to hold the practices at J.F.K. Up to a point, Franklin is an exception. Two or three times a week, before making the five-minute walk to J.F.K. Stadium, at around twelve-thirty, he practices kicking for fifteen minutes on the AstroTurf at Veterans Stadium, working with the two other players who make up the placekicking unit: Guy Morriss, a center from Texas Christian University, who snaps the ball, and John Sciarra, a punt returner from the University of California at Los Angeles, who holds it. On the afternoon of my visit, there was a goal at only one end of J.F.K. Stadium—a goal that is portable and can also be set at different widths. When I arrived, Franklin was pounding out forty- and forty-five-yard kicks that cleared the crossbar with plenty to spare. In addition, he was keeping most of his kicks between the two uprights. In the N.F.L., the crossbar measures eighteen feet six inches, but the goal at J.F.K. Stadium that day looked to be no wider than ten feet. Dick Vermeil, the head coach of the Eagles, had ordered this, thinking that the narrower goal would help Franklin to be more accurate and make it easier for him when he confronted a regulation-width goal. Standing a few yards away from Franklin, Sciarra, and Morriss was Lynn Stiles, Vermeil's chief administrative aide and the man responsible for coaching the Eagles' special teams—the field-goal and point-after-touchdown unit, the kickoff unit, the punting unit, and the various units that are used when the Eagles' opponents are in kicking situations. Stiles, who was intently watching how things were going, occasionally sang out, "Good kick. Real good," and now and then told Franklin, in a lower-pitched voice, "Watch your stride, Tony." Franklin, at five feet eight and a hundred and eighty-two pounds, is the smallest man on the Eagles. His feet are not big—he wears size-8 shoes—but his legs, as might be expected, are muscular and his thighs are thicker than those of the average man his size. He was practicing without his helmet: a young man with a roundish face, light-brown hair, and quick blue eyes, who looks no older than his age—he turned twenty-five in November—despite a well-supervised dark-brown mustache that bends slightly downward at the ends. He was

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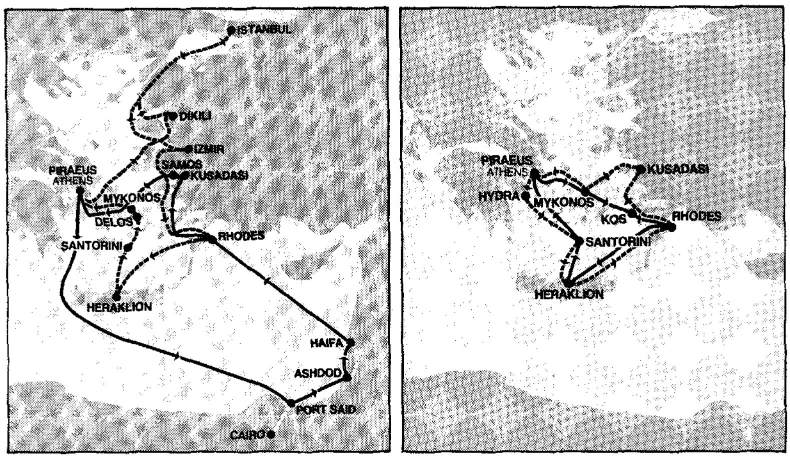

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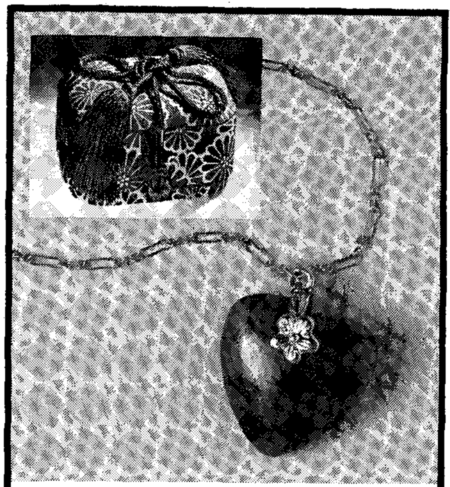

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practicing without a sock or a shoe on his right foot.

Like most of our homebred placekicking specialists of the last decade, Franklin is a soccer-style kicker who makes contact with the ball high on the arched instep of his foot, and not a traditional placekicker, who dispatches the ball with his toe. He lines up for his kicks by taking three steps back from the spot where the ball will be placed by the holder and then, being a right-footed kicker, taking two steps to his left. He moves in to the ball at an angle of between forty and forty-five degrees, depending on how near the center axis of the field the ball is positioned, the distance from the goalposts, the wind, and the weather. He takes three steps on his approach: an abbreviated stutter step with his left leg; a step with his right leg which is sometimes referred to as the "torque step," since it is during this step that the body begins to twist open at the hips into the proper position for delivering a powerful kick; and a step with the left leg which is called the "plant step" or "drive step." The toe of the foot on the plant step should be even with the nose of the ball or a bit in front of it. When Franklin takes that step, his right foot almost touches his buttocks as he swings it back, and then, as he starts into the downswing and his hips open to the left so that they directly face the goalposts, his flexed right leg straightens, and his foot explodes into the ball. He makes contact two and a half to three inches from its bottom point. As I watched Franklin in action during that Wednesday practice, I quickly appreciated what a rare bird he is. He whips his leg into the ball with such velocity that it is easy to believe that on some of his kicks the ball's speed has been timed at a hundred and seven feet per second. Then, there's the tremendous boom he gets at impact. Many old football hands say they can remember no other kicker who has made anything like as loud a sound, and some compare it to the blast of a shotgun. Finally, there is the handsome trajectory of Franklin's kicks. On his better ones, the ball has perfect end-over-end rotation as it flies in a high parabola, and there is only a suspicion of the right-to-left hook that is quite noticeable in most soccer-style kicking.

The surprising thing to me was that after I had watched Franklin drive four or five kicks through the goalposts it no longer seemed the least bit strange that he was doing this with a bare foot. I also stopped wondering if the exercise was painful for him. From his actions, it obviously wasn't. He had a strenuous workout that afternoon. Wednesday practice is the heavy one: in the course of an hour or an hour and a half, he kicks from thirty-five to forty balls. On Thursday, he kicks about thirty balls, on Friday from fifteen to twenty, and on Saturday perhaps five. On Monday, after the Sunday game, he simply loosens up with stretching exercises and devotes much of the afternoon to studying the game film, by himself or with Stiles. On Tuesday, he and his teammates have the day off.

During Franklin's weekly preparation for the next game, whenever Sciarra and Morriss are engaged in other drills different teammates who are free at that time hold the ball for him or snap it, but each week he spends between an hour and a half and two hours working with Sciarra and Morriss. They usually select an area in the middle of the field, between the hash marks, for, like every field-goal unit, what they are after is consistency and timing. They learned long ago that if they execute their integrated assignments smoothly and well, it matters little whether the kick has to be made at an angle from the left or the right hash mark. Each week, they also practice some points after touchdown. On these plays, the ball is snapped from the two-yard line, but because the holder usually spots the ball seven yards behind the line of scrimmage, for one thing, and also because the goalposts are set ten yards beyond the goal line, the kick amounts to a nineteen-yard field goal. Consequently, Franklin, Sciarra, and Morriss approach the point after touchdown exactly as they do a medium-length or long field goal. Their procedure goes like this: Sciarra, his left knee on the ground seven yards behind the line of scrimmage, indicates to Franklin with his left hand the spot on which he will be placing the ball. He then raises his right hand two feet or so to give Morriss a target for his snap. When he brings his left hand forward to help him catch the ball, he barks out "Ready" and then "Set." Morriss snaps the ball on "Set." On catching the ball, Sciarra puts it down on the spot, placing the ball on its point and holding the top of it with the index finger of his right hand. If it's necessary, he simultaneously spins the ball principally with his left hand, so that the laces are facing toward the goal. He tries to position the ball so that it is standing straight up—Franklin likes it that way—and he is particularly careful not to hold the ball so that it is leaning left, since that frequently causes a hooked kick. As for Franklin, on the signal of "Ready" his eyes are on the spot that Sciarra has designated. On "Set," he is set to move. His eyes are still on the spot, but he is able to pick up the snapped ball peripherally, and he times his steps and kick accordingly. He keeps his head down until he is into his follow-through and the ball is well under way. On all kicks, if each of the three men does his job with dispatch it takes only one and two-tenths seconds to get the ball off. If the timing is awry and it takes more than one and four-tenths seconds, there is increasing danger that the kick will be blocked—one of the tall defensive specialists on the opposing team may have had time to penetrate the line of scrimmage, leap high, and slap the ball down with an upstretched hand. Each week, the Eagles work on kickoff coverage on Thursday and Friday, and it is then that Franklin practices kickoffs—eight or nine on both days. On kickoffs, the N.F.L. permits the use of a kicking tee, which holds the ball an inch, two inches, or three inches above the ground, and so there is no need for a holder. Kickoffs are made from the kicking team's own thirty-five-yard line, and the object, of course, is to drive the ball as deep as possible into the opposing team's territory—preferably over the goal line and into the end zone. Franklin gets good distance on his kickoffs, but his strong point is that he gets the ball up high. On kickoffs, his hang time—the length of time the ball stays in the air—averages from three and eight-tenths seconds to four seconds, which is sufficient for his teammates to race far down the field and cover the kick effectively.

During practice sessions throughout the week, the kicking specialist must be careful not to do so much kicking that he tires out his leg. He must pace himself in such a way that he will be in top form for Sunday's game, and he must prepare himself in such a way that he will be temperamentally ready to cope with the immense pressure he

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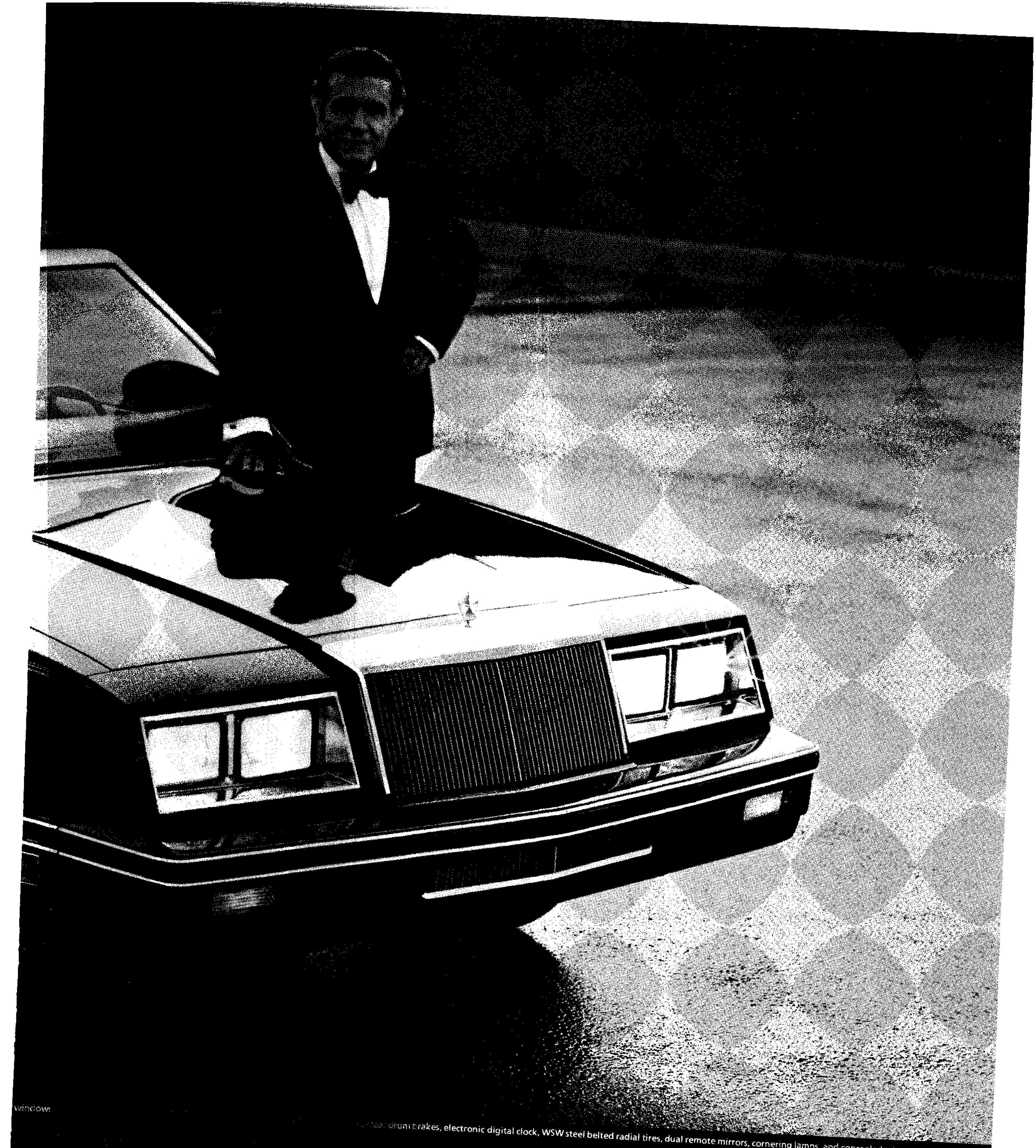

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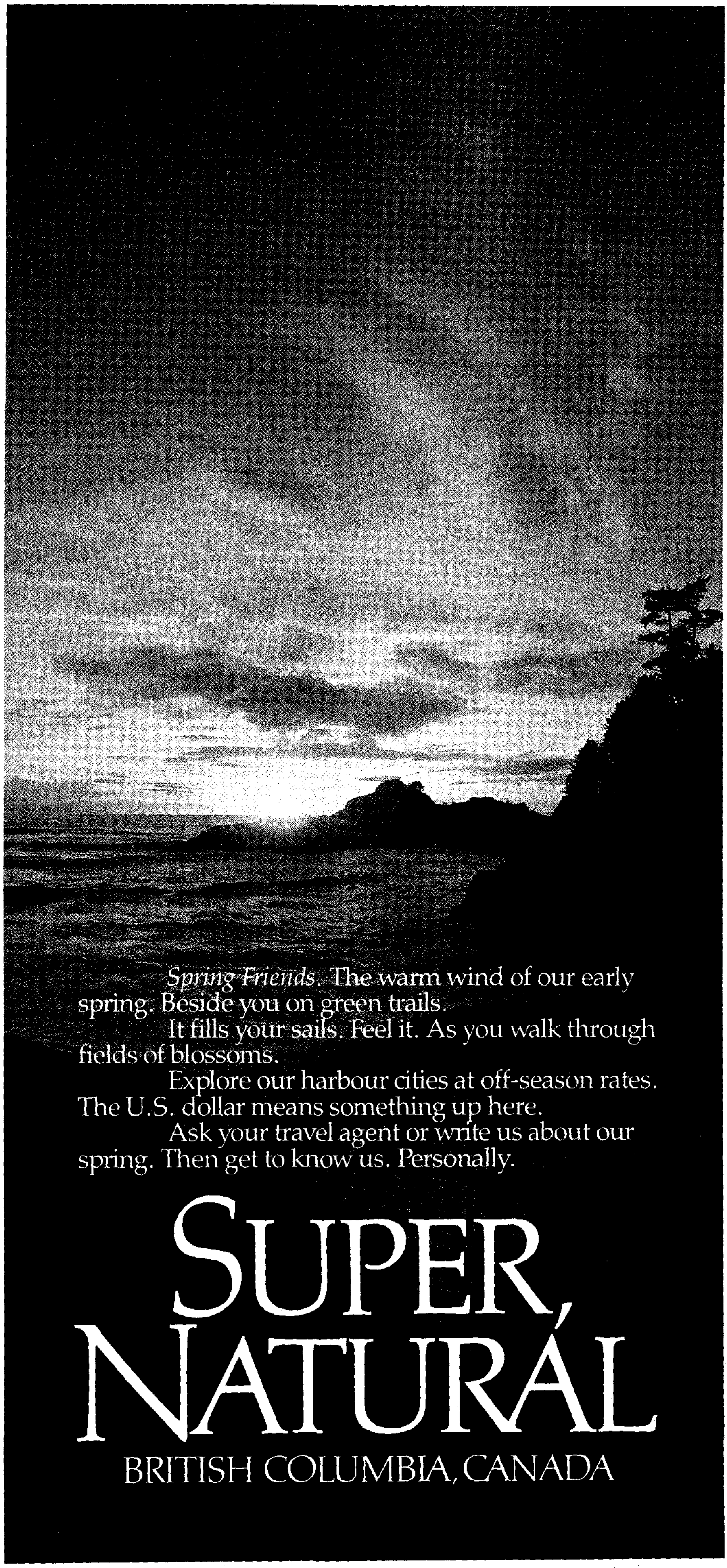
will be under—often, the winning or losing of the game. From Monday through Saturday, therefore, he takes it pretty easy compared with other players, who have to put in long, grinding, much more physically demanding hours. The kicking specialist, consequently, almost always catches a lot of flak from his teammates. Garo Yepremian, the little Cypriot who for many seasons was a most successful placekicker for the Miami Dolphins, once put it this way: "A kicker is easy to pick on. During the week, everybody wants his job. On Sunday, they don't."

DURING the last thirty years of the nineteenth century and the first ten years of this one, American football, a roughhouse version of the English game of Rugby football (which itself had spun off from soccer in the first half of the nineteenth century), underwent a slow and tortuous evolution, from which it emerged, at least in respect to its major features, as the modern game of football. From its early years, placekicking and dropkicking played a big part in American football. For example, Alex Moffat, of Princeton, dropkicked four field goals in the second half of the Harvard game in 1883—two of forty yards, one of thirty-eight, and one of forty-six. He kicked two of them with his right foot, two with his left. When Walter Camp, the principal architect of the game, selected his first annual All-America team, for *Collier's*, in 1898—a practice he continued until his death, in 1925—he noted in describing the virtues of his first-team fullback, Clarence Herschberger, of the University of Chicago, that, in a game against the University of Pennsylvania, Herschberger had "exhibited the best all-around kicking of the season, punting, placekicking, and dropkicking with equal accuracy and facility." Camp selected him over Pat O'Dea, the fullback on his second team, because he felt that Herschberger was a superior runner, blocker, and tackler, but there was no question that O'Dea was in a class by himself as a kicker. O'Dea was born in Australia and had grown up there kicking the Rugby ball, which was oval and was somewhat larger than the American football. He came to this country in 1896 and entered the University of Wisconsin. A rawboned athlete who stood a shade over six feet and weighed a hundred and seventy pounds, O'Dea was the greatest kicker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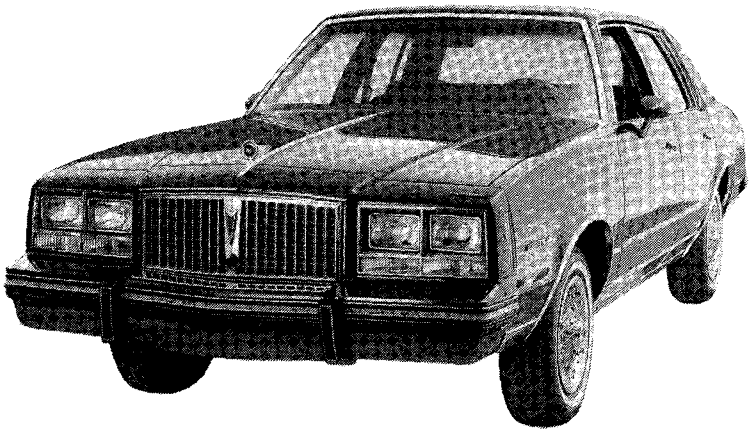

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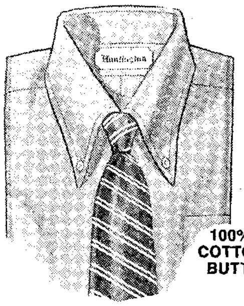

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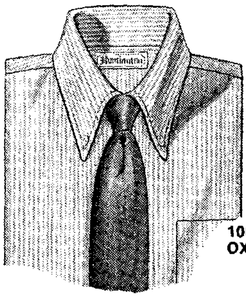

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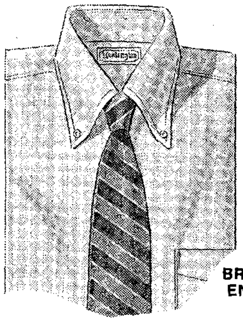

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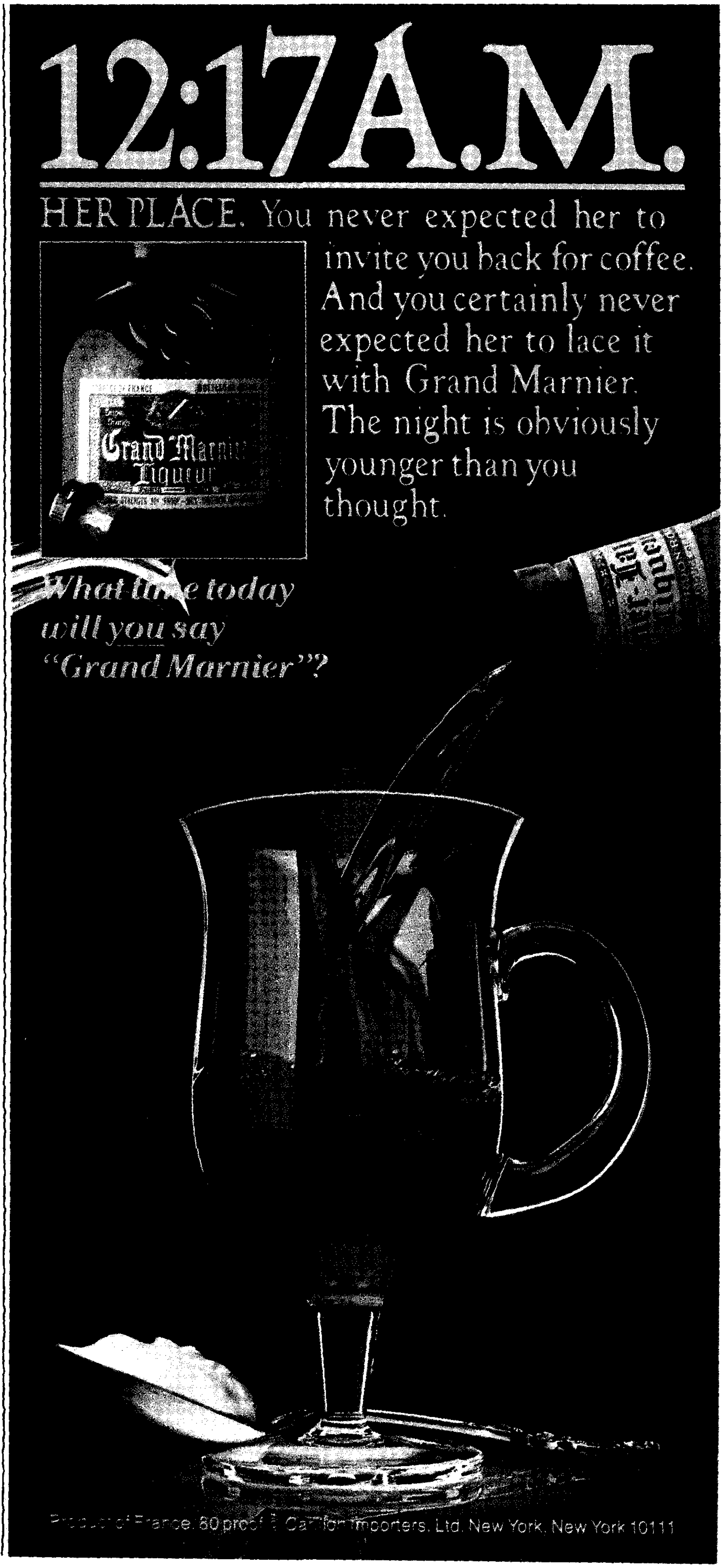
not only of his day but, quite likely, of all time. It was nothing for him to punt eighty-five yards, and he could control the flight of the ball so that it curved either right or left. His most celebrated placekick was a fifty-seven-yard field goal against the University of Illinois in 1899, when a twenty-mile-an-hour wind was ripping across the field. O'Dea aimed the ball for the right-hand corner, and the wind brought it in, just as he had planned. As a dropkicker, he is best remembered for a record field goal of sixty-two yards against Northwestern University in 1898. On a dropkick, the kicker, leaning forward at the shoulders and holding the ball pointed downward, carefully drops the ball so that it strikes the ground just behind its pointed end at about an eighty-degree angle. The ball bounces up at about the same angle, and as it does he moves in to the ball with his kicking foot, meeting it just below the equator when it is a half inch or so above the ground, and tries to propel it toward the goalposts. The dropkick requires the same delicate timing as the half volley in tennis, in which the ball is also hit the moment it bounces up from the ground. Some Rugby players learn as boys how to produce long, accurate dropkicks on the run, and O'Dea could do this. He pulled off perhaps the most stunning play of his career in a game against the University of Minnesota in 1899. On receiving the ball, he looked as if he intended to run with it. Gil Dobie, later a famous coach at Cornell, moved in to make the tackle. O'Dea sidestepped around Dobie and, in the same motion, got off a fifty-five-yard dropkick that sailed over the crossbar.

The dropkick continued to flourish during the first quarter of this century. As a rule, line play was rugged, and touchdowns were hard to come by, so a team that had a talented dropkicker didn't hesitate to call on him when its offense stalled after it had moved the ball into its opponent's territory. Because the over-all size of the squad was limited in those days, there were few kicking specialists, and the player who handled the dropkicking was usually an all-around backfield star, whose natural coördination enabled him to excel at all departments of the game. A case in point was Walter Eckersall, a one-hundred-and-thirty-eight-pound quarterback at the University of Chicago, who was also known for his ball-carrying from scrimmage, his handling of punts, and the way he ran the team. In 1905, Eckersall dropkicked five field goals against the University of Illinois, and the next year he repeated this performance against the University of Nebraska. One reason that the dropkick became more popular than the placekick at this time was that it made a man like Eckersall much more of a threat. When he received the snap from center, the other team didn't know whether he would run the ball or fake a run and then dropkick it. After the forward pass was legalized, in 1906, the most versatile backs were triple threats: you didn't know whether they would run, pass, or kick the ball.

In this era of the dropkick, there were a number of players whose exploits should be mentioned. Jim Thorpe, the great Sac-and-Fox Indian athlete, climaxed his college football career by leading the Carlisle (Pennsylvania) Indian School to an 18–15 victory over Harvard in 1911. Thorpe scored all Carlisle's points, with a touchdown run and four field goals. The field goal that won the game was forty-eight yards long. Perhaps the finest kicker in the history of the Big Three—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, all of which had so much to do with the evolution of football and its growth into "the autumn madness"—was Charlie Brickley, of Harvard. During his three seasons on the varsity, Brickley kicked a total of twenty-five field goals. Not only was he a wonderfully natural dropkicker but he was equally proficient at placekicking. In the game that he is best remembered for, Harvard's 15–5 triumph over Yale in 1913, he kicked five field goals. Four of them came on dropkicks of thirty-five, thirty-eight, thirty-two, and twenty-four yards, in that order, and the other on a forty-yard placekick. George Gipp, of Notre Dame, who could do everything, is credited with dropkicking a sixty-two-yard field goal in 1916 in a game in Kalamazoo between the Notre Dame freshman team and Western State Normal School. In the fourth quarter, with the score tied at 7–7, Notre Dame had the ball in its own territory and several yards to go for first down. Gipp was sent back to punt. A man with a mind of his own, Gipp decided to see if he could win the game. Instead of punting the ball, he dropkicked it, and his tremendous shot went right between the goalposts. After the First World War, new emphasis was placed on the ground game and also on the forward pass, so the dropkick for a field goal was attempted less frequently. Nevertheless, as in the earlier days, some of the best athletes were exceedingly adept at it. Barry Wood, who captained Harvard in 1931 and made the All-America team that year, was one such player. He would probably have gladly traded the honor of being the All-America quarterback for a victory over Yale, but Harvard lost that game, 3–0, when Albie Booth, the Yale captain, dropkicked a field goal in the last quarter. During this period, the placekicker was not forgotten. Many teams used the placekick for the point after touchdown and occasionally also for field-goal tries. As often as not, the man who did the placekicking was a hulking tackle who lumbered out of the line and replaced one of the four men in the backfield. The thinking behind this was that these giant linemen had more powerful legs than the other players, and, to judge from the results, they apparently did.

During the nineteen-thirties, the dropkick gradually disappeared. In both the professional and the college games, it was an accidental victim of legislation. In 1929, in a move to increase the scoring and make the game more interesting for the spectators by encouraging the use of the forward pass, the colleges narrowed the short circumference of the ball. Where the ball had formerly measured between twenty-two and a half and twenty-three inches around the "belly," it was now required to measure between twenty-two and twenty-two and a half inches. The change had the effect of making the ends more tapered. The N.F.L. soon followed suit. The men in the inner councils of the league were well aware that the football fan loves to see the ball thrown and finds a precisely executed pass play far more exciting than a straight-ahead run or, for that matter, any run except a dazzler through a broken field. The changes made did indeed produce a ball better adapted to the passing game. In 1931, the N.C.A.A. lengthened the ball a quarter of an inch, which made it even more tapering. In 1934, delighted with the way the slimmer ball had brought about more passing, the N.C.A.A. further reduced the ball's short circumference. Now it had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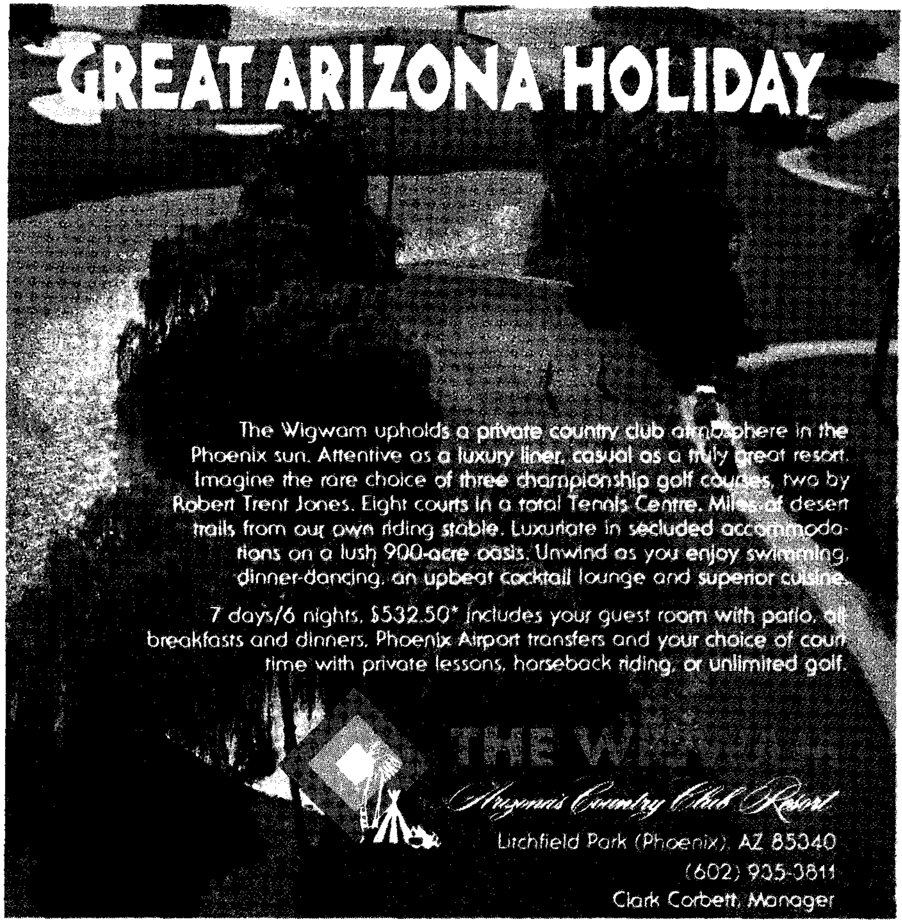
to measure between twenty-one and a quarter inches and twenty-one and a half. That same year, the N.F.L. adopted the N.C.A.A. measurements for the ball. Dave Nelson, who for many years was the football coach at the University of Delaware and is now its director of athletics, believes that in recent years the football preferred by colleges has generally tended to be a bit smaller than the pro ball, because the college players are younger and some of them, not having reached their full growth, have smaller hands.

Neither the N.F.L. nor the N.C.A.A. realized that by creating a slimmer, more passable football they were, in effect, eliminating the dropkick, but they were. With the old, fatter ball, a player who dropped the ball properly could depend on getting a reliable bounce. That was critical. The new ball, with its streamlined ends, didn't behave the same way. Even when it was dropped by an experienced kicker, it took unpredictable bounces. Sometimes it bounced sharply left, sometimes it bounced sharply right, and sometimes it squirted off at crazy angles. Every now and then, it bounced up exactly as the kicker meant it to, but that didn't happen very often. Then, there was another important factor: the new ball did not give the kicker as large an area to make contact with as the old ball had. For these reasons, the percentage of successful dropkicks fell precipitously during the nineteen-thirties. Observing this, team after team, from the scholastic ranks up through the N.F.L., switched to placekicking both for field goals and for the point after touchdown. There was no denying that it was the more dependable method. The last college player of reputation who regularly dropkicked for the extra point was Nile Kinnick, of the University of Iowa, an All-America halfback in 1939. Every now and then after Kinnick's day, one heard that somebody somewhere—such as Stan Krivik of Notre Dame, in 1945—had dropkicked the extra point, but these occasions were few and far between. In the N.F.L., the dropkick for the field goal had virtually vanished in the nineteen-twenties, with the retirement of John (Paddy) Driscoll, who had played for both the Chicago Cardinals and the Chicago Bears. Twice in his career, Driscoll dropkicked fifty-yard field goals, tying the league record, and in a game in 1925 he dropkicked four field goals, a league record. It was on December 21, 1941, that the dropkick



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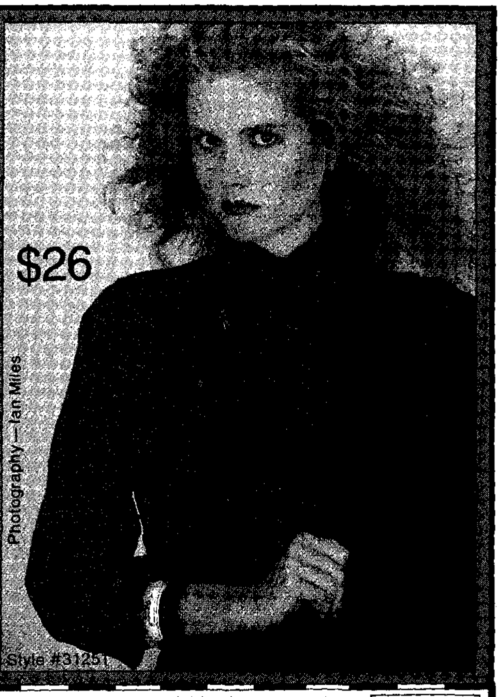

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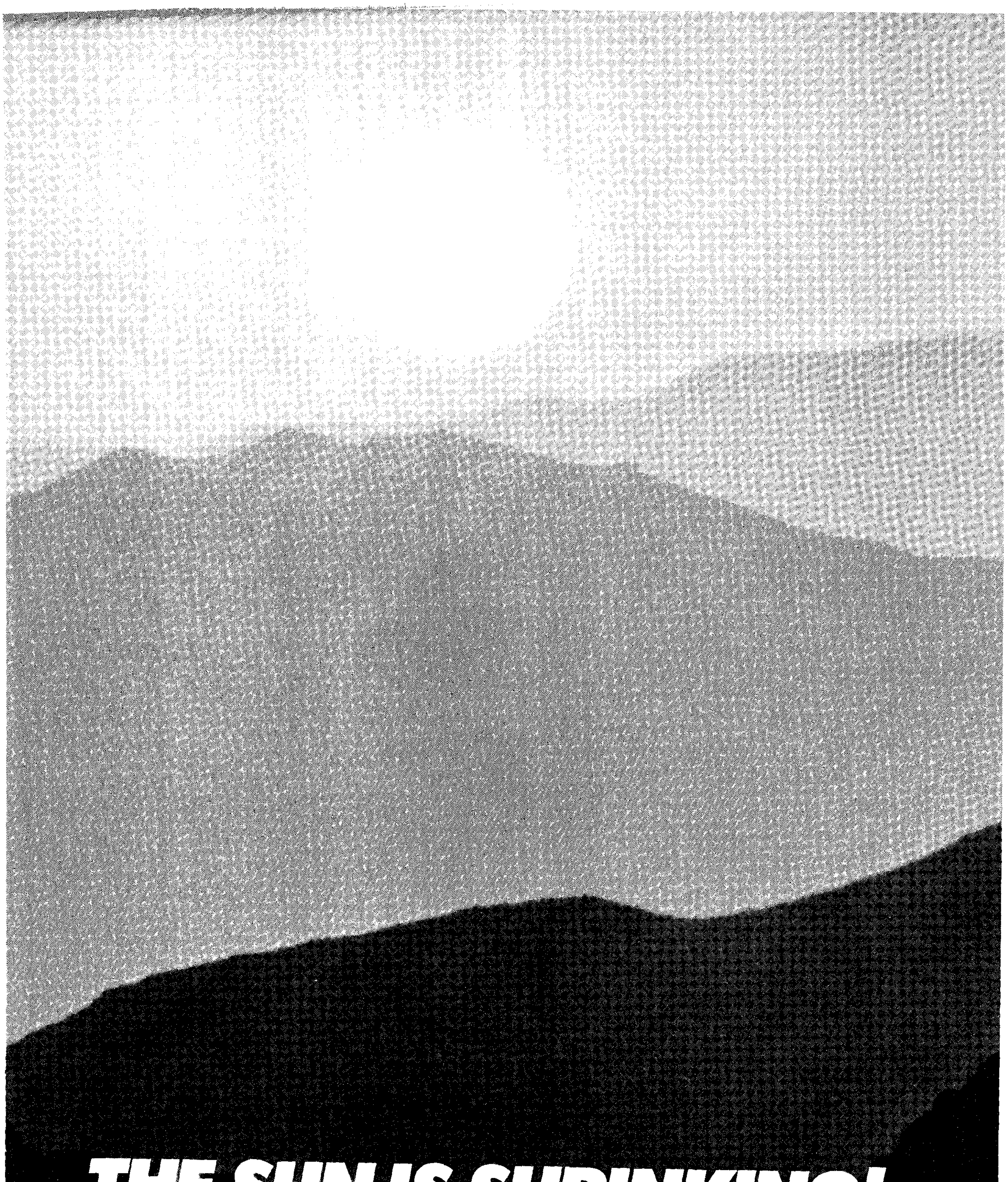

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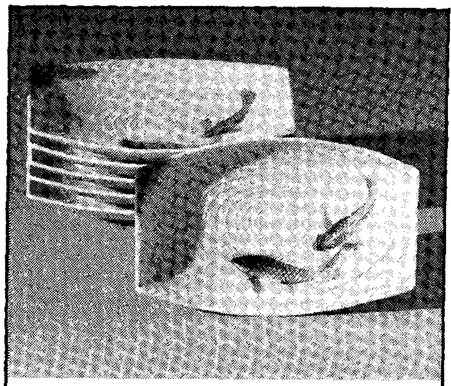

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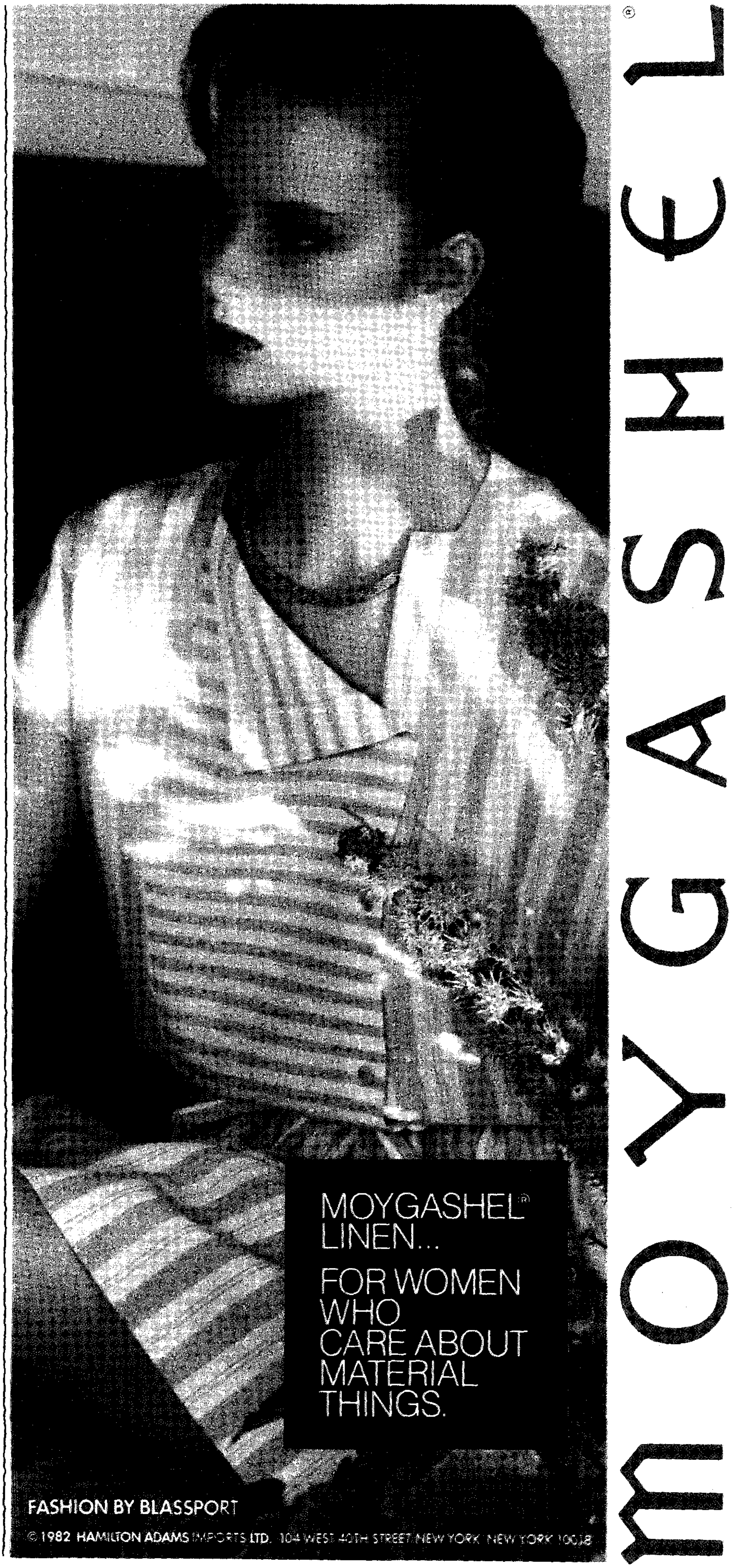
was last used to convert the point after touchdown in an N.F.L. game. On that date, the Chicago Bears defeated the New York Giants, 37–9, for the league championship. When the outcome of the game was still undecided, the Bears had used the placekick to score three field goals and also to add the extra points, but after the Bears had added a fourth touchdown in the final seconds and the game was safely tucked away, Ray (Scooter) McLean, a second-year halfback who was addicted to the dropkick, asked the coach, George Halas, if he could go in and try one for the extra point. Halas gave him the nod, and he trotted onto the field and made the kick.

An era was definitely over. However, in a curious way the dropkick lives on. Timing your kick and meeting a football solidly the instant it rebounds from the ground is one of the most satisfying sensations in sport—right up there with hitting a tennis ball in the center of the racquet or a baseball in the fat part of the bat. That is why, when people gather on weekends for neighborhood games of touch football, players of all ages—including those whose fathers were too young to have seen anyone dropkick in a real game—love to try a few dropkicks when they are warming up. This is also true of Tony Franklin. Whenever the Eagles meet the Dallas Cowboys, Franklin and D. D. Lewis, an old Texas friend who plays linebacker for the Cowboys, go out on the field before the formal pre-game practice and engage in a dropkicking contest.

IN the years following the Second World War, the field goal gained a new importance in professional football and gradually became a more prominent feature of college football. Just as had happened after the First World War, a vibrant sports boom was sweeping across the country. In football, this led to a more studious approach to the various departments of the game. For example, many teams began to appreciate the value of sending in a player who had been specifically trained to catch and place the snap from center whenever they sent in a placekicker to try for a field goal or an extra point. To a considerable extent, the new emphasis on placekicking in college football was the result of an N.C.A.A. ruling in 1948 that approved the use of a kicking tee on all placekicks. These tees came in many sizes and shapes. Generally, they were made of hard rubber, and their horizontal platform was originally limited to an inch in height. To cradle the ball, there were two pegs at the front of the platform about half an inch high and two pegs at the back about an inch and a half high. The holder, instead of placing the ball on the ground, set it up on the tee. The new contraption made it much easier to get the ball up high quickly, and also to drive it yards farther. In 1948, the N.F.L. approved the use of the kicking tee on kickoffs only, and this has since remained the league regulation.

It was during this post-war period that a number of professional teams elected to find room on their roster for a placekicking specialist, even though for several years an N.F.L. team could not carry more than thirty-five players (compared with forty-five today), so there were obvious advantages in having regular players on the squad who could handle the kicking duties. The first placekicking specialist had made his appearance before the end of the war. This was Ken Strong, a halfback who could do everything well and frequently demonstrated this with the New York Giants in the nineteen-thirties. In 1944, Strong was called out of retirement to take over the Giants' placekicking, and he remained with the team in that capacity through 1947. The second kicking specialist in the N.F.L. was Ben Agajanian. In 1945, Agajanian, a defensive end who also placekicked, was acquired by the Pittsburgh Steelers. He broke an arm in one of the early games but stayed on to do the placekicking. He kicked with the arm in a cast. It should be brought out, though, that there were some exceptionally gifted regular players who did the placekicking for their teams after the war. One thinks first of two men: Bob Waterfield, the quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams in the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, who, besides directing the team's renowned aerial circus, annually ranked among the league leaders both in punting and in placekicking; and George Blanda, who began his career in professional football when he joined the Chicago Bears in 1949 as a backup quarterback. Incidentally, the last standout running back who also placekicked was Paul Hornung, the colorful all-purpose halfback on the memorable Green Bay Packers teams coached by Vince Lombardi. During the 1960 season, Hornung accounted for a hundred and seventy-six points, with fifteen touchdowns, fifteen field goals, and forty-one points after touchdown. This set a record for most points scored in a season which still stands.

After the war, professional football, assisted incalculably by the astute use of television, began a spectacular rise in popularity, which eventually reached the point where national surveys showed that in many ways it had replaced baseball as the country's No. 1 sport. Opinions differ on when professional football started to come of age, but most authorities agree that the merger of the All-America Football Conference with the N.F.L. after the 1949 season was a giant step in that direction. Three A.A.F.C. teams joined the N.F.L.: the San Francisco Forty-Niners, the Baltimore Colts, and the Cleveland Browns. The Browns—they were named for their coach, Paul Brown, a man with a brilliant football mind—had won the A.A.F.C. championship during all four years of the conference's existence, and there was naturally a great deal of interest in how the Browns would fare in the N.F.L. Well, they won the championship the very first year and reached the championship game the next five years. The team was loaded with marvellous individual performers, among them Otto Graham, the quarterback; Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli, the offensive ends; Marion Motley, the fullback; and Lou Groza, the placekicker. Groza captured the imagination of the Sunday-afternoon armchair brigade as no placekicker had before him. It was altogether fitting that the Browns won their first N.F.L. title by defeating the Rams, 30–28, when he kicked a field goal with twenty-eight seconds to go, for there was no one else like him in the clutch. Groza came from Martins Ferry, Ohio, where in his senior year of high school he captained the football, basketball, and baseball teams. He entered Ohio State in 1942, but early in his freshman year he was called up by the Army. When he was discharged, in 1946, after seeing service on Leyte and Okinawa, he joined the Browns. The first year, he kicked field goals of forty-nine, fifty, and fifty-one yards—monstrous distances in those days. From then on, he was known as The Toe. In his second year with the



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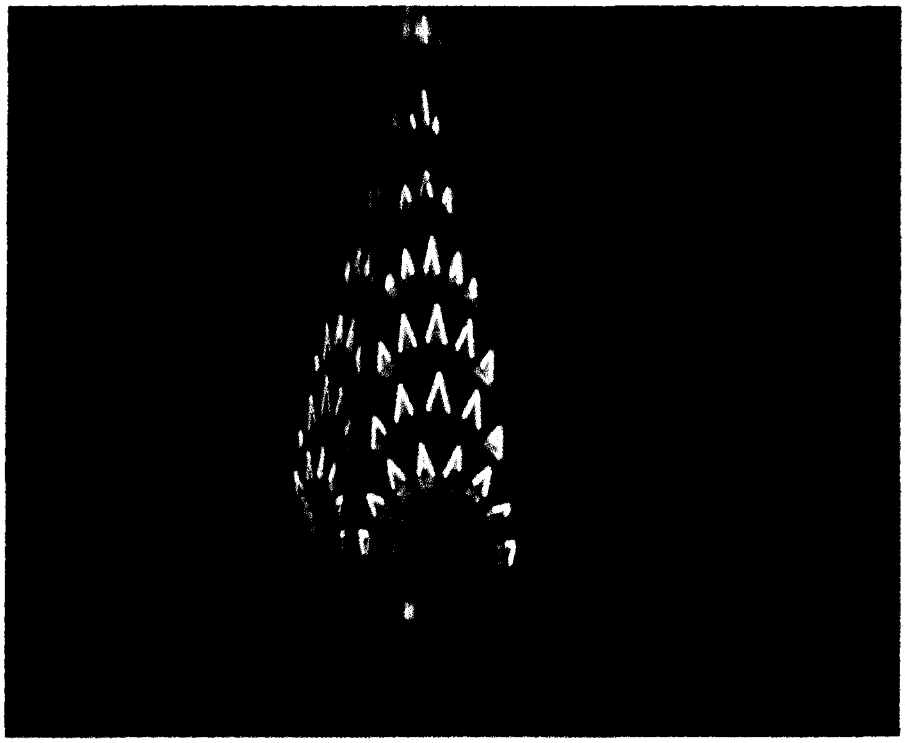

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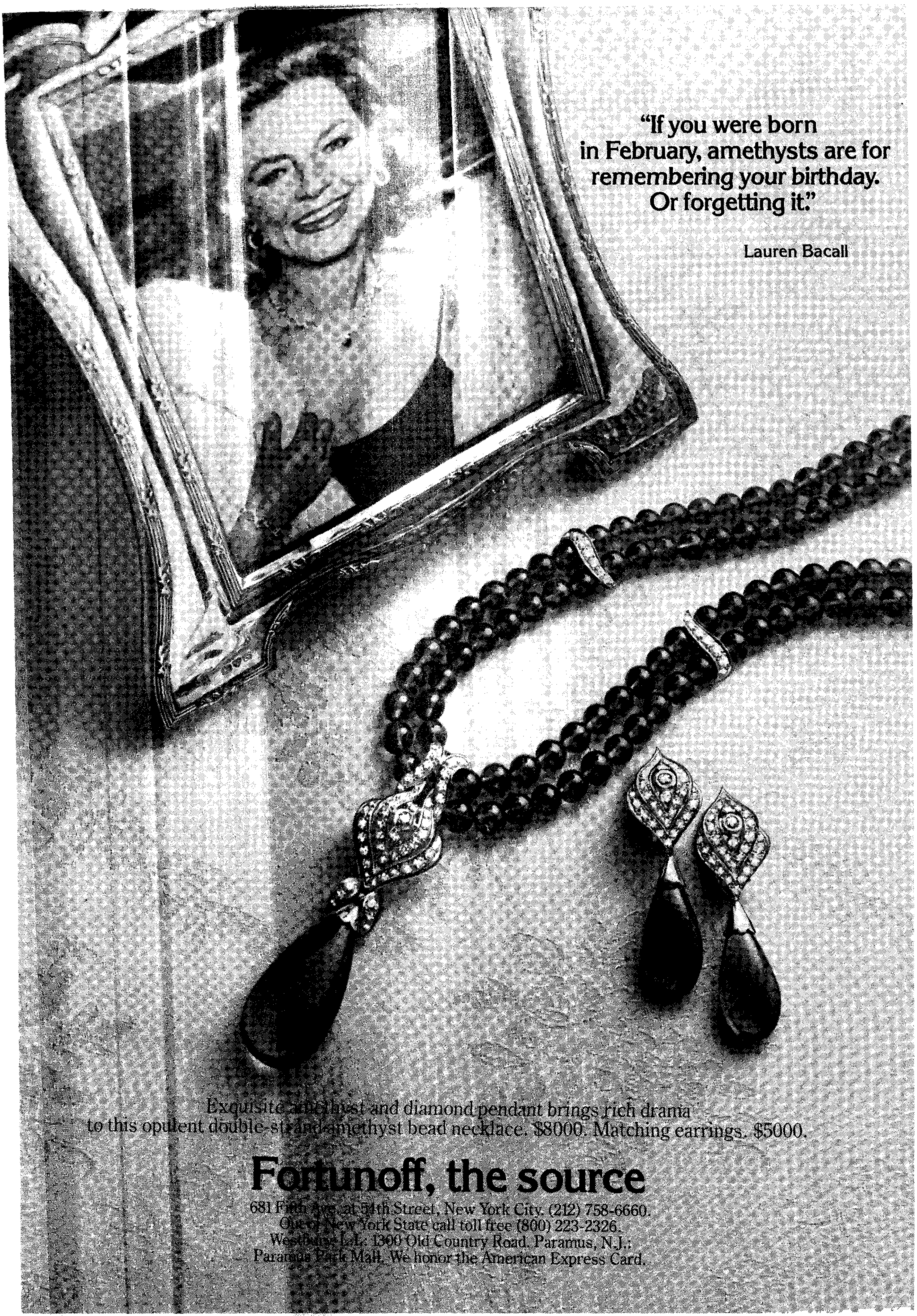
Browns, Groza, an imposing man who stood six feet three and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, took over at left tackle in the offensive line while still continuing to placekick. Much more than just a capable lineman, he was selected as a tackle on the N.F.L.'s All-Pro Team six times. His placekicking played such a large part in the Browns' success that one often wondered why Paul Brown ran the risk of playing him at tackle, for life at the line of scrimmage is hardly tranquil and injuries are frequent, but Groza was in there at tackle from 1948 through 1959. These many years later, one can still picture him clearly in the mind's eye as he comes out of the line on fourth down to try for a field goal after a Browns drive has bogged down. At that juncture, Kenny Konz, a defensive back who acted as Groza's holder, would come onto the field, as would a substitute lineman to take over at left tackle. (Ordinarily, Frank Gatski, the snapper, was already in the game.) There was nothing the least bit dramatic about Groza as he went through his preparations and then kicked the ball. Early in his career, he made it a practice to unroll a six-foot measuring tape along the ground to mark the line to the center of the goalposts, but he somehow managed to make even this action seem as prosaic as ringing a doorbell. (The use of a tape as a directional aid was banned in 1956.) What struck one was how genuinely imperturbable Groza was as he went about the most crucial kicks. Not only did he have the perfect temperament for a kicker but his concentration was so superb that he was able to shut out the pressure, the crowd—everything—and think only of making that particular kick, whether or not the game rode on it. His movements and his tempo never seemed to vary. All that one really noticed was that his eyes stayed fixed on the ball and that his left foot seemed to slide forward as his right leg kicked the ball and then swung into a high follow-through. His power was even more manifest on kickoffs. Most of them carried into the end zone, and a good many cleared the end zone and sometimes banged up against the stands. In 1960, after suffering a severe back injury in pre-season training, Groza went into retirement. It proved to be only temporary. The next year, the new owner of the Browns, Art Modell, lured him back just to do the placekicking. At the end of the 1967 season, his twenty-first in pro



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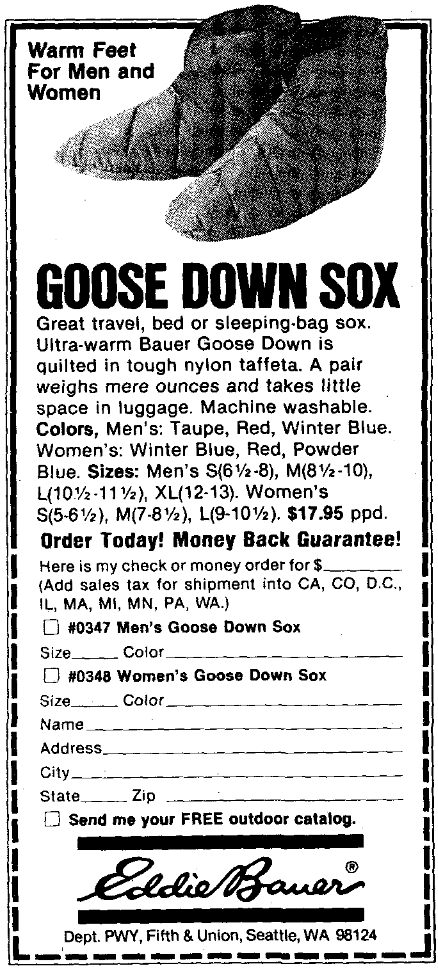
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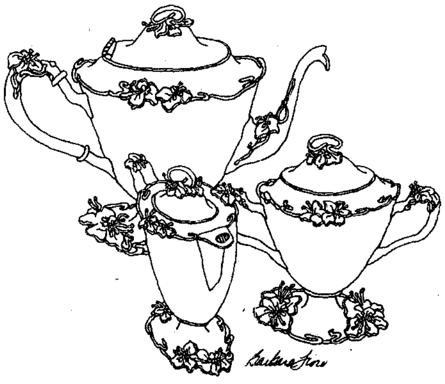
football, Groza finally did retire. Most people who know something about placekicking consider him the best there has ever been.

THE man who broke most of the N.F.L. records that Groza had set was Blanda, a rugged, tough-minded fellow who played professional football for twenty-six years and retired in the summer of 1976, when he was closing in on his forty-ninth birthday. While Groza had played with only one team, Blanda moved around. He was with the Bears in 1949, returned to the Bears in 1950 after playing one game for the Baltimore Colts, stayed with the Bears through 1958, sat out the next season, caught on with the Houston Oilers, of the American Football League, in 1960, remained with them until 1967, when he went with the Oakland Raiders, and finished his career with the Raiders in 1975. During this odyssey, he scored a record two thousand and two points, with nine touchdowns, a record three hundred and thirty-five field goals, and a record nine hundred and forty-three points after touchdown. Blanda's flair for placekicking was evident from the start, but his passing, which was erratic when he was with the Bears, improved as he grew older. By the time he got to Houston, where he had the advantage of working behind a formidable line that gave him ample time to study how the defensive secondary was positioned and to spot his receivers, this marvel of longevity was throwing the ball much more accurately, particularly on long passes, than he had ever done before. In his years with Oakland, he pulled out many, many games in the final minutes with his arm as well as his foot.

One prize that eluded Blanda was the record for the longest field goal. When he broke into the N.F.L., the record kick was a fifty-four-yarder that Glen Presnell, of the Detroit Lions, had made in 1934. It held up until 1953, when Bert Rechichar, of the Colts, kicked one of fifty-six yards. This mark lasted a good while, too—until 1970, when Tom Dempsey, of the New Orleans Saints, set the present N.F.L. record with a kick from sixty-three yards out. (In 1970, it should be noted, the goalposts in the N.F.L. were on the goal line. They were not moved to the end line, ten yards farther back, until 1974.) Dempsey's heroic kick came with two seconds left to play, and defeated a stunned Detroit team, 19-17. A most courageous young man, Dempsey succeeded in athletics despite being born without a right hand and with only half of his right foot—his kicking foot. He wore a specially made shoe on it, with a blunt front that was reinforced inside by a horseshoe-shaped piece of leather. The N.F.L. gave the shoe its approval after an inspection revealed that it had no metal support and weighed less than the regulation kicking shoe. Dempsey had previously made several long field goals, but no one expected him to even come close when he was sent into the game against the Lions with time left for only one play. The play started with the ball on the Saints' own forty-five-yard line, but the ball was actually kicked from the Saints' thirty-seven, since Joe Scarpati, the holder, decided to set up eight yards behind the line of scrimmage, instead of the customary seven, because of the unusual length of the kick. It is thrilling to watch the film of the Dempsey kick, which is shown from time to time on television programs. The snap by Jackie Burkett is excellent. Scarpati sets the ball up nicely. And Dempsey, without hurrying things, moves into the ball with a smooth little jump and unloads every last ounce of his power. The ball starts toward the distant goal on a relatively low line. Halfway in its flight, it starts to rise, rather like the trajectory of a Ben Hogan drive. It is then that you realize that you are watching an extraordinary kick. As the ball approaches the goalposts, it is beginning to dip, but it has enough thrust left to clear the crossbar by a yard. It was always on line. Only this year, I learned of a factor that undoubtedly contributed to the superlative execution of the record kick: the Lions put on hardly any rush. Before the play, they had stood along the line of scrimmage, some of them laughing, unable to take seriously a kick of such preposterous length. When the ball was



snapped, most of them did nothing. Then they turned and watched it in utter disbelief.

All the placekickers discussed up to this point, aside from Franklin, were conventional kickers—straight-ahead, straight-away, or straight-on kickers, to use the present-day trade terms—who faced directly toward the goal as they approached the ball with two steps (a stutter step and a plant step) and kicked it with the toe. In the nineteen-sixties, a new type of placekicker arrived on the scene—the soccer-style kicker. The first of the species was Pete Gogolak, the son of a Budapest psychiatrist. Shortly after the Russian invasion of Hungary in 1956, Pete Gogolak's father, Dr. John Gogolak, managed to get his wife and children out of the country and bring them to the United States, where they settled at Ogdensburg, in upstate New York. At that time, Pete was fourteen. In Budapest, he had been on a soccer team that won the national junior championship. In Ogdensburg, the only game played in the autumn was football, so he experimented with placekicking. He came in to the American football at a forty-five-degree angle and kicked it on his instep, the way a soccer player does on corner kicks and free kicks. A sizable young man with sturdy legs, he became the placekicker for his high-school team and later for his college team, Cornell. To American eyes, his style looked awkward, but it did the job. By approaching the ball from an angle, he got much more body into his kicking action than the straight-on kickers did, and he made field goals that were beyond the range of most of them. After graduating from college, in 1964, Gogolak was drafted by the Buffalo Bills, at that time a member of the American Football League. In his very first appearance as a pro, he kicked a fifty-seven-yarder in an exhibition game, and the next year he set a league record with twenty-eight field goals. A free agent at the close of that season, he chose to leave the A.F.L. and sign with the New York Giants, of the rival N.F.L. (Gogolak's jumping to the N.F.L. is recognized as a key event in bringing about the merger of the two leagues in 1966, after the teams in each had been engaged for several seasons in a ruinous war attempting to outbid each other for the services of the best available prospects.) In 1966, when Gogolak became a Giant, his brother Charley, a soccer-style kicker who graduated from

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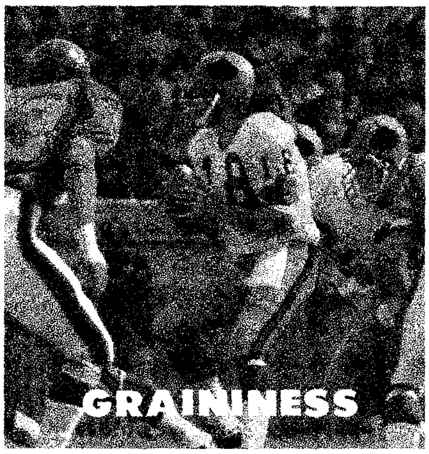

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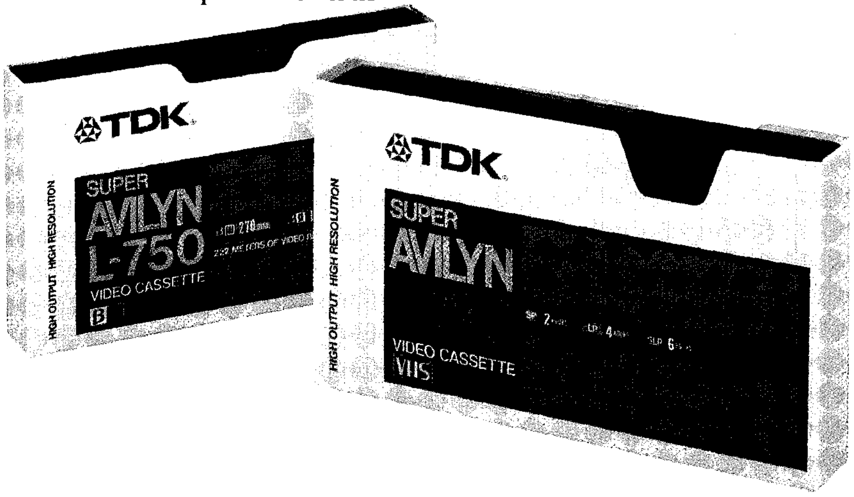

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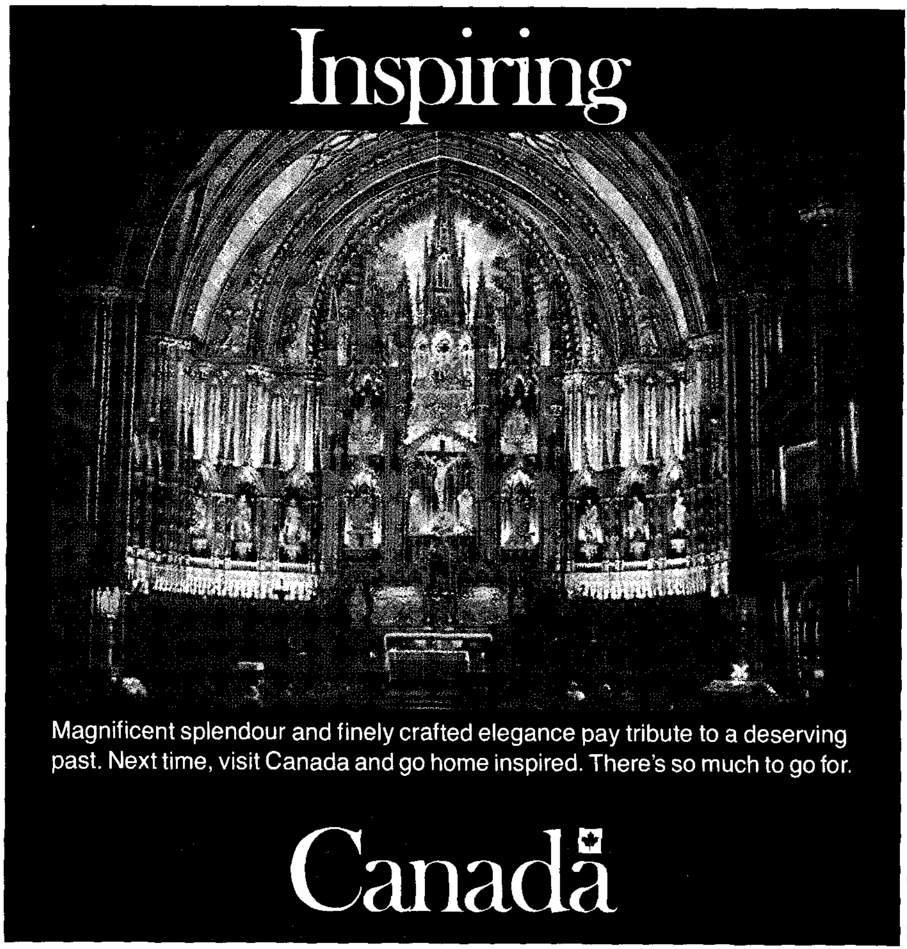

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Princeton that spring, signed with the Washington Redskins. Charley lasted only six seasons in the N.F.L., but Pete remained with the Giants through 1974. He was a streaky performer. There were stretches in which he looked terrible, hooking his kicks low and yards wide of the posts, with the ball twisting every which way, but on his best days he came through with long-distance goals that helped the Giants win a considerable number of games.

As the first sidewinder kicker, Gogolak made history, but he was not in the same class as Jan Stenerud, a Norwegian, who entered the N.F.L. in 1967, and who is regarded by most football people as the best of the foreign-born soccer-style kickers who soon began to flood professional football. Stenerud, who grew up in the Oslo area, was recruited by Montana State University as a ski jumper in 1962. Then eighteen, Stenerud was at that time one of Norway's ten top junior jumpers and had been honored the previous March by being selected as one of the forerunners at the world-famous Holmenkollen Jump, outside Oslo. (The forerunners try out the jump before the day's competition gets under way, and from watching them the officials can see how fast or slow the slope is that day, and select the proper starting platform for the field.) Stenerud proved to be a good investment for Montana State. He won the ski-jumping championship of the Big Sky Conference three times, and one winter when he was sent to the national intercollegiate championships he finished fourth. How he came to play football is a classic Hollywood sports-hero-is-discovered scenario. In late autumn of his junior year, Stenerud was doing some running, on the track that rimmed the football field, to get his legs in shape for the skiing season. "I had played some soccer as a boy, and that day I had a strong urge to kick the football," Stenerud told me when we talked a while ago. "It was early in the afternoon, before the organized practice began, and some of the players were kicking extra points at one end of the field. I tried a few toe kicks, but I was wearing tennis shoes, and the kicks were pretty poor. 'Hey,' I said to myself, 'I know an easier, much more natural way to do this.' I lined myself up as if I were trying a corner kick in soccer, and met the ball high on the instep of my foot. I got good results right away. I gradually moved back to the forty-yard line. I was really blasting them. At about that point, one of the players told me that there was a fellow on the East Coast named Gogolak who was kicking soccer-style very successfully. I hadn't heard of him before. I went back to my kicking, and the basketball coach, who was passing by, happened to see me get off some long ones. He went and told the football coach, Jim Sweeney, about me—Sweeney was still in his office—but nothing happened. He had heard enough of those stories. One afternoon the next week, though, when I was doing my running on the track, Sweeney summoned me to come over. He was wearing football shoes. He took off his right shoe, and told me to put it on. He wanted me to try a kickoff. I set the ball up on our forty-yard line. I hit it just right, and it carried over the crossbar, seventy yards away. You know, the air is very thin in Montana, where you're high above sea level, and if you catch the ball solid it goes a long way. The coach was so impressed that he had me suit up for the next game—the last game of the season—and sit on the bench with the team. Because of the conference eligibility rules, I couldn't play in that game, but the coach was looking ahead to the next season, and he wanted to give me a taste of the atmosphere. My football career had started."

The next year—his senior year—after working hard on grooving the natural whip of his leg in arduous kicking sessions in the spring and summer, Stenerud had a splendid season. He kicked a fifty-nine-yard field goal, and on many occasions when Montana State had poor field position he was called on instead of the punter to get the ball far down the field. That winter, the Kansas City Chiefs drafted him, but Stenerud had another year of eligibility for college football left, and, feeling that he might eventually be able to command a better contract with a professional team, he returned to Montana State. He had a fine season, and signed with the Chiefs at a handsome sum. From the beginning, he did well in professional football, because he could kick long field goals, and could do so in tight situations. In Super Bowl IV, in 1970, for example, in which the Chiefs defeated the Minnesota Vikings, 23-7, Stenerud got them started with field goals of forty-eight, thirty-two, and twenty-five yards in the first half. An intelligent, substantial man of honest charm, he quick-

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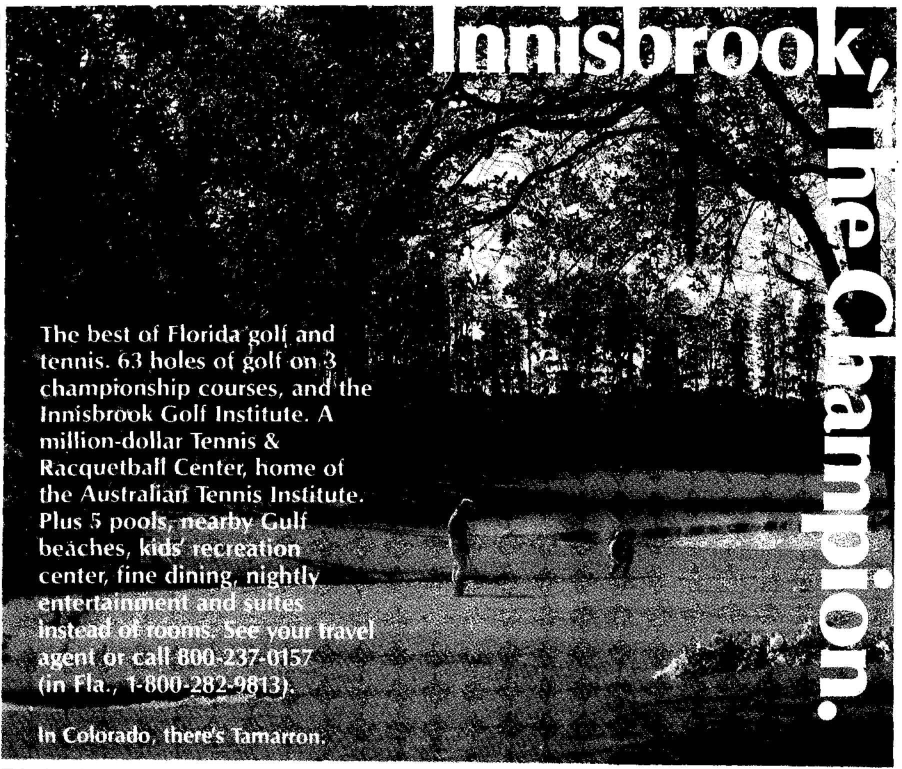

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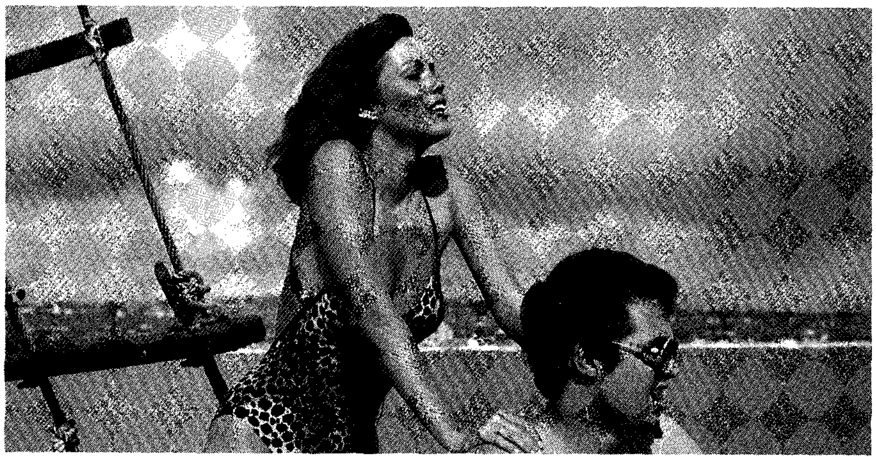

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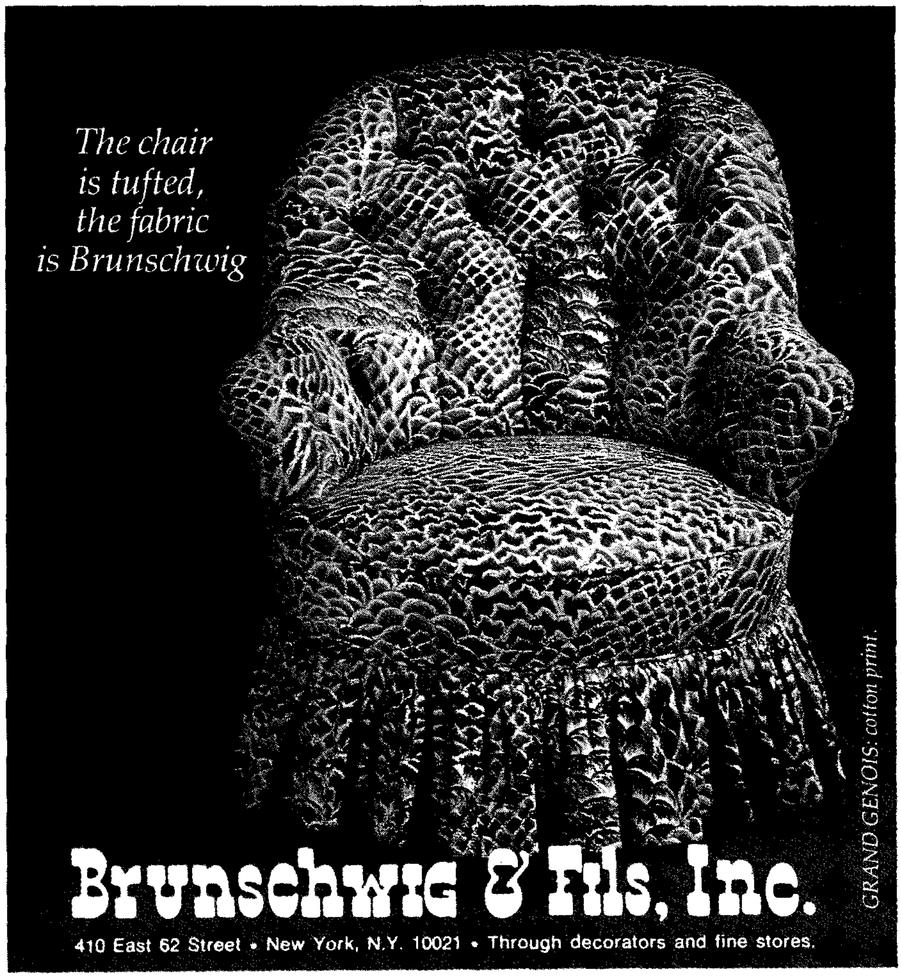

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ly became a much-admired figure in Kansas City. In no time at all, he had his own radio show, a sports program that went on both in the morning and in the early evening. He became increasingly popular during thirteen productive years with the Chiefs. "The secret of placekicking is concentration," he said when we talked. "The mental pressure on the placekicker is enormous, of course. He's out there all by himself in the middle of the stadium. He knows better than anyone that the outcome of the game may depend on whether he makes the kick or blows it. The whole team is depending on him, the fans are depending on him. I don't think I could have handled it without my early experience in ski jumping. When you are standing all alone at the top of a ski jump, you must be able to keep your poise, so that when you're going down the in-run at sixty miles an hour you can concentrate on uncoiling at the edge of the takeoff point at just the right instant. A placekicker has to do much the same thing."

With the success of Gogolak and Stenerud, nearly all the teams in the N.F.L. realized more clearly than they had before that what they needed was a field-goal kicker—whether soccer-style or American traditional—who could put three points on the board for them more often than not when he was confronted with something longer than a chip shot. In 1967, the Dallas Cowboys organized a Kicking Karavan, which covered some ten thousand miles as it visited twenty-eight cities in this country searching for kicking talent. Ironically, the best kicker the Karavan turned up was a Texan—Mac Percival, who never made it with the Cowboys but had some good years with the Bears. (At the time the Karavan was scheduled to hit Dallas, Percival was teaching school in Garland, a small city fourteen miles away. He had placekicked in high school but hadn't even gone out for football in college. Nevertheless, his wife, Lady Jane—that is her real name—entered her husband in the tryouts after reading about them in the newspapers. He was in top form on the big morning and was signed to a contract.) In 1968, Hank Stram, the coach of the Chiefs, undertook an expedition to Europe to see if he could come up with a backup man for Stenerud. In one of his auditions at White City stadium, in London, he found Bobby Howfield, an English soccer star. Howfield never played for

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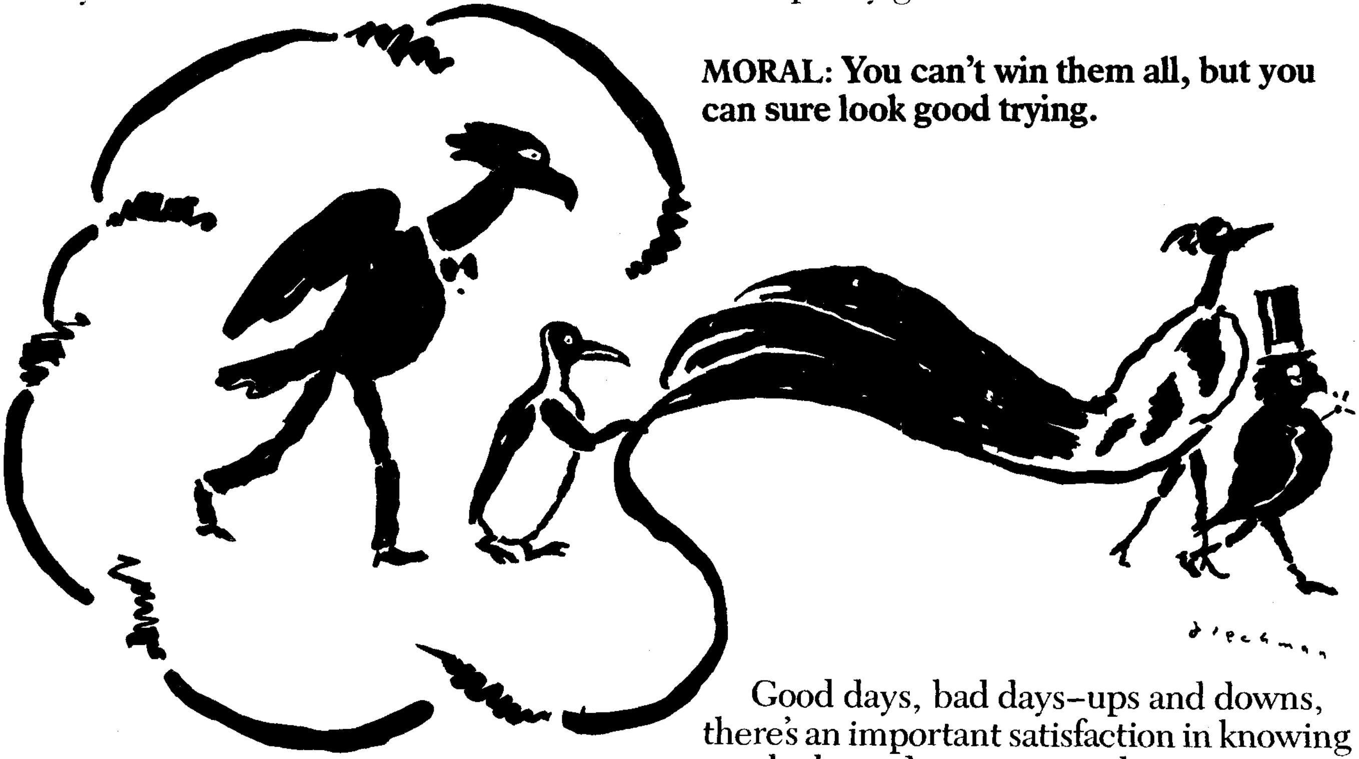

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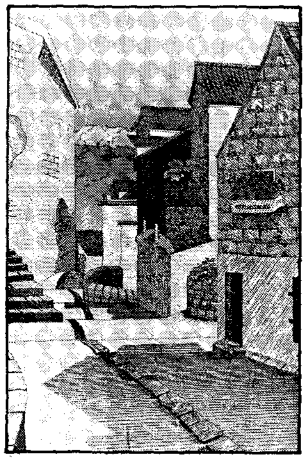

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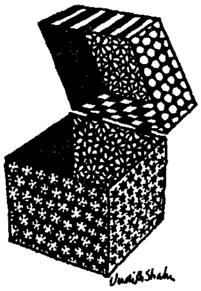
the Chiefs, but he spent some seasons with the New York Jets and the Denver Broncos. A year or two later, the restless Dallas organization combed Europe for kickers. Its prize discovery was Toni Fritsch, an Austrian *Klasse-Fussballspieler*, who had played for the national team in the World Cup. He did not do badly with the Cowboys, but after four seasons they let him go. (He is now with the Houston Oilers.)

By then, the great Western trek of soccer players from overseas was on in earnest. Among the émigrés were Toni Linhart and, later, Ray Wersching, both from Austria; Steve Mike-Mayer, born in Budapest, and his younger brother Nick, born in Bologna, both of whom attended college in this country; Garo Yepremian, from Cyprus; Rich Szaro, from Poland, who majored in International Relations at Harvard; Chester Marcol, also from Poland; John Smith, from England; Horst Muhlmann, from West Germany, who specialized in the deep kickoff; and, subsequently, Fred Steinfort and Uwe von Schamann, who had come here from West Germany as boys. There were also Efren Herrera and Rafael Septien, from Mexico. (Herrera and Septien are more than first-rate kickers; they are first-rate all-around athletes.) After Stenerud, the best of the foreign kickers was probably Yepremian. Partly bald, unhandsome, and only five feet seven in his cleats, he was in appearance the antithesis of the American gridiron hero. He had to come to this country to try for a college-football scholarship, but previously he had stopped over in England and played four years of soccer there, which complicated matters. His next move was to write to every American professional football team. In the fall of 1966, he was given a tryout by the Detroit Lions. It took place in midweek. The coach was pleased with what he saw, and that Sunday Yepremian, who had never even seen a football game, handled the kickoffs for the Lions. Four weeks after this, he kicked six field goals in a game against the Vikings, tying a league record. In 1968, when a new Detroit coach chose to go with another kicker Yepremian was out of a job, and it was two more years before he was signed by the Miami Dolphins, an up-and-coming team in whose rise he proved to be instrumental. You could laugh all you wanted to at Yepremian—and no one laughed harder than the regular football players who, because they had to take the bruising hitting that is part and parcel of this rough contact sport, were not inclined to be sympathetic to the kicking specialists, and certainly not to the exotic imports, who often had only a vague idea of what the game was all about—but he was a dependable, if unstylish, kicker, and he had the stuff to stand up to the strain that goes with the job. However, in Super Bowl VII, in 1973, he made an embarrassing mistake. In the last quarter, when the Dolphins were out in front of the Washington Redskins 14–0, he came in to attempt a fairly long field goal. The pass from center was bad, the timing was thrown off, and Yepremian's kick was blocked. Yepremian, however, came up with the loose football. Instead of just falling to the ground, which would have stopped the play, he decided to throw a forward pass. Something went wrong. The ball slipped off his hand and carried only a few feet, smack into the arms of Mike Bass, of the Redskins, who ran it forty-nine yards for a touchdown. Yepremian was lucky, though. His blunder was not fatal. Only two minutes were left in the game, and the Dolphins were able to hang on to their lead. Yepremian did not let the incident get him down. He played for the Dolphins for five more seasons, and played well. In 1978, his last season with them, he was successful on his last sixteen field-goal attempts. The next year, when he was with the New Orleans Saints, he was successful on his first four attempts. His string of twenty consecutive field goals is an N.F.L. record.



Professional placekickers move around a lot. Once it became clear that the N.F.L. clubs were very much interested in upgrading their placekicking, there was no longer any need to send scouting parties to Europe. Here at home, an abundance of quite competent kickers had sprung up practically overnight. Pro football had changed. In the late nineteen-thirties, generally speaking, if a kicker made good on a forty-yard field-goal attempt his teammates slapped him on the back and let him know what a terrific shot he had got off. By the late nineteen-sixties, a kicker was expected to make the forty-yarders. If he had a couple of bad games in a row, the team released him, checked through the file cards on the kickers who had tried out at training camp, and summoned a replacement. Take the case of John Leypoldt. In the 1978 season, Szaro, the Saints' regular kicker, was injured. The same evening, a rush call was put through to West Seneca, New York, where Leypoldt—a native of Washington, D.C.—worked as the owner of the Cue & Chalk billiards parlor. He packed his gear and flew to New Orleans. The next Sunday, the Saints defeated the Cincinnati Bengals, 20–18, in the final seconds on a field goal by Leypoldt that hit the inside of the left post. Everyone was overjoyed and talked about how neatly he had banked the ball off the post. The following Sunday, Leypoldt kicked a good field goal, but he missed on another try, and his kickoffs were short. The coach abruptly dismissed him. One of the best-travelled kickers was Booth Lusteg, who played with the Oilers, the Bills, the Packers, the Dolphins, the Jets, and the Steelers. Lusteg, a straight-ahead kicker, carried folding goalposts around in his station wagon, and whenever he was out of a job and felt the need to sharpen up his kicking he set them up and got in some practice.

One thing was certain: placekickers were in the spotlight as they had never been before. Everybody had his own views of what placekicking was all about. Bob Thomas, who kicked for the Bears for a number of years, thought that the role most analogous to the placekicker's was the standup comedian's. "You're going to have your good nights and your bad nights," Thomas said. "The secret is to be able to get through the bad ones." Jim Bakken, a smooth and dependable straight-ahead kicker who was with the St. Louis Cardinals for seventeen years, approached the matter scientifically. For his master's thesis at the University of Wisconsin, he studied how the length of a placekick was influenced by the angle at which the knee was bent at impact, the angle of the ankle at impact, and the tilt of the ball. Among other things, he reached the conclusion that the maximum distance was obtained when the ball was held at a fifteen-degree tilt. Harvey Johnson, who was the coach of the Buffalo Bills, was one of many people in and around the game who felt that most placekickers were fundamentally flaky people. "If you really study these placekickers," he said, "I think you will find out that as children they were left alone too much." Errol Mann, a

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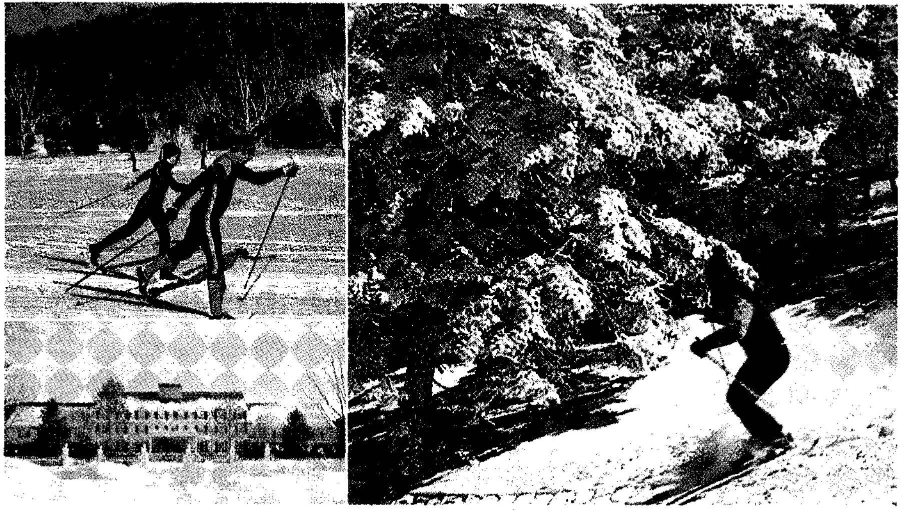
first-class kicker who played for the Packers, the Lions, and the Raiders, didn't see it that way. "It takes a different breed of personality to be a kicker," he contended. "Mentally deficient." Toni Fritsch has often been acerbic in speaking of the placekicker's place in football. In 1979, after he had beaten the Bengals in overtime with a relatively short field goal, he declared, "There are only two ways off the field in that situation. They either carry you or shoot you." The ultimate statement was possibly made by the fans of Roy Gerela, the Steelers' kicker, on the eve of the game between the Steelers and the Dolphins, in Pittsburgh, for the 1972 American Football Conference championship. These fans—for the most part, steelworkers and other hardy types—had banded together in a club they called Gerela's Gorillas. That night, to get charged up for the game the next day, the club held a rally in front of the ape cage at the Pittsburgh Zoo in Highland Park.

OF all the soccer-style kickers from abroad who entered professional football, Stenerud has lasted the longest. Shortly before the start of the 1980 season, he was let go by the Chiefs. Unhappy at this turn of events, he refused offers from other N.F.L. teams and was on the verge of entering banking, which he had studied, when Bart Starr, the coach of Green Bay, persuaded him to join the Packers. Stenerud played the last four games of the season with them. He did reasonably well, making three field goals out of five tries. During the 1981 season, at thirty-seven, he gave the Packers a big lift, although, as he readily admits, his leg is neither as supple nor as strong as when he was thirty, and cold weather and crosswinds now pose more of a problem than they used to. Nevertheless, he made a fifty-yarder into the wind against the Giants in early October, and a month later, when the Packers and the Giants met again, he won the game with the last of four field goals. During the regular 1981 season, Stenerud missed only two field goals in twenty-four attempts, for an accuracy percentage of 91.66, which broke the old record of 88.46 per cent set by Groza in 1953.

This past year was a happy one for Stenerud in another way. Last spring, a molded-rubber tee he designed for soccer-style kickers was approved by the N.F.L. With the old-fashioned tees, which had been developed with



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the straight-ahead kicker in mind, there was no way that a soccer-style kicker, coming in at an angle, could make contact with the ball without first hitting one of the pegs supporting the ball at the back of the platform. On Stenerud's tee, the two back pegs—the only pegs—allow the soccer-style kicker to meet the ball cleanly. On the tee for right-footed kickers, the right peg is set about an inch and a half in front of the left peg, and the tee for left-footed kickers has the reverse arrangement. Stenerud's tee has been taken up by many of the N.F.L. placekickers, and this is not surprising when you realize that there are only two straight-ahead kickers left in the league—Mark Moseley, the Redskins' respected veteran, and Rick Danmeier, of the Vikings. (Incidentally, Frank Corral, of the Los Angeles Rams, is now the only man left in the N.F.L. who handles both the punting and the placekicking for his team.) The most ardent boosters of the Stenerud tee are high-school and college kickers, for they can use it on field goals and points after touchdown as well as on kickoffs. Nearly all these young kickers employ the soccer style, for range is one thing that coaches are looking for, and there is no question that a soccer-style kicker, with his full and fast body turn, gets more into the thrust of his leg than a toe kicker does. The young American placekickers are very good, for several reasons. Some of them start kicking when they are only eleven or twelve, and are introduced early to the basic elements of technique. In high school, they have to compete with many other young men who share their ambition. This situation also obtains in college. To make the competition even fiercer, today hundreds of thousands of schoolboys grow up playing soccer, and there are always a number of them who would like to take over the kicking chores for their school or college football team, and even go on to make the pros. Small wonder that the standard of placekicking has improved so much and is still improving.

EXCEPT for kicking without a shoe, Tony Franklin is typical of this new genus of homebred soccer-style kickers. He grew up in Texas, in a sports-oriented family, the oldest of the three children—all boys—of Joyce and Charles R. (Speck) Franklin. Steve, the middle son, played football and baseball in high school. He did not go on to college, and at present he works as an administrator for an oil company in west Texas. Eric, the youngest son, probably will go to college. Now in his senior year at high school, he is a running back who is also a first-class punter and placekicker. Like Tony, he placekicks barefoot. A number of the major colleges in Texas are said to be interested in recruiting him. Speck Franklin was a gifted athlete himself. A red-haired man who acquired his nickname because of his abundantly freckled face, he punted and kicked for his high school and for Ranger Junior College, in Ranger, Texas. He pitched semi-pro softball and played golf in the low seventies. Today, he is an area sales supervisor for Amoco, and he and Mrs. Franklin make their home in Levelland, way out in west Texas, thirty-five miles or so from the New Mexico border. When their first son was born, the Franklins lived in Big Spring, two hundred and fifty miles west of Fort Worth. Mr. Franklin sold chemicals to companies that owned oil wells. His job necessitated his moving the family to Hamlin, ninety miles to the northeast, for a short period and then to Fort Worth. As his sons started to grow up, Mr. Franklin stopped taking part in sports himself, except for an occasional round of golf, because he preferred to spend his time watching the boys in action. In Little League baseball, Tony was a pitcher and shortstop. When he was ten and eleven, he won the local punt-pass-and-kick competition for his age group in Hamlin, largely because his father had spent hours helping him with his punting.

An articulate, basically convivial, somewhat complicated young man (how many placekickers are not complicated?), Tony can remember clearly the day he first tried kicking without a shoe. "What you must first realize is how hot it can get in Texas," he told me when we talked in Philadelphia. "Some days in July, the temperature is around a hundred and fourteen degrees, and the humidity gets up to ninety-five or ninety-six. In summer, we wore no shirts, socks, or shoes—just shorts. As a matter of fact, my mother had an awful time keeping a pair of shoes on me except when it got cold. You really didn't need them from April to mid-October. One real hot summer day when I was twelve, I

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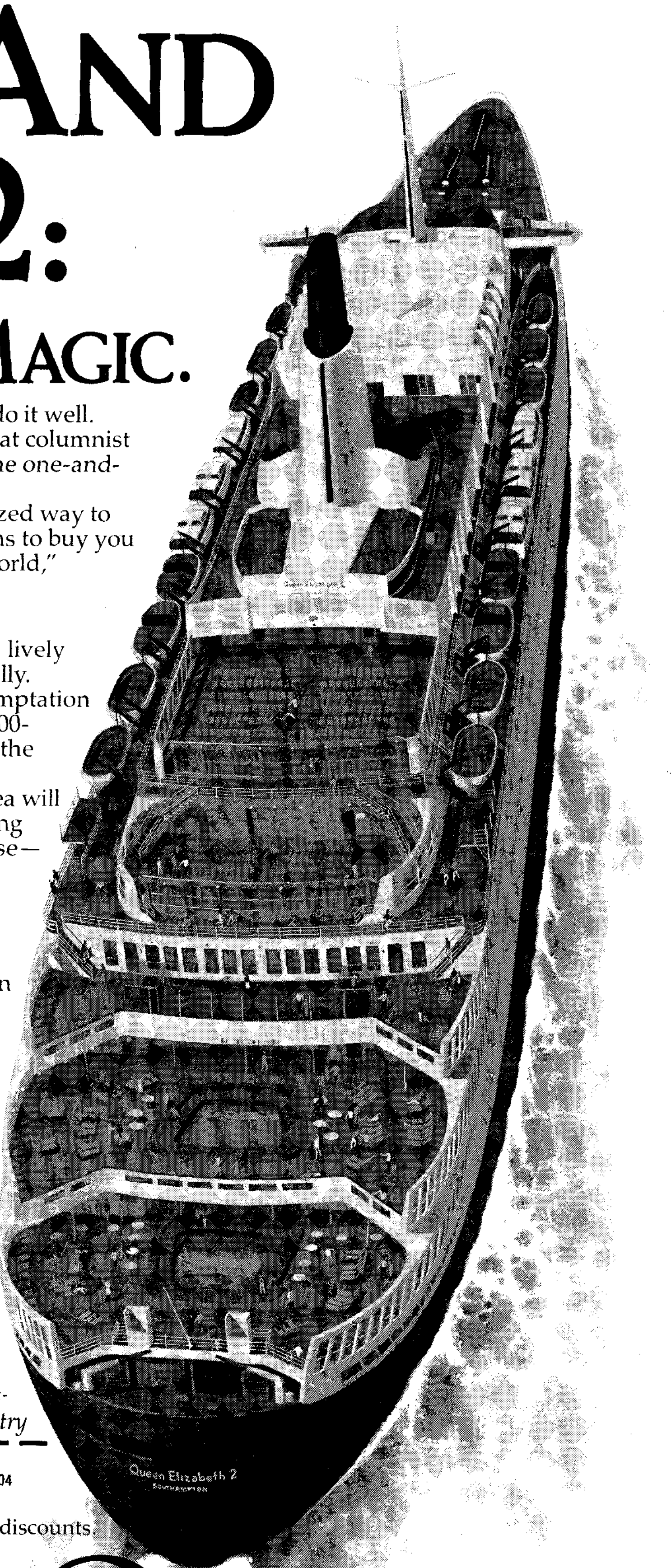

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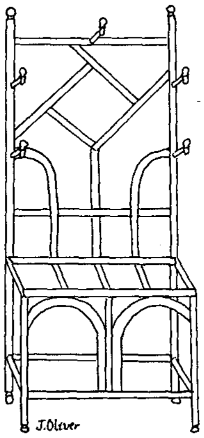
think, I went over to my cousin David's house to kick the football with him. His name is David Wood, and these days he coaches football at Boswell High in Fort Worth. Anyway, we did some placekicking that day. The autumn before, I'd watched Stenerud on television kicking soccer-style, and I decided to see how well I could do if I kicked the ball that way. And I tried it barefoot—it was terribly hot, and, besides, I didn't think I needed a shoe. I got off some beauties, much to my surprise and David's. Solid kicks. When David and I kicked together that summer, I continued to kick soccer-style and barefoot. However, when summer was over and we started playing neighborhood football in the schoolyard I went back to wearing a shoe and kicking straight on. I continued to watch Stenerud on television. He was my idol. He had it all—power, accuracy, and consistency. I studied him closely, trying to learn from him. What was the angle at which he approached the ball in different parts of the field? How many steps did he take, how long were they, and how did he shift his weight? Where on his foot did he hit the ball? Things like that. When I became a freshman in high school—Arlington Heights High, in Fort Worth—I kicked the points after touchdown, but I kicked them straight on and I wore a shoe. I also played running back on the freshman team and gained over a thousand yards. Then, just before football practice started my sophomore year, I tore some ligaments in my left ankle playing touch football. I couldn't run, I couldn't work out with the team. I just practiced punting and experimented with kicking soccer-style. One afternoon, I said to myself, 'I wonder what would happen if I took my shoe off and kicked soccer-style barefoot, as I did when I kicked with David.' That had been three or four years before, and I was curious to see if I still had the old timing. All of a sudden, boom—the ball began exploding off my foot. Where I had been kicking the ball thirty-five yards, now I was kicking it fifty. I had better control, too. The coach saw how well I was kicking barefoot. He must have filed that away at the back of his mind, because two weeks later, when the kicker on the varsity was having trouble on the points after touchdown, he brought me up from the junior varsity. The coach didn't mind my kicking without a shoe. He was interested in the results, and I was doing all right. That year, I made a fifty-one-yarder. My junior year, I made a fifty-two-yarder, and my senior year, a fifty-eight-yarder. That kick came against Fort Worth Eastern Hills High School for the city championship. I was playing safety that game, and twisted my ankle on the fourth play. I went off a few minutes before the half. I had my foot in a bucket of ice, to keep it from swelling, when the coach sent me back in to try the fifty-eight-yarder. At that time, it was the longest field goal anyone had ever made in a high-school game in Texas. It kind of lit a fire under us. We had been behind, 6–0, and we went on to win, 24–6. By the way, the fellow who did the kicking for Eastern Hills was Uwe von Schamann, who later went to Oklahoma and now does the placekicking for the Dolphins. Very good fellow, very fine kicker."

From the time that Tony made the high-school team, his father spent a great deal of time coaching him. Mr. Franklin had done some kicking himself, and that helped, but, in addition, he was an acute observer and analyst. At five o'clock, at the end of his workday, he would hurry to the football field to watch practice and check on how Tony was doing. When Tony was recruited by Texas A. & M., Mr. Franklin attended every home game, although it was a hundred-and-eighty-mile drive from Fort Worth to College Station. "He could tell during the warmups if I was kicking the ball properly," Tony recalled during one of our talks. "If there was something he wanted to speak to me about, he'd let out this piercing whistle from the stands. I could always recognize my dad's whistle. It was shrill, very high-pitched. He'd come down then from his seat in the stands to the edge of the field, and he'd go over things with me. 'You're hooking the ball, aren't you?' he might say. 'Looks to me like you're snapping your hips a little too early.' Or 'Let me tell you why you're kicking the ball off to the right. Two reasons. You're dropping your shoulder, and your plant foot is too far away from the ball.' "



Mr. Franklin had started Tony

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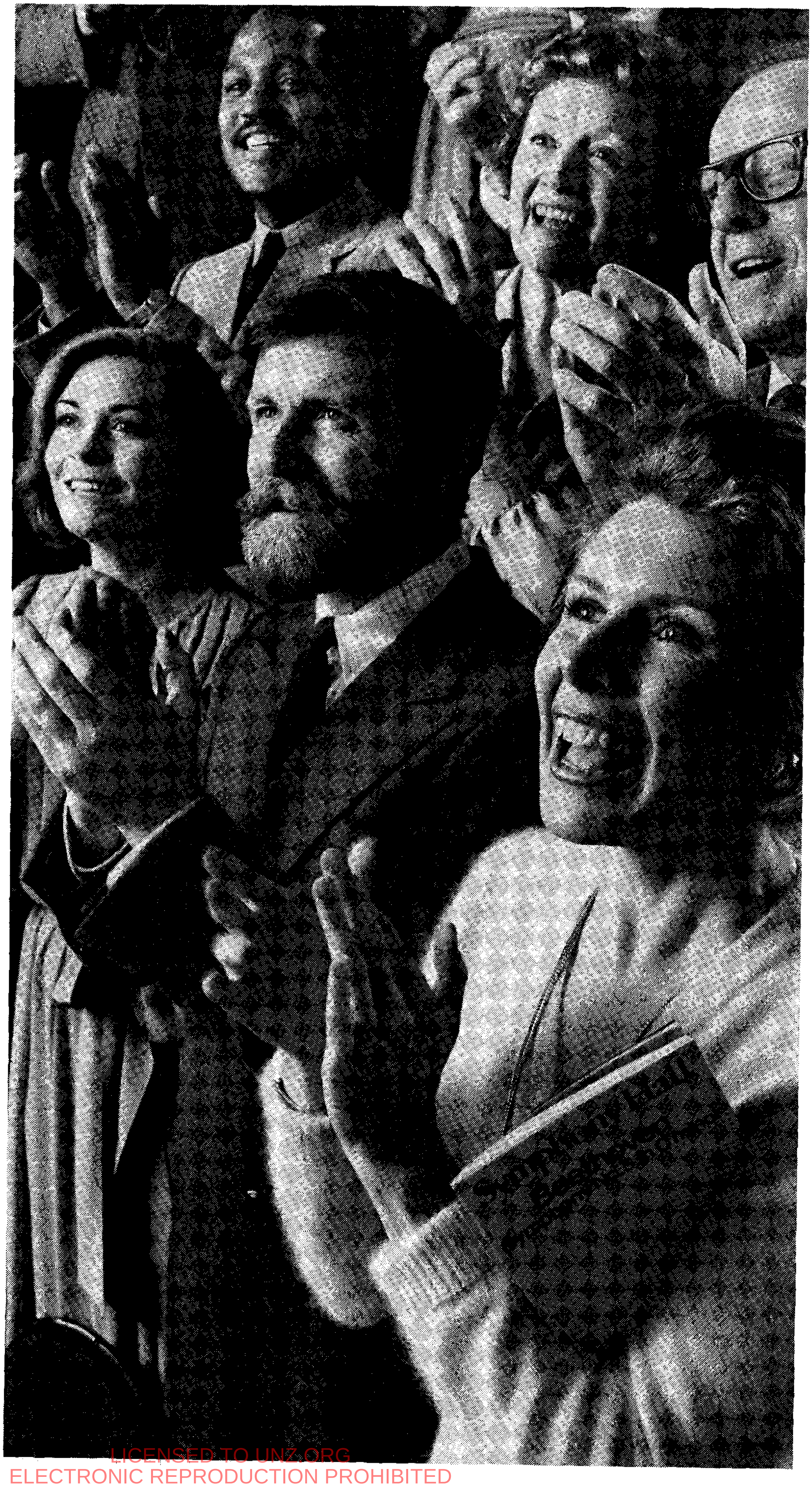

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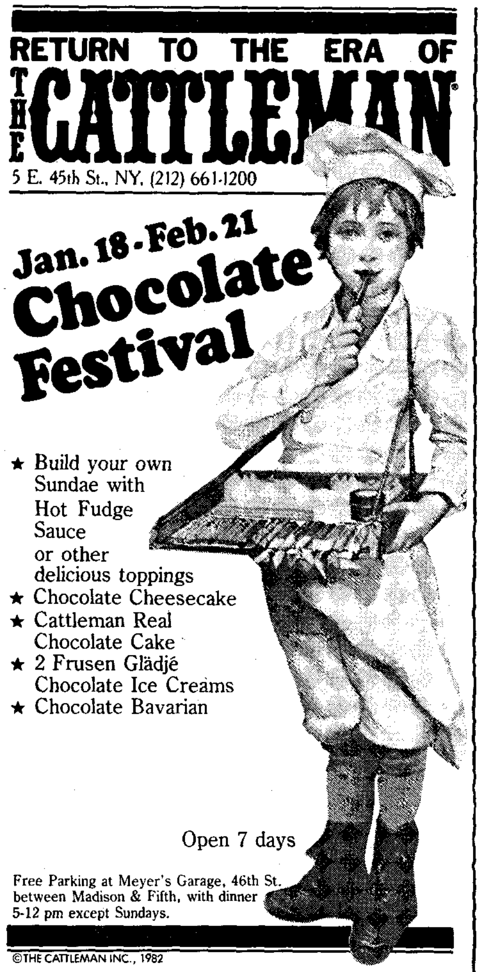
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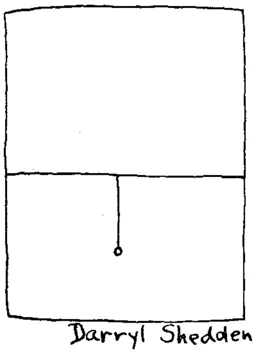
playing golf with a cut-down 7-iron when he was six, and almost from the beginning they correlated placekicking with the golf swing. Many placekickers do. There are obvious similarities in the two techniques: in both cases the athlete is hitting a stationary ball, and he must master the body movements that will allow him to generate maximum power without sacrificing accuracy. One of Mr. Franklin's interesting precepts was that, just as a golfer doesn't play well if he feels especially powerful on the first tee, it is best if a kicker feels a little tired. Then he is more apt to take a nice easy swing, let his body do the work, and depend on his natural rhythm and timing to give him the distance he needs. Mr. Franklin, as might be expected, watches his son closely whenever an Eagles game is on television. The next day, Tony telephones him to get his criticisms and suggestions. (This year, Mr. Franklin felt that his son was dropping his right shoulder on some kicks that were pushed, and was trying to kick the ball too hard on some that were hooked.) During the off-season, when Tony returns to Texas, he and his father play golf together whenever they can. (Tony, whose lowest score is a 66, presents himself as a 4- or 5-handicap golfer, but he is closer to being a 2 when he has sufficient time to practice.) Father and son still talk for hours about the art of placekicking, analyzing in careful detail the qualities of the men they respect the most, such as Groza, Stenerud, Moseley, Bakken, and Don Cockroft, who used to do both the punting and the placekicking for the Browns. Mr. Franklin's particular favorite is Bakken, whom he likes to refer to as Old Ice Water. A few years back, when Tony was in college, his father said to him, "If you can manage to acquire the on-field presence and concentration of Bakken, the rest will come easy."



Few kickers are courted with the promise of a full athletic scholarship, but Texas A. & M. offered Franklin one and got him. After that historic day in 1976 when he kicked the field goals of sixty-four and sixty-five yards against Baylor, everyone in football-mad Texas knew about him, and a lot of people outside Texas did, too. Later that season, he demonstrated again what an exceptional leg he had, by kicking goals of thirty-nine, thirty-three, and sixty-two yards against Florida in the Sun Bowl, in El Paso. The sixty-two-yarder was aided by a following wind, but it was a tremendous kick, which carried far beyond the end zone, and would probably have been good from seventy yards. During Franklin's years at A. & M., there were more extraordinary placekickers in the college ranks than there had ever been before or have been since. They were congregated in the Southwest. Erxleben was at Texas, Little at Arkansas, and Johansson at Abilene Christian. They vied with Franklin to see who could make the most field goals and the longest field goals. Their rivalry stimulated them to set new records, and all four bettered Dempsey's N.F.L. record kick of sixty-three yards. This group of college kickers, it should be pointed out, had a number of advantages. The wind blows hard in that part of the country, and when it is behind you it can add yards to a kick. Then, there's the width of the crossbar in college football. While the crossbar is the same height above the ground—ten feet—as it is in the N.F.L., the N.C.A.A., in order to get more foot back in football, increased its width, in 1959, from eighteen feet six inches, the N.F.L. standard, to twenty-three feet four inches. And there is the matter of the kicking tee—which the college kicker can use on field goals and points after touchdown as well as on kickoffs. It greatly facilitates his getting the ball up quickly in a high arc. The college kicker also has more time—he doesn't have to face as tough and as swift a rush by the other team as the pro kicker does. During that era of the Brobdingnagian field goal, the placekickers in the Southwest Conference and in that section of the country in general took full advantage of an N.C.A.A. rule that permitted them to use any ball they wished to on their kicks. Almost invariably, they had a practice ball brought out onto the field. These practice balls were old and roundish. The laces were practically coming out of some of them. The leather of a new ball is tight and firm, and doesn't give much at impact. The leather of an old ball gives a good deal, especially if the ball has been sitting out in the sun. Because it gives,

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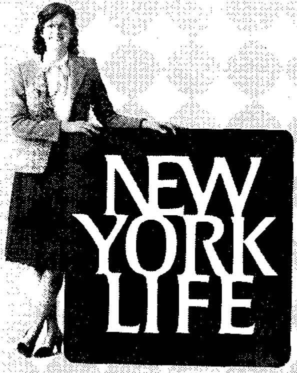

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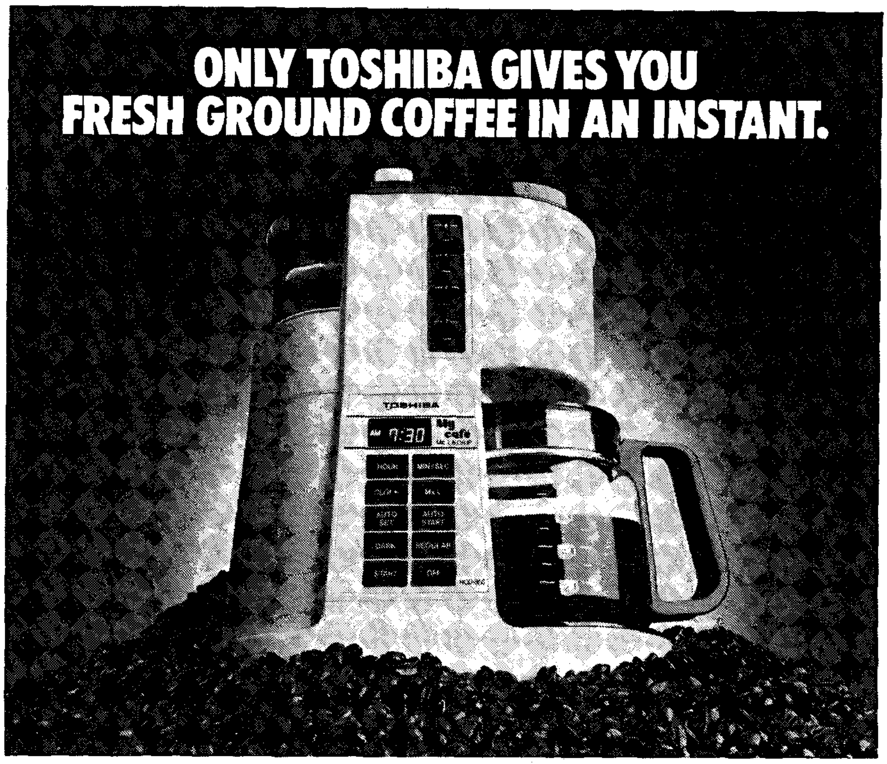

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it enables the kicker to get a larger area of his foot solidly into his kick. For another thing; air expands when it is warm, and when you kick an old practice ball that is full of warm air the ball travels farther. In this matter, Franklin made a wise decision. He decided against using a practice ball on his kicks. He felt that this was a crutch, and that he would be better off without it. He seems to have been right. None of his Southwest Conference rivals made it as placekickers in the N.F.L. In the opinion of most men who know about kicking, their failure as professional placekickers was due primarily to their having to kick without a tee, but contributing factors were the ferocious rush in the N.F.L. and the absence of that good old boy the soft, warm, sympathetic practice ball.

In 1979, Franklin's first year in professional football, he got off the mark well. In a game televised on Monday Night Football, he demonstrated, by kicking a fifty-nine-yard field goal, that he was all he was cracked up to be. He was invariably pleasant and informative to the droves of reporters who descended on him at home and on the road. No, he had never had any pain when he kicked barefoot. In cold weather, his foot stung after the first couple of kicks, but that was the extent of it. The reason it didn't hurt was that he was kicking the ball high on the instep. Precisely where did he make contact with the ball? Ideally, an inch below where you tie the laces of your shoe—just where the row of eyelets on the left would be This was the sweet spot, but he could kick the ball effectively if he made contact with it anywhere in the three-inch area running from the instep to the base of his big toe and the toe nex to it. (In medical terminology, this part of the foot is the point of convergence of the *transverse* and longitudinal arches formed by the seven tarsa and the five metatarsal bones and the ligaments that bind them together. No, that part of his foot was not a giant calcium deposit. It wasn't even calloused. In cold weather, the skin tended to get a little dry, and when i did he rubbed Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion or some other such preparation on it once a week. Wouldn't he be able to kick the ball farther if he wore a shoe? No. With a shoe on, his foot fel lifeless, wooden. He lost his rhythm and power on his kicks—the kind o feeling you get when you hit a "fat" 8-iron in golf. When he punted though, he always wore a shoe. He got a better spiral that way. Yes, like all soccer-style kickers, he much preferred AstroTurf and the other artificial surfaces to natural grass. The ball sat on top of the artificial surfaces, but you had to get the ball out of the grass.

As the season progressed, some local writers felt that Franklin should be keeping a lower profile. He drove a black Corvette and frequented night spots that featured country music, but then that is more or less what all well-paid rookies do. Until the last game of the 1979 season, no one could fault his performance on the field. His native confidence had served him well in the N.F.L., but in that last game, which the Eagles lost to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers in the first round of the divisional playoffs, he overstepped the thin line that separates confidence and overconfidence, and made an egregious error. With the outcome of the game still in doubt, Coach Vermeil decided to try a short onside kick, gambling that the Eagles might recover the ball after it had gone the necessary ten yards. It didn't come off. Franklin's kick skittered out of bounds, and the Eagles were penalized five yards. Vermeil then waved off the onside kick, and Franklin was instructed to kick the ball as deep as possible. As Franklin surveyed the Buccaneers' alignment, he thought he spotted a gaping pocket. On his own, he decided to try another onside kick—he felt sure he could squib the ball into the pocket and recover it himself. The Buccaneers, however, had little trouble handling the short kick, and this put them in splendid field position. For disobeying orders, Vermeil fined Franklin sixteen hundred dollars—a hundred dollars to be deducted from his salary before each of the sixteen regular-season games the following year. This was a most lenient fine, the more so coming from Vermeil. It is hardly a surprise to find that he has had a sign put in the Eagles' locker room that proclaims, "The best way to kill time is to work it to death," for no coach in the N.F.L. is more industrious. In order to leave as little as possible to chance, he has the largest staff of assistants in the league, and he puts his coaches and his players through the longest, most methodically conducted practices of any team. His meetings with the members of his staff often last well into the night. Vermeil himself works so hard preparing for each game that he sleeps at Veterans Stadium three nights a week. Most coaches would probably

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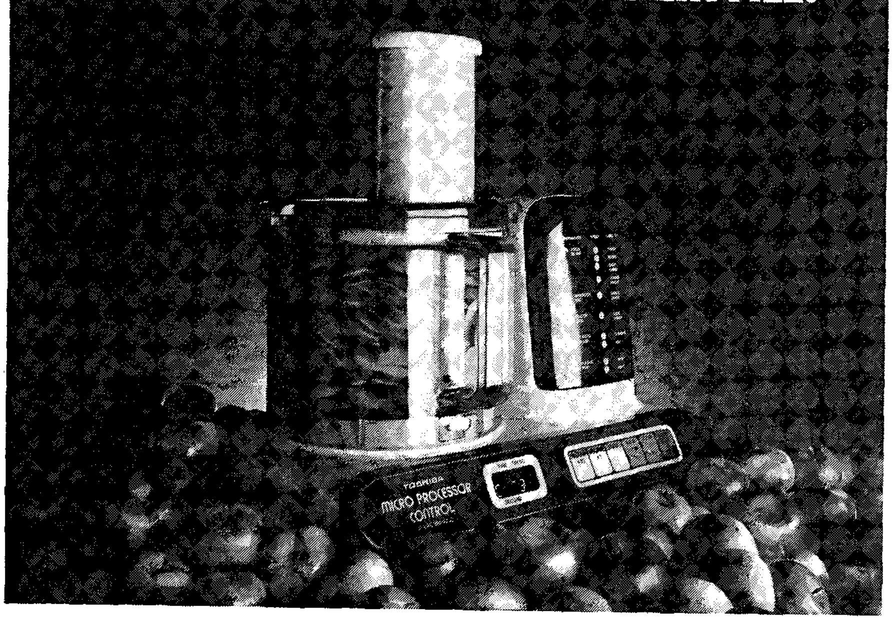

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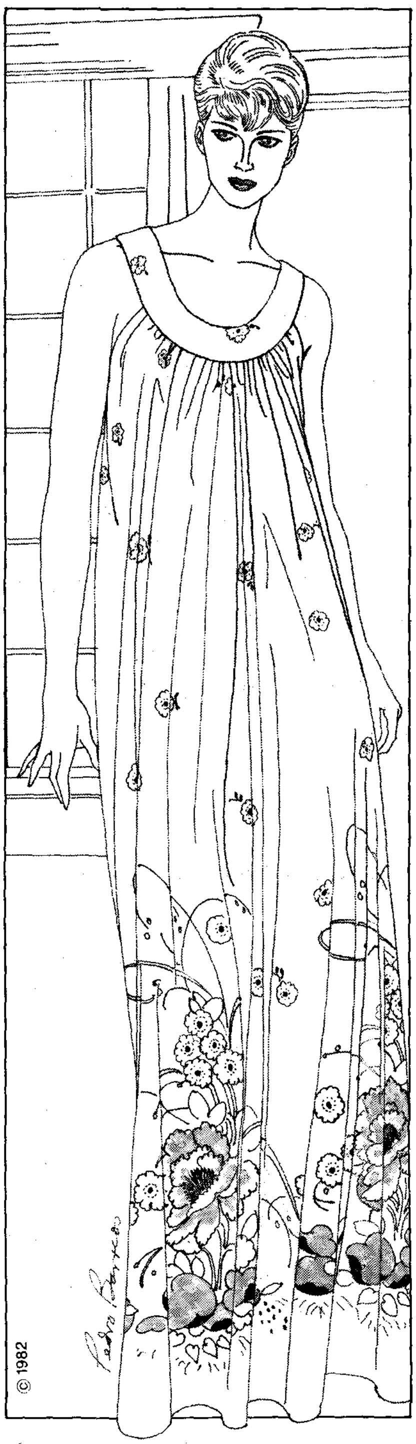
have traded Franklin for his insubordination, and considering how much Vermeil demands of himself he was exceptionally generous to let him off with that light fine.

Franklin's second year with the Eagles was a disappointment in almost every respect. He came to pre-season camp overweight, and his mental attitude was also a bit flabby, as his kicking that year showed. Where he had made twenty-three out of thirty-one field-goal attempts in 1979, he made only sixteen out of thirty-one in 1980, and seven of his misses came from inside the forty-yard line. That season, though, the Eagles went all the way to the Super Bowl. After defeating the Vikings, 31–16, in the National Conference divisional playoffs, and the Cowboys, 20–7, in the National Conference championship game, they were decisively outplayed by the Raiders in the Super Bowl and went down, 27–10. As the scores suggest, Franklin did not play a critical role in the winning or losing of those games. Still, he was involved in some interesting occurrences. In the game against the Vikings, he made a thirty-three-yard field goal, but a twenty-four-yarder was blocked by Matt Blair, a six-foot-five linebacker, with phenomenal leaping ability, who positions himself directly in the line of the kick. To get the ball over a man like Blair, a kicker must make it rise very fast—as much as eleven feet above the ground as it nears the line of scrimmage. Blocking a placement calls for both instinct and skill, and only Ted Hendricks, of the Raiders, who is six feet seven and made of elastic, is better at it than Blair. Against the Raiders in the Super Bowl, Franklin was successful on a thirty-yard kick, but an attempt from twenty-eight yards was blocked by Hendricks. To return to the Vikings game, Franklin's thirty-three-yard field goal answered a question that had been on the minds of many football fans: Would a barefoot kicker be able to function in the cold of winter? The game with the Vikings was played in Philadelphia on the third of January, in raw and chilly weather. Franklin had no trouble keeping his foot warm on the sidelines. He wore a sock and a shoe on his kicking foot and sat on the team's heated bench. This type of bench, which is hooked into something like a blast furnace, has become standard for teams in the northern cities. A player whose feet are getting cold can push them inside the bench through hinged open-



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ings and let the hot air warm them up. In the fourth quarter, when Franklin went onto the field barefoot for the thirty-three-yard kick, the Vikings called time out, hoping that after standing for sixty seconds on the ice-cold AstroTurf Franklin would hardly have any feeling left in his foot. Ron O'Neil, the Eagles' assistant trainer, was prepared for just such an exigency. He fetched a towel that had been heating up inside the bench, and Franklin stood on it during the time out. His kick was straight and sure.

THIS past football season was a happier one for Franklin from the outset. Early in the off-season, he had married Sally Falbo, of San Antonio, who was a student with him at A. & M., and marriage seemed to give him a firmer sense of purpose. He began laying the foundation for the season by diligently conditioning his body during his months away from the game. Like the rest of the Eagles, he returned this year hoping that the team would be able to make its way to the Super Bowl again and maybe win it this time. They swept their first six games and, up to that point, looked like the best team in the league. In contrast to the Cowboys and the Steelers, two of the top N.F.L. teams throughout the last decade, the Eagles do not possess the sheen of glamour that derives, as much as it does from anything else, from consistent individual and ensemble execution—for example, the discipline with which the receivers run their routes on passing plays and, concomitantly, the precision with which the passer delivers the ball to the open man. The Eagles' offense can be stolid and rather unimaginative. Over the last few years, they have had only three bona-fide stars on the offensive team: Ron Jaworski, the quarterback, who usually throws the ball well and, most of the time, has got as much as there is to get from his ordinary supporting cast; Harold Carmichael, a tall wide receiver, who has led the team in receptions for many years; and Wilbert Montgomery, a small but durable running back. The Eagles' attack is geared to grinding out the yardage, and its success has been due mainly to the work of the cohesive, hard-nosed offensive line. The defensive line and the defensive backs play the same type of football: they are well drilled, and carry out their assignments with vigor. At the end of October, when the Eagles had won seven of their first eight games of the 1981

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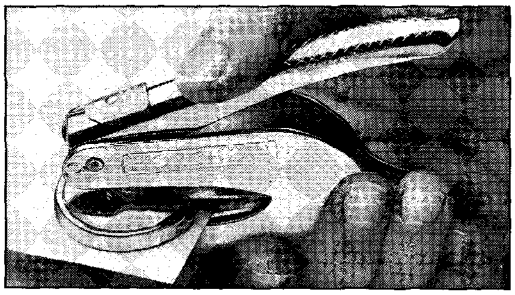

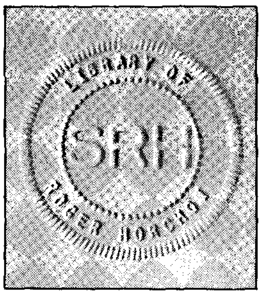

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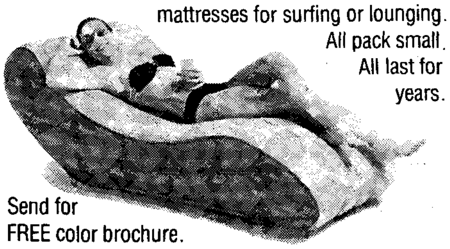

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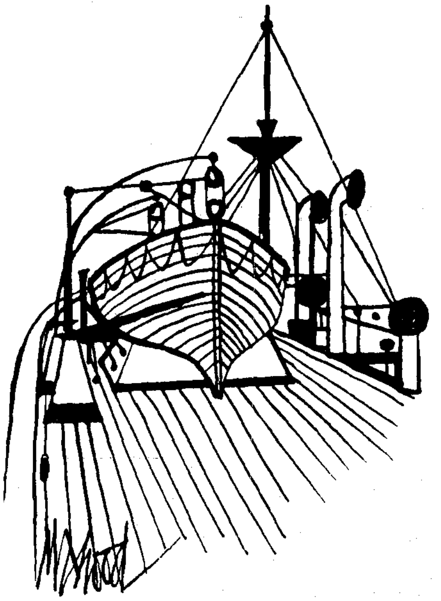
regular season, they had not only the best record in their division but the best record of any of the twenty-eight teams in the N.F.L. Then a decline set in. Beginning with a 17–14 defeat by the Cowboys, the Eagles lost four of their next six games and fell two games behind the Cowboys, their chief rivals in their division. This put the Eagles in a rather precarious position. The winners of the six divisions of the league automatically qualify for the playoffs; along with them, on the basis of their records, four other teams—two from each of the two three-division conferences—get into the playoffs as what are called wild-card teams. The process by which the wild-card teams are determined in case of ties is hopelessly Byzantine, and perhaps it is best simply to state that, with two games to go in the regular season, the Eagles had still not clinched a wild-card spot. On the second Sunday in December—the fifteenth Sunday of the season—the Eagles met the Cowboys again and helped their cause not at all. After leading 10–0, they could do nothing right—Jaworski had a particularly poor day—and they went down, 21–10, to their fourth defeat in a row. They were bailed out the following night. In the Monday Night Football game between the Atlanta Falcons and the Los Angeles Rams, the Falcons lost, and this assured the Eagles of a wild-card spot.

And what about Franklin? Throughout the long, wearing season, he had, all things considered, performed capably. Football statistics, like all sports statistics, tell only part of the story, but these were Franklin's in the sixteen games of the regular season: he had made twenty field goals in thirty-one attempts; between the twenty- and the twenty-nine-yard lines, he had made five out of five; between the thirty- and the thirty-nine-yard lines, seven out of nine; between the forty- and the forty-nine-yard lines, seven out of thirteen; and from the fifty-yard line and beyond, one out of four. Only twice had the outcome of a game depended on him. In the fourteenth game, with the Eagles trailing the Redskins, 15–13, in the final minute of play, Franklin went in to try for a twenty-four-yard field goal. He never got a chance to kick it. Sciarra, as dependable a holder as there is in the league, bobbled the snap from Morriss, and that was it. Earlier, in the ninth game of the season, the first of the two Eagles' games with Dallas, when a minute and fifty-one seconds was left on the clock and the Eagles were down by three points, Franklin had a chance to tie the score with a placement from the twenty-four-yard line. He made a downright bad kick, hurrying it, and hooking it to the left of the left goalpost. He handled himself admirably when the press crowded around him after the game and asked him about the kick. "I wish I could bring it back, but I can't," he said. "I feel like I let the boys down. The snap was good. The hold was good. All I can do is forget it and not let it destroy me." Down the stretch, though he missed a few tries from far out, he made two excellent kicks in big games—a forty-two-yarder against the Dolphins and a fifty-yarder against the Cowboys. We shall have to wait a bit longer to see whether or not Franklin fulfills his prodigious potential in the professional game.

WHEN I set out this past autumn to learn what I could about placekicking, I soon found that I was in much the same position as a gardener who discovers every time he pulls out a weed that three more weeds are lurking behind it. There is a good deal more to placekicking than I had appreciated. Several times when I needed guidance, I called for assistance on an old friend, Pat Summerall, who knows more about placekicking than anyone else of my acquaintance, having been a kicker before he retired from professional football, in 1961. The next year, he began broadcasting N.F.L. games. Summerall, as a matter of fact, made one of the most celebrated placekicks of all time. On December 14, 1958, with the Giants



locked at 10–10 with the Browns and needing a victory to tie for first place with the Browns in their division, he came off the bench with less than two minutes remaining, somehow kept his equilibrium on a field white and slippery with snow that had been falling all afternoon—and was continuing to fall—and drove a forty-nine-yard field goal high over the center of the crossbar. The next week, the Giants won the playoff game with Cleveland, 10–0, and Summerall kicked a twenty-six-yard field goal in that one. The week after that, they played the Baltimore Colts in the well-remembered championship game that the Colts pulled out 23–17 in sudden-death overtime, then used only in championship games.

Summerall, a polite, companionable man who wears his erudition lightly, comes from Lake City, in northern Florida. An offensive end who was a proficient receiver and blocker, he punted for his high-school team but didn't do the placekicking—he wasn't as good at it as one of his teammates. He went to the University of Arkansas on a football-and-basketball scholarship, and there he majored in Russian history and did do some placekicking. When he was a sophomore, the player who was doing the kicking off was having his troubles, and the coach invited all the members of the squad who were interested in kicking to come out to practice early the next day. Summerall went out, and he got the job. He kicked off and he kicked field goals, but another player kicked the extra points. Comparatively little attention was given to placekicking by most colleges in those days. For example, in the 1951 season, his senior year, Summerall led all the college kickers in field goals with four. When he moved up into the N.F.L. as an end and a kicker, some of the professional teams still did not recognize the value of placekicking. When he was with the Chicago Cardinals, Summerall found it difficult to get anyone to hold the ball for him in practice, and no one wanted to shag balls for him. After five years with the Cardinals, he was traded to the Giants, and he played four years with them. With the Giants, he developed into a superior kicker, partly because he worked with Ray Wietecha, an exceptionally good center, and Charlie Conerly, whom Summerall reverently regards as one of the best holders ever. During most of the off-seasons in his decade in the N.F.L., Summerall returned to Lake

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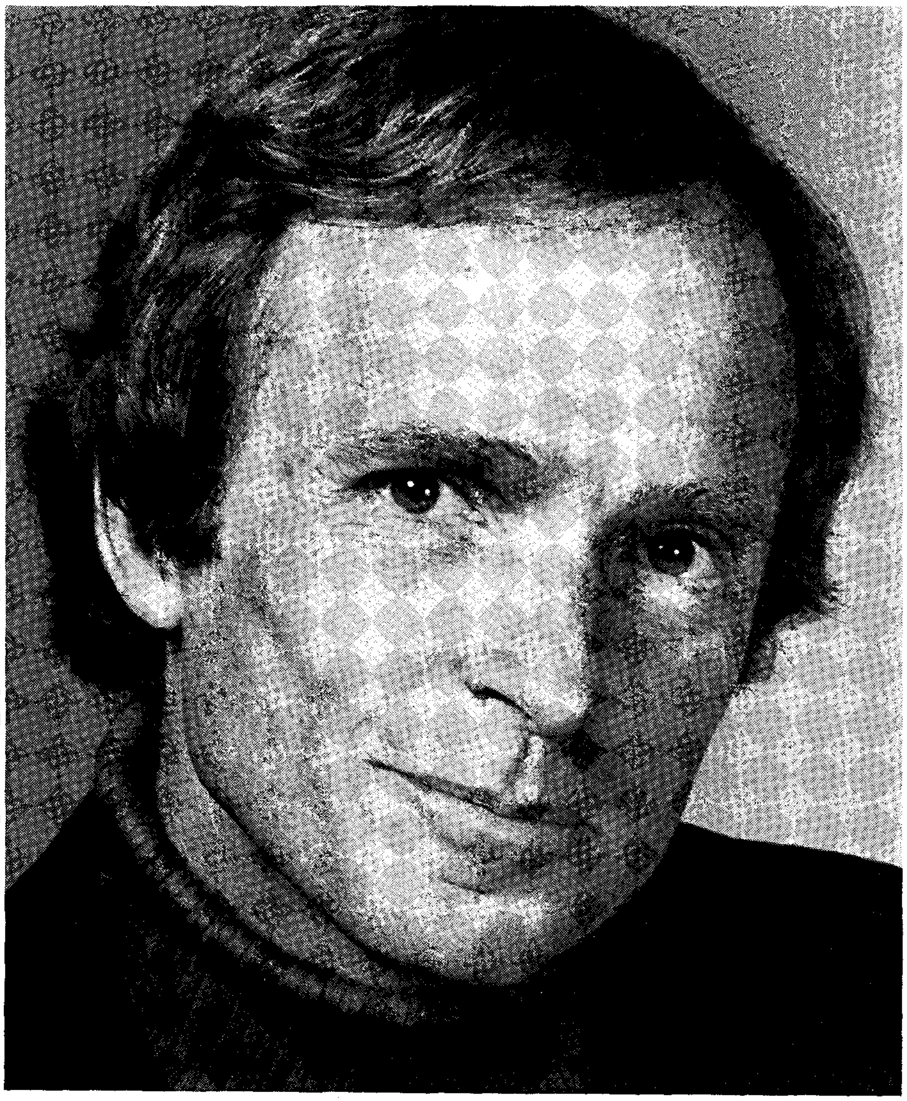

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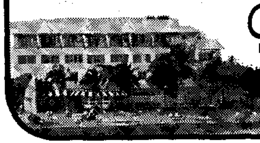

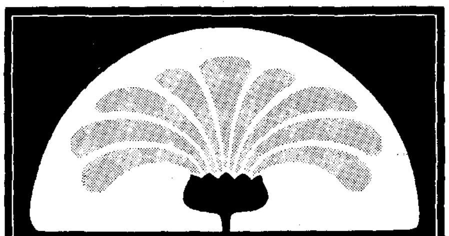

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City and taught English in the junior high school. He is not your average professional football player.

During our conversations, Summerall had many fascinating things to say about placekicking. Here are a few that I remember particularly.

On what makes a good placekicker: "There are a lot of big, strong athletes in pro football, but having brute strength in your legs doesn't mean that you're going to be a great kicker, any more than being big and strong means that you're going to be able to hit a golf ball a long way. Working on your technique helps, but you must have the gift of timing in order to get the tremendous pop the best kickers get at impact."

On Tom Landry's advice about kicking: "Landry was my kicking coach with the Giants. When he got the coaching job with the new expansion team in Dallas, he called me and said, 'You may beat me in the future with what I'm going to tell you. However, we've worked very well together, and I want you to understand a couple of basic points about your kicking. If you miss to the right, it's because you're coming in to the ball with your toe open. Conversely, if you miss to the left it's because you're *compensating* for that and have closed your toe. Find someone who knows placekicking. Have him watch you. Never *kick without supervision.*' "

On the arc of the ball: "One of the advantages the straight-on kickers had over most of the early sidewinders was that *they* could get the ball up quickly. When you see Mark Moseley, he brings this to mind. He gets it up very high. Moseley, by the way, has the cleats on his kicking shoe ground down. Stenerud was a better technician than the other early soccer-style kickers. He could get the ball up quickly because he came in to it at less of an angle—about a thirty-degree angle—and because he met the ball higher on his instep. The kids today kick that way."

On controlling the ball: "I think the modern soccer-style kicker tends to be more accurate as well as more powerful than the straight-ahead kicker. He gets more of the surface of his foot on the ball."

On Tony Franklin: "I got to see Franklin early in his career. I happened to broadcast the 1977 Sun Bowl game, in which he kicked a sixty-two-yard goal. Franklin's surprising power, as I see it, comes from the very big body swing he makes coming in to

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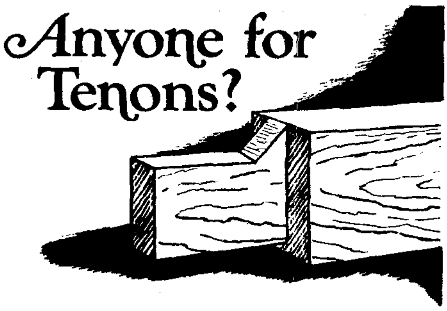

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and through the ball, and, along with that, his speed and timing. The only thing I've ever noticed about his bare foot is that after a warmup in which he's kicked a lot of balls there's a bright-red spot at the top of his instep."

On the best kickers under pressure: "You have to start with Groza. And Blanda. Stenerud, for sure. Yepremian—he could do it. I'd add one more: Moseley."

On bringing a young kicker along: "The importance of the mental side of kicking cannot be overemphasized. If I were coaching a kid—assuming he had all the physical attributes necessary—I would start him kicking under pressure from no farther than twenty yards out. The idea would be to let him be successful under pressure early. Let him start to believe in himself early. Then, later on, I'd move him back, after he'd experienced success, after he'd made a few with the heat on. At that point, he could begin to work on developing his range."

WITH the exception of the game between the San Diego Chargers and the Oakland Raiders that took place December 21st on Monday Night Football, the N.F.L.'s regular season came to a close on the weekend of Saturday, December 19th, and Sunday, the 20th. With nothing on the line, the Eagles, rousing themselves from their late-season torpor, defeated the Cardinals, 38–0. Franklin's main contribution was a forty-four-yard field goal. The best game of the weekend was the Giants' 13–10 victory over the Cowboys in sudden-death overtime. It helped put the Giants into the playoffs for the first time in eighteen years. Summerall, in partnership with John Madden, the former coach of the Raiders, broadcast this clash, in which, almost from the opening whistle, the shape of the game and its outcome depended on placekicking. Briefly, Joe Danelo, the Giants' strong-legged kicker, missed two short field goals in the first quarter, which would have put the Giants in front. However, with the Giants behind 10–7 and only twenty-five seconds left in the game, Danelo tied the score with a forty-yard goal. Four minutes into overtime, he had a crack at a thirty-three yarder that would have won the game. His kick hit the right goalpost. Some two minutes later, an interception by the Giants provided him with another opportunity, this one from thirty-five yards out, and this

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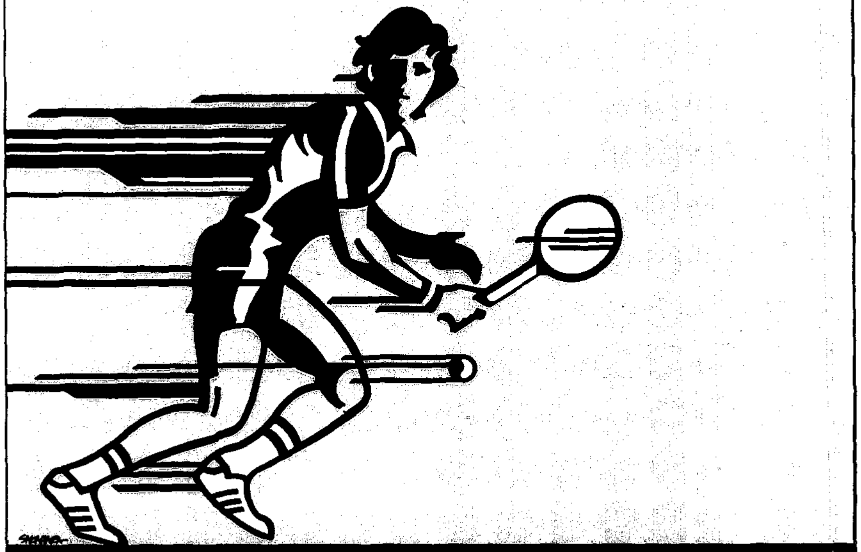

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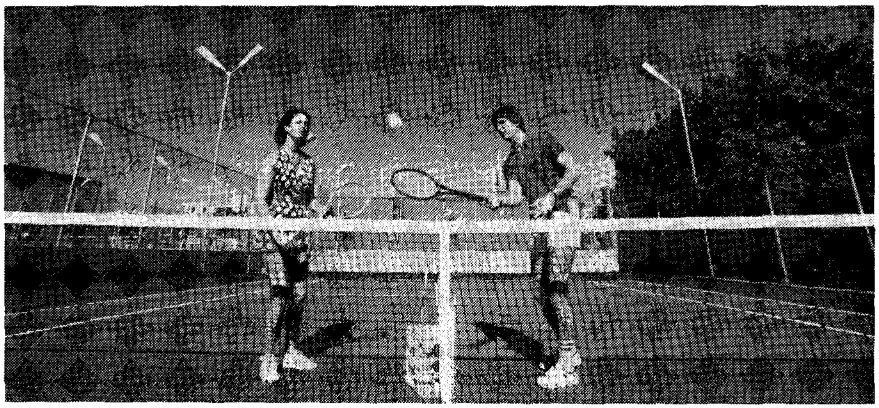

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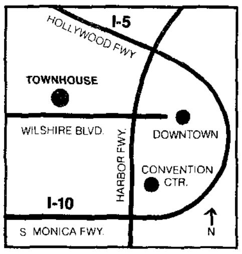

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time Danelo's kick was perfect. The following weekend, when the four wild-card teams met in the opening round of the playoffs, Summerall and Madden did the broadcast of the Eagles-Giants game. After the Giants had jumped in front 20–0 in the first quarter, the Eagles rallied and, with two minutes and fifty-one seconds left to play, trailed by only six points, 27–21. (Franklin, in order to gain more traction on the rain-soaked field, wore a shoe on his right foot when he kicked off to start the game—the first time he had done this since coming to the Eagles. He kicked off one more time wearing the shoe, but on subsequent kickoffs and on all points after touchdown he kicked barefoot. He had no chances for a field goal.) The Eagles' comeback set up a situation in which a touchdown and a point after touchdown in the final minutes would have won the game for them, since, following the Giants' first touchdown, Scott Brunner, the Giants' quarterback, had mishandled the ball on the try for the point after touchdown and Danelo's kick had been blocked. When I talked with Summerall on the phone a couple of days after the game, at his home in Lake City, he went into some interesting detail on the missed conversion. "The field was wet and the ball was slippery, but Brunner had no trouble with the snap," he said. "Brunner had set the ball up and was holding it with the index finger of his left hand. Then, when he tried to spin the ball around with his right hand and get the laces to the front, the ball slipped down. It was lying flat on the ground when Danelo kicked it. Even a good kicker can't do much when a ball is in that position. Danelo got the ball up but not very high, and it was smothered by the Eagles' line. That missed conversion loomed larger and larger after the Eagles had got back into the game, and it made the last quarter an exciting one."

I talked with Summerall again a week later. The previous Sunday, he and Madden had been in San Francisco working a semifinal game of the National Conference playoffs between the Giants and the Forty-Niners, which the latter won 38–24. We talked a bit about that game and also about the thrilling 41–38 overtime struggle that same weekend between the Chargers and the Dolphins, a valid classic in which victory and defeat had hung on three field-goal attempts that were missed and, eventually, on one that was made. Summerall, how-

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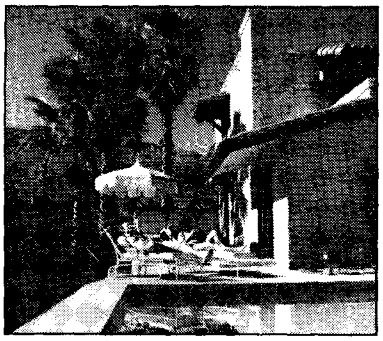

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ever, seemed to be looking ahead already to the National Conference championship game the coming Sunday, and, beyond that, to the Super Bowl two weeks later, when the American Conference champions will meet the National Conference champions. (He and Madden have been selected to broadcast it on television.) "There have been surprisingly few Super Bowls, you know, in which the field goal has been a significant factor, and they took place a while ago," he said. "In Super Bowl II, in January, 1968, Don Chandler kicked four field goals—including two fairly long ones—that helped Green Bay beat Oakland. In Super Bowl III, when the Jets upset Baltimore 16–7, Jim Turner made three field goals, and Stenerud made three the next year when Kansas City defeated Minnesota. Then in 1971, in Super Bowl V, for the first and only time, the game was decided by a field goal. That year, you may remember, it was the Colts against the Cowboys, and in the final five seconds Jim O'Brien won the game for the Colts, 16–13, with a thirty-two yard kick. But all that is eleven years ago."

I asked Summerall if he thought we might be seeing a good deal of place-kicking in Super Bowl XVI. "We might," he said. "The game will be played on AstroTurf in the Silverdome in Pontiac, outside Detroit, and artificial surfaces and enclosed stadiums are advantages for kickers. As you'd expect, the four teams still in the running have excellent kickers—Jim Breech of Cincinnati, Rafael Septien of Dallas, Ray Wersching of San Francisco, Rolf Benirschke of San Diego. In my opinion, Septien is probably the most consistent kicker in football. But then, you never know how many opportunities for field goals will arise. It all depends on the pattern a game takes as it develops, and there's no knowing what that will be. One thing is certain: when you bear in mind the tremendous mental and emotional pressure the players are under in the Super Bowl, there's no such thing as an easy field goal."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

In short, reading Phyllis Diller on aging is sort of like blowing up a balloon and then stretching out your neck to let the air escape in a squeal—you know what it's going to sound like, but you still get a big charge out of it.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer.*

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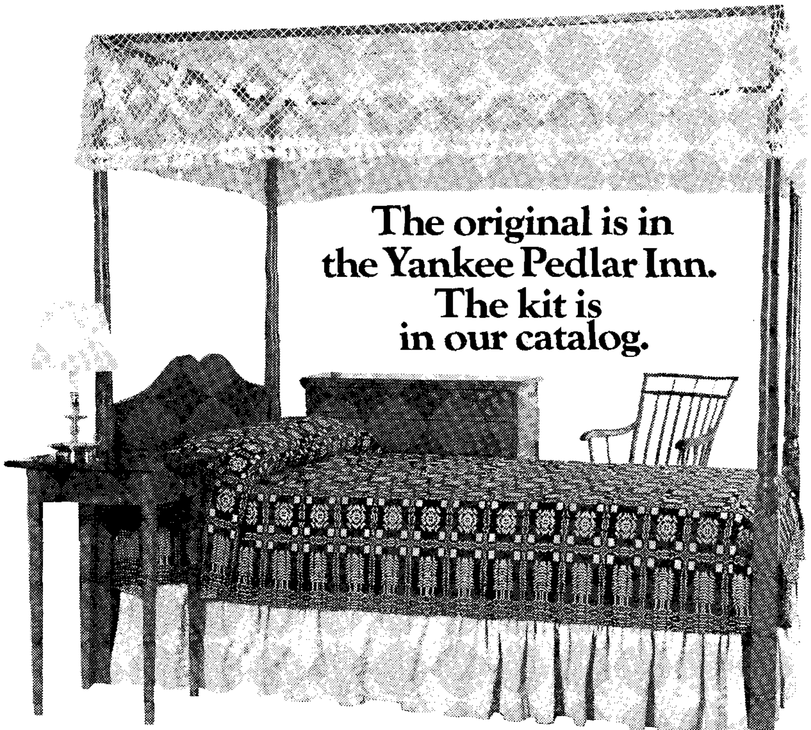

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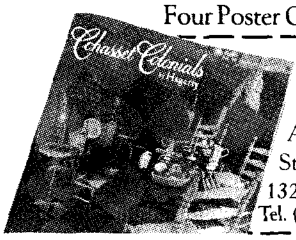

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Shoot the Moon

THERE wasn't a single scene in the English director Alan Parker's first three feature films ("Bugsy Malone," "Midnight Express," "Fame") that I thought rang true; there isn't a scene in his new picture, "Shoot the Moon," that I think rings false. I'm a little afraid to say how good I think "Shoot the Moon" is—I don't want to set up the kind of bad magic that might cause people to say they were led to expect so much that they were disappointed. But I'm even more afraid that I can't come near doing this picture justice. The characters in "Shoot the Moon," which was written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. They're torn—bleeding—from inside Bo Goldman and Alan Parker and the two stars, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney, and others in the cast.

Diane Keaton is Faith Dunlap, and Finney is her husband, George. The Dunlaps have been married about fifteen years and have four school-age daughters. George is a nonfiction writer who's had a rough time, whipping up free-lance articles to meet the bills. But now he has become reputable, and they are doing better financially and are comfortable in their big old house in Marin County, across the bay from San Francisco. Their relationship has become poisoned, though. Faith knows all George's weaknesses and failures, and her knowledge eats away at his confidence. "You always remember the wrong things," he tells her. So he's having an affair, and feeling so rotten about it that he sobs when he's alone. And though he tries to keep the affair secret from Faith, she learns about it and is devastated. She can't look at him; her anxious eyes turn away. When he says, "You look really pretty," she can't stop herself from saying, "You seem surprised." Her angry misery is almost like a debauch; it makes her appear sodden. When she's with him, her face sinks—it's the dead weight of her sense of loss. At a book-awards ceremony in San Francisco, she overhears photographers who have taken pictures of the two of them decide on the caption "George Dunlap and friend." She blurts out, "I'm not his friend. I'm his wife." The movie begins on the eve of the day when she drives him out of the house, and it covers the next months of separation.

Their oldest daughter, the thirteen-year-old Sherry (Dana Hill), who has known about her father's adultery, feels that it's treachery to her and to the whole family. She can't forgive him, and after he has moved out she refuses to talk with him or to go along when he drives the younger girls to school or takes them away for the weekend. She shuts him out of her life, and the bond he feels with her is so strong that this is even more intolerable to him than being shut out of his own home. The other girls are sunshiny, but Sherry's face goes slack, and she looks burned out, like her mother. Faith, though, can look young and animated when she isn't with George; the years just fall away when she smiles her ravishing, clown's smile. Sherry's mood doesn't lift. She has had the most love and the most pain. She's the embodiment of what went wrong between her parents, and she's always there.

The movie isn't labored, like Ingmar Bergman's "Scenes from a Marriage." It's essentially the story of the husband and father as supplicant for re-admission into the family, but it touches on things without seeming to address them directly. It's like a person with many sides. There are gags that pay off and keep on paying off—they turn into motifs. And sometimes the lines of dialogue that seem funny or ironic go through a variation or two and become lyrical. Parker has caught the essence of Bo Goldman's melancholic tone in the theme music—"Don't Blame Me," picked out on the piano with one finger. That, too, is turned into a joke and then has its original tone restored. There's an amazingly risky sequence, set in the restaurant of a Northern California inn, where George and Faith meet by chance and have a rowdy spat that's played off against

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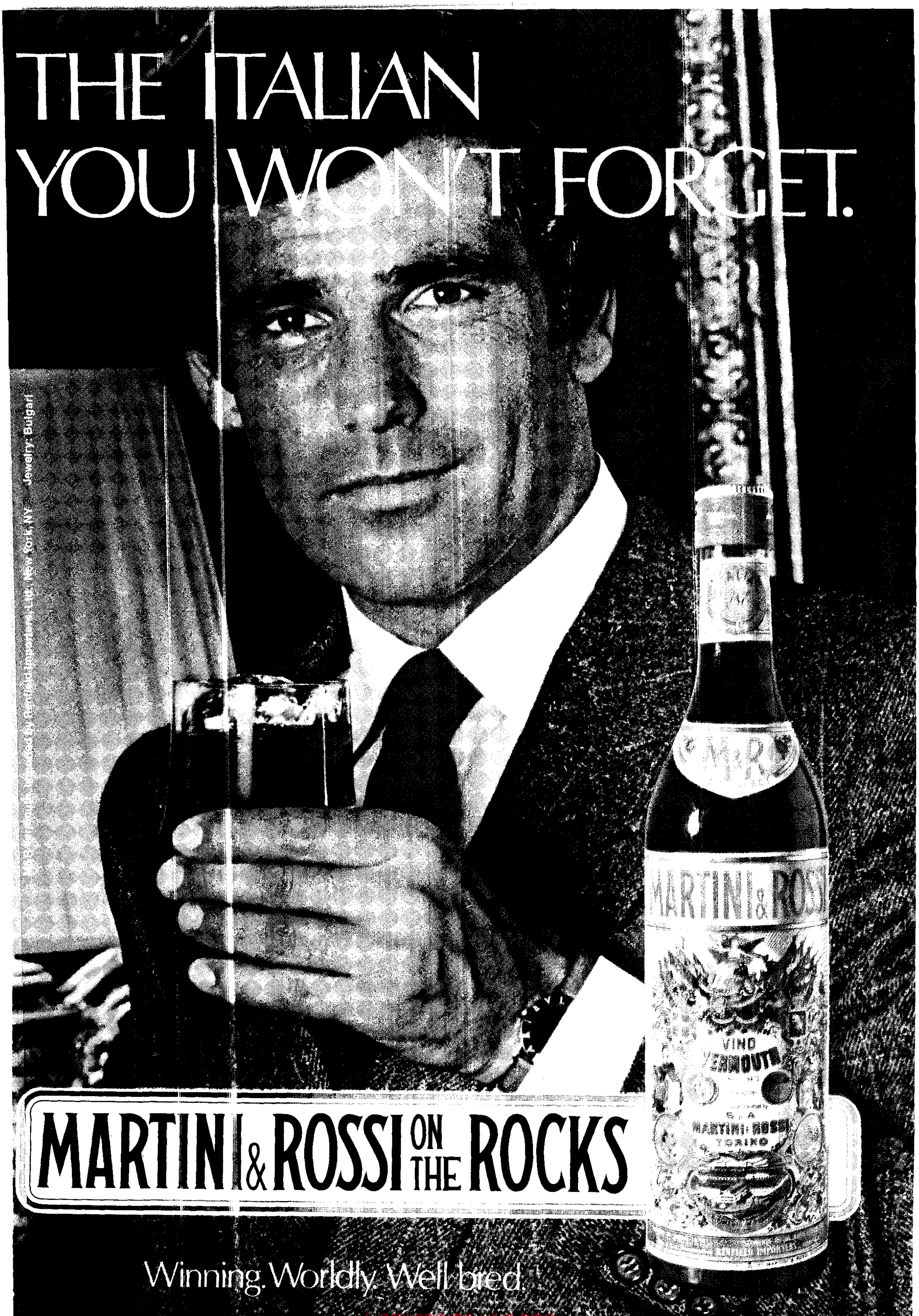THE ITALIAN YOU WON'T FORGET.
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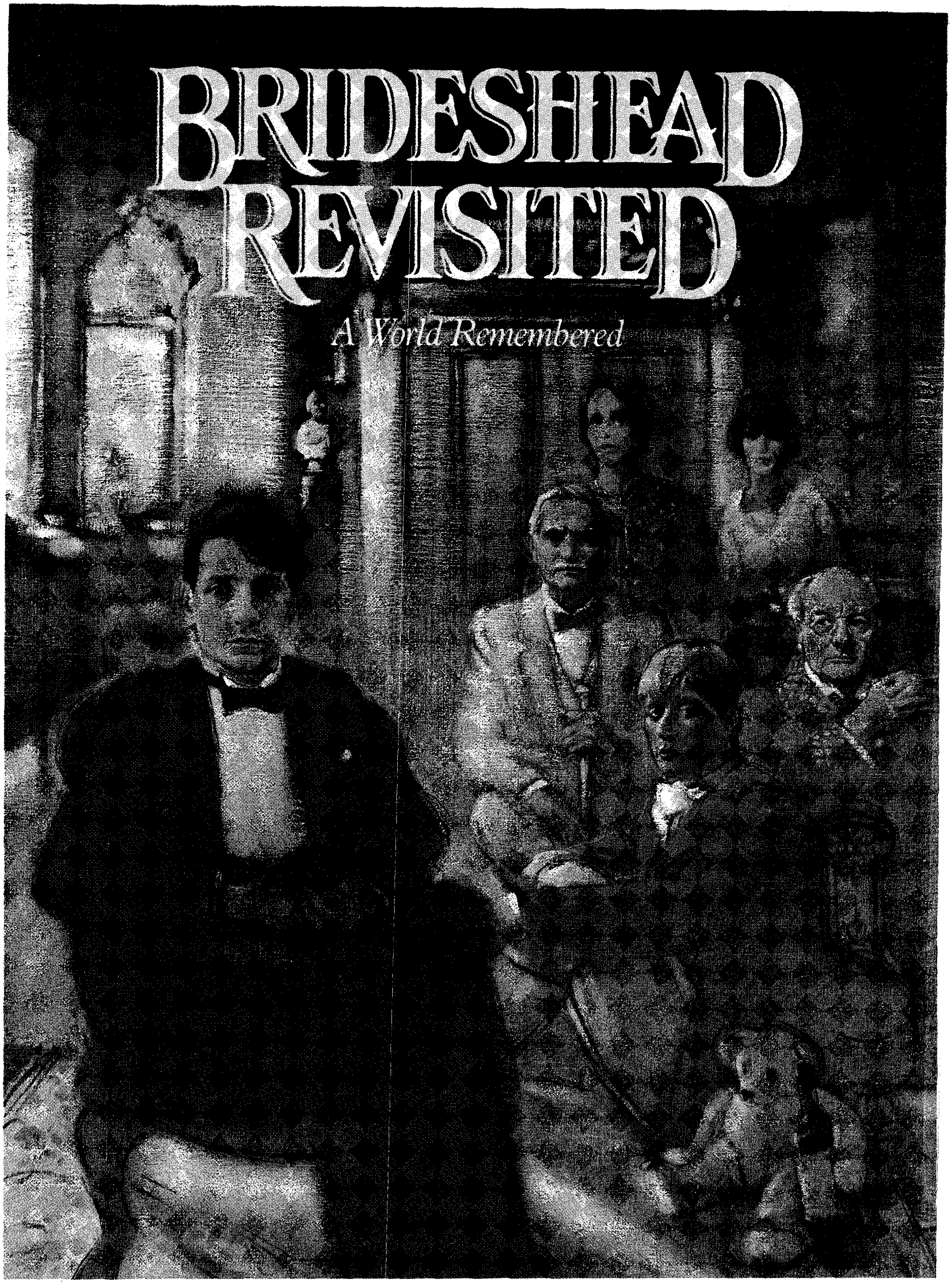
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screwball-comedy circumstances, with an elderly, quavering-voiced woman singer using the theme song in a hopeless attempt to drown out their shouting, and a man at the next table taking exception to their loud use of vulgar language. Many of the scenes have details that touch off very personal feelings: George pulling down the note pad that hangs on a string in his car to write excuses for his children's being late to school; one of the girls leaning toward "The Wizard of Oz" on the TV and chanting the Wicked Witch's threats slightly ahead of Margaret Hamilton. In this movie, the people have resources; they try things out. They take a step forward, and then maybe they move back. The tension that George feels with Faith is gone when he's with his perfectly shallow new lover (Karen Allen). She tells him, "You're my friend, George. I like you. I love you. And if you don't come through I'll find somebody else." She means it; she's adaptable.

The kids had a real presence in Bo Goldman's script for "Melvin and Howard" (his other screen credits include co-writing "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "The Rose"), and they have an even stronger one here. The family has been close in the loose, Northern California manner; the kids talk as freely as the parents do, and they're at ease, the way the house is. The girls have moments of imitating their high-and-mighty and short-tempered parents and then dissolving in giggles; they bitch each other heartlessly and then do something in perfect unison. When they squeal and carry on as they watch their parents on TV at the book awards, you know that this movie was written from observation and directed that way, too. The interaction of the four girls with each other and with their parents and the interaction of the girls with each parent's new lover are part of the substance of the movie. Alan Parker has four children, and Bo Goldman is the father of six; that may be the bond that made "Shoot the Moon" possible. This movie isn't just about marriage; it's about the family that is created, and how that whole family reacts to the knotted, disintegrating relationship of the parents. The children's world—a world of fragmented, displaced understanding—overlaps that of the adults and comments on it. And the texture of domestic scenes with bright, sensitive kids squabbling and testing keeps the film in balance. Bo Goldman has too much

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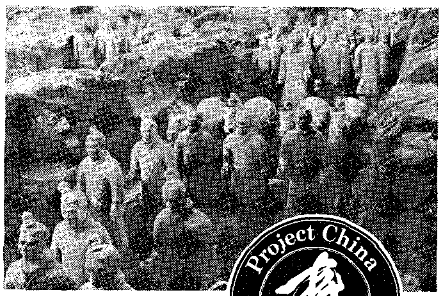

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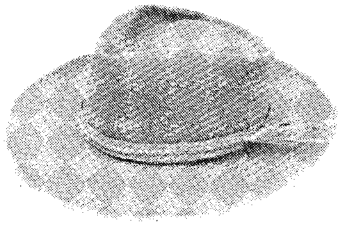

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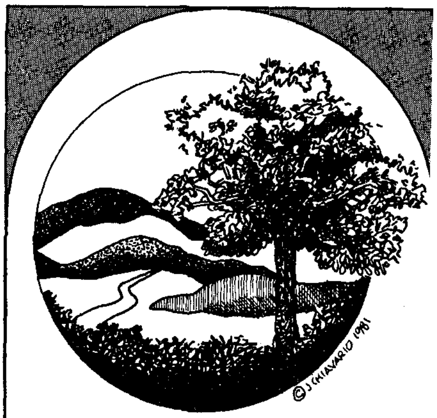
theatrical richness in his writing to make an audience suffer. He lets people be the entertainers that they are in life.

The four girls are inventive—they slip in and out of roles. Instinctive vaudevillians, they're always onstage. And whenever they're around, the movie is a variety show. Faith is sensitive to the comedy and drama of her family—she's constantly soothing and adjusting, and helping the seven-year-old get equal billing. When the morose, separated George takes the three younger kids out, he works so conscientiously to keep them happy that he sounds completely false; they feel his strain and try to humor him. When they're with him and his new lady, they try to play their parts, to keep tension to a minimum. (The comedy here is in how transparently they assume these roles.) And the sign of Sherry's confusion is her insistence on bringing up just the things nobody wants to have brought up, on forcing her parents into bad scenes. Yet she is never a pain. She keeps the atmosphere raw, and rawness is what makes this movie get to you.

Albert Finney, who has been sleepwalking in his recent movie appearances, is awake and trying out his reflexes. There's a profound difference in Finney; this is not a performance one might have expected from him. He uses all the impacted sloth and rage that show in the sag and weight of his big, handsome face. Locked out, George looks stunned, as if he'd been hit over the head—you can see the emotions fermenting in him that he himself isn't conscious of. He doesn't know that he's going to explode when he does. In a sequence in which he goes to the house doggedly determined to give Sherry her birthday present, Faith tells him that Sherry won't see him, and bolts the door. All he knows is that he has to get to Sherry. He kicks at the door and then he suddenly smashes a glass panel, sticks his arm in and pushes the bolt, rushes upstairs, grabs the child and spanks her, brutally. Sherry reaches for a scissors and holds him off with it. And then they huddle together, sobbing, and he, unforgiven, caresses her, pleading for a chance. It's one of the saddest, greatest love scenes ever put on film; you feel you've lived it, or lived something so close to its emotional core that you know everything each of them is going through. When George leaves, in disgrace, he trudges out carrying the present; then, a few paces away from the lighted house, he suddenly breaks into a run. Both as a



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haracter and as an actor, Finney
ems startled and appalled by what
as been let loose in him. His scenes
em to be happening right in front of
s—you watch him with the appre-
ensiveness that you might feel at a
ve telecast. Keaton is Faith, but Fin-
ey seems both George and Finney.
e's an actor possessed by a great role
-pulled into it kicking and scream-
g, by his own guts.

Diane Keaton may be a star without
nity: she's so completely challenged
the role of Faith that all she cares
out is getting the character right.
aith's eyes are squinched and you
n see the crow's-feet; at times her
ce is bloated from depression, and
e has the crumbling-plaster look of
old woman. Keaton is tall but not
g, yet she gives you a feeling of
ze—of being planted and rooted,
hile George is buffeted about. He
esn't know how he was cast loose or
hat he's doing at sea. He has done it
himself and he can't figure out why.
hroughout the movie, he's looking
r a dock—he's reaching out to his
ife. But Faith is unyielding; she
esn't want more pain. Very few
ung American movie actresses have
e strength and the instinct for the
ughest dramatic roles—intelligent,
phisticated heroines. Jane Fonda
d, around the time that she appeared
"Klute" and "They Shoot Horses,
on't They?," but that was more than
n years ago. There hasn't been any-
dy else until now. Diane Keaton
ts on a different plane from that of
r previous film roles; she brings the
aracter a full measure of dread and
vareness, and does it in a special,
tuitive way that's right for screen
ting. Nothing looks rehearsed, yet
s all fully created. She has a scene
one in the house in the early days of
e separation—soaking in a tub,
oking a joint and singing faintly (a
atles song—"If I Fell"), getting
t to answer the phone, and then just
anding listlessly, wiping off her
udged eyeliner. It's worthy of a
an Rhys heroine; her eyes are infi-
tely sad—she's cracking, and you
n sense the cold, windy remnants of
ssion that are cracking her. But this
ne is a lull between wars. Faith is
rely alone: she still has her life
ound her—she has the kids and the
use. (And that house, with its serene
w, is itself a presence; it's upsetting
en George smashes the door.)
ith can ignore George and start
ving a good time with a rather
nple new fellow (Peter Weller)—a

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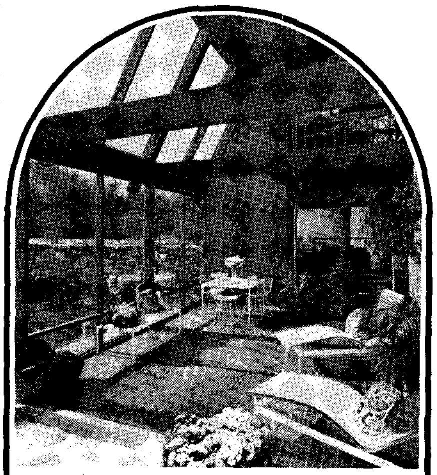
workman-contractor who puts up a tennis court for her in the grove next to the house. But George can't ignore her, because she's still holding so much of his life—the kids, the house, all the instinctive adaptations they had made to each other. George can't take anything for granted anymore.

Alan Parker and Bo Goldman circle around the characters, observing their moves and gestures toward each other; the movie is about the processes of adaptation. That's why that sequence at the inn is so funny and satisfying. In "Melvin and Howard," it was a great moment when Howard Hughes got past his contempt for Melvin and they spoke together about the smell of the desert after the rain, and finally were friends and so close that they didn't need to talk. In "Shoot the Moon," the only time that George and Faith reconnect is in their drunken dinner at the inn when they start eating out of the same plate and yell at each other, and then they wind up in bed together. What a relief it is for George—for a few hours he can live on instinct again.

This film may recall Irvin Kershner's 1970 "Loving"—a story of separating that had a high level of manic pain. But the wife in that (played with great delicacy by Eva Marie Saint) wasn't the powerhouse that Faith is. Faith doesn't back down when she and George fight, and her angry silence is much stronger than George's desperate chatter—Faith has no guilt. "Shoot the Moon" may also call up memories of "Long Day's Journey Into Night," in the theatre or on the screen. But in that, too, the husband held the power. George is powerless. He has an extraordinary reconciliation scene with Sherry: she runs away from her mother on the night of a party celebrating the completion of the tennis court, and comes to find him, and they talk together on a pier, sitting quietly, with George's brown cardigan pulled around them both to keep out the chill. But when he takes Sherry back home and sees Faith and her lover and their guests and the strings of festive lights on the tennis court, he's filled with a balky, despairing rage—you can almost see his blood vessels engorging. He has been stripped of too much of his life; throughout the film he has been losing emotional control, breaking down—he can't adapt.

Alan Parker doesn't try to rush things or to prove himself. His energy doesn't come all the way through to



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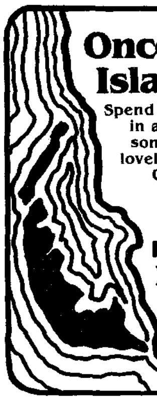

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the surface, as an American director's might; it stays under, and it's evenly distributed. George becomes resentful of any sign of change in Faith's or the children's lives, but the film doesn't over-emote—it looks at him and at the others very steadily. It's a measure of the quality of Parker's direction that no one in the picture asks for the audience's sympathy. When George is self-pitying, as he is in a sequence of visiting the ruins of Jack London's house and telling his kids what a great author London was and how someone set fire to the house the night before the great author was supposed to move in, his maudlin tone is played off against the girls' questions and remarks about London's marriages and children; they all project their own feelings onto the Londons—it becomes a comedy routine. This is an unapologetically grownup movie. Though Alan Parker doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness, and in its assumption that the members of the movie audience, like the readers of modern fiction, share in that consciousness.

Probably Parker couldn't have brought it all off with such subtlety and discretion if he hadn't had the collaborators who were with him on his other features—the producer Alan Marshall, the cinematographer Michael Seresin, the production designer Geoffrey Kirkland, and the editor Gerry Hambling. They must have helped free him to devote his full attention to the cast. He directs the actors superbly. Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary, and, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's Sherry is perhaps equally fine. And the three child actresses—Viveka Davis as Jill, Tracey Gold as Marianne, and Tina Yothers as Molly—are a convincing group of sisters and the very best kind of running gag. Even George Murdock, who has a single appearance as Faith's dying father, is remarkable—the old man has a clear head. Parker has created a completely believable family and environment (the picture was all shot on location), and he has done it in the wet days and foggy light of a country and a culture that aren't his own. And he has given us a movie about separating that is perhaps the most revealing American movie of the era. "Shoot the Moon" assumes the intelligence of the audience, as "Bonnie and Clyde" did; it assumes that people don't need to have basic emotions labelled or explained to them. When you see "Shoot the Moon," you recognize yourself in it. If there's a key to the movie, it's in one simple dialogue exchange. It comes at the inn when George and Faith are in bed, lying next to each other after making love. She talks about how much she used to love him, and then:

FAITH: Just now for an instant there—I don't know—you made me laugh, George—you were kind.

GEORGE: You're right, I'm not kind anymore.

FAITH: Me neither.

GEORGE: You're kind to strangers.

FAITH: Strangers are easy.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

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of a gold light in one window, two abreast,
and disappear into it

through another, the sound
of hooves on pavement, many of them.
It goes away, slowly, opening
the place up

and out. I am watching
the buildings become buildings
again. They empty into the streets,
the streets into cabs—the streets
are full of empty cabs, always
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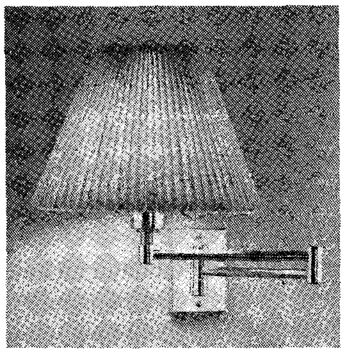

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MUSICAL EVENTS

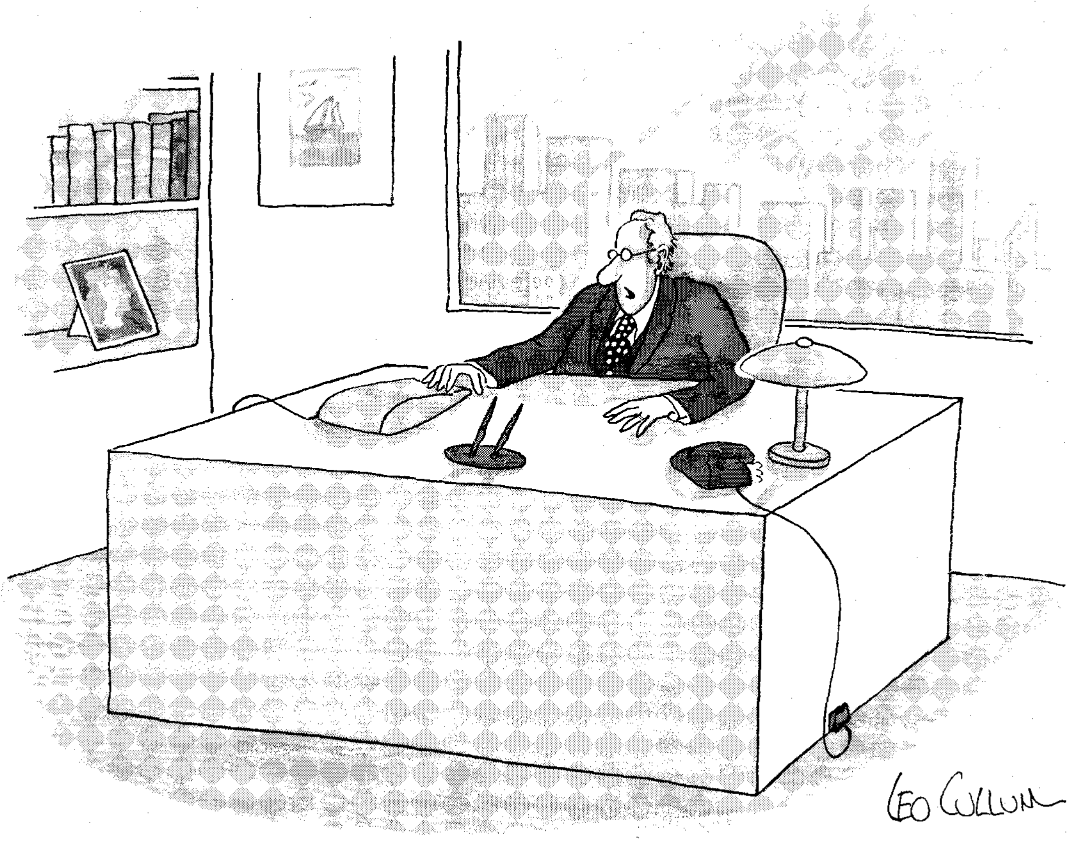
Graceful, Passionate, Poetic

SAMUEL BARBER'S last composition, completed in short score in 1978, soon after the Third Essay for Orchestra, was an eight-minute piece for oboe and string orchestra, intended to be the middle movement of an oboe concerto—one of the Philharmonic's series of concerto commissions for its own members to play. But the outer movements were not written. The piece, put into full score after Barber's death, last year, by his pupil and friend Charles Turner, now stands on its own, with the title "Canzonetta." The Philharmonic, under Zubin Mehta, gave the first performance last month, with Harold Gomberg, the orchestra's first oboe from 1943 to 1977, as the soloist. It is a graceful and endearing work, based on a charming and shapely lyrical melody, deftly treated. It needs, I think, a simpler and more modest kind of interpretation than Mr. Gomberg's. His phrasing was emphatic, and he did some odd things to the score: appropriated a first-violin line, and turned some measured strains into a free-tempo cadenza. Barber was a fastidious and sure artist. "Canzonetta" is slight but elegantly written. A week or two before, while I was in England, I listened to his early String Quartet (1936) played by the Lindsay String Quartet in a concert broadcast from Birmingham. Its Adagio, rescored for full strings, has become famous; the movement sounds even better with the lean, careful original textures. The outer movements show buoyant invention. The concert began with Haydn's Opus 71, No. 2. The alert, invigorating performance confirmed the Lindsay's high reputation, and confirmed that at its rather disappointing New York recital earlier this season it was indeed below top form.

The International String Quartet, a Bloomington-born group, last month played Richard Felciano's "Crystal," a delicate and poetic study in sonorities and spacings, at the first of two Carnegie Recital Hall concerts. "Crystal" was commissioned for the International by Brown University, where it is quartet-in-residence. There followed a strong, polished performance of Bartók's First Quartet. The second half was Beethoven's C-Sharp Minor. This performance, too, was polished, but it lacked character. The International has well-nigh flawless intonation and excellent ensemble. Its tone is sweet and true. But there was no energy of thought in the discourse—only a series of "problems" smoothly and efficiently solved. I felt so unsatisfied that after the concert I listened to—of course—the Busch recording. Few live chamber-music concerts provide so keen and exquisite a delight as does hearing a fine Haydn quartet at home, on radio or phonograph—light and temperature adjusted to one's needs. Few live Beethoven-quartet performances are given in halls silent enough and before audiences still enough tc allow undisturbed, unfaltering concentration on the music.

I WAS in London to hear some French opera. Last year was a French-opera year there: "L'Africaine," "Samson et Dalila," Gluck's "Alceste," and (presented by the English Bach Festival) "Castor et Pollux" at Covent Garden; "Roméo e Juliette," "Louise," and "Pelléas" a the English National Opera. In the last five days of November, one could choose, in London alone, between the new productions of "Alceste," "Louise," and "Pelléas," and "Tosca' (with Domingo), "The Seven Deadly Sins" and "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," Pauline Viardot's "Cendrillon,' Alessandro Scarlatti's "Il Trionfo dell'Onore," Malcolm Williamson's "English Eccentrics," Lars Johan Werle's "Dreaming About Thérèse," "Falstaff," and the Nationa Theatre's new "Oresteia," with a score b Harrison Birtwistle That's a lot of music drama in just four days (On the Sunday, ther were no theatrica performances, bu Covent Garden put on gala concert with Joa Sutherland.) I wen to "Alceste," "Louise, and "Pelléas," an otherwise spent muc time in front of th radio catching up o what had been happening in the wide world o music. (If only Americ had something like th BBC—and somethin like a *Radio Times* t make planned listenin possible!)

"Alceste" is Gluck



"Good morning, Miss Ferguson. I'd like to leave a 5 P.M. wake-up call."

noblest and most ambitious opera. In Paris earlier this century, the big dramatic sopranos—Félia Litvinne, Germaine Lubin—sang it. Marjorie Lawrence sang it at the Met in 1941, and in 1952 it was as Alcestis that Kirsten Flagstad made her Met farewell, singing the part in English. Janet Baker chose Alcestis for her Covent Garden farewell. (She has announced her retirement from the stage—but not from the concert platform—with this Alcestis, Donizetti's Mary Stuart at the English National in the spring, and then Gluck's Orpheus at Glyndebourne this summer.) Alcestis' solos were transposed down a tone for her (all but "Divinités du Styx," which remained in B-flat)—not as far down as they were for Pauline Viardot in 1861, but enough to alter their heroic-soprano character. No matter: Dame Janet is our "classical" opera heroine—or hero—par excellence, the most vivid Dido (both Purcell's and Berlioz's), Diana (Cavalli's), Orpheus, Penelope (Monteverdi's; would she had also undertaken Fauré's), Idamantes, and Vitellia of our day. She commands the qualities of directness, force, and intensity. She gives passionate expression to the words and to the musical lines. She combines wholehearted generosity with dignity, control, and an eschewal of anything sentimental, showy, or false. She is the most honest of singers. I wish I had heard and seen her as Beethoven's Leonore—a part she has not tackled—even had it meant transpositions of the kind Malibran practiced in "Fidelio." She should have done it with Jon Vickers as Florestan. He is in some ways her male match—in force, expressiveness, ardor, honesty, and passion. (There is a difference. Mr. Vickers sometimes pushes too far and cracks the mold of the role he appears in.) I have followed Miss Baker's career from her début, in 1956, in the Oxford University Opera Club's production of Smetana's "The Secret." I missed some things: the Dorabella in Scotland, Walton's Cressida at Covent Garden, the Charlotte at the English National (but not the wonderful early Handel performances in London and Birmingham). And I've not always been a no-reservations admirer; some "but"s have appeared in my reviews. She is in the company of Flagstad, Astrid Varnay, Callas, Hans Hotter, Vickers—indelible singers I'm glad I'm old enough to have heard and seen on the stage. For various reasons, Dame Janet has shunned the Ameri-

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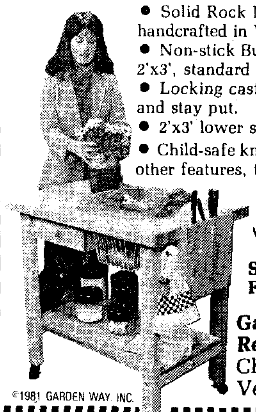

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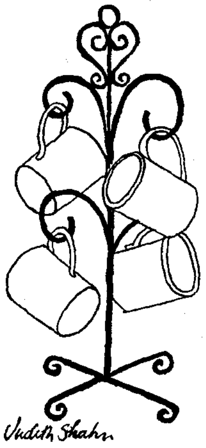
can opera houses. It was well worth crossing the Atlantic to hear her Alcestis.

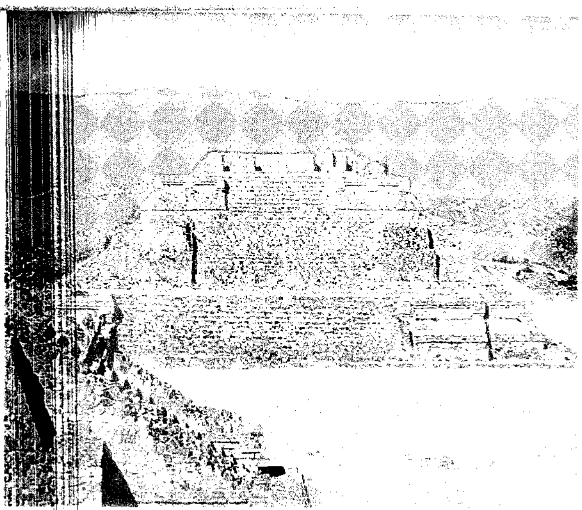
Let me get three "but"s out of the way. First, for good but sometimes also for ill, Dame Janet is a potently dramatic but not a conventionally "theatrical" performer, and in operas that need a touch or two of flashy showmanship—"Maria Stuarda" among them—she lacks flamboyance. Second, she is at her very best singing in English (as she sang Octavian, Berlioz's Dido, his Margaret). She has learned languages and certainly knows how to use them, but it is by mother-tongue communication that she touches audiences most deeply. The Covent Garden "Alceste" was sung in French. Third, she sometimes seems rapt in her roles with a single-mindedness, a self-absorption, that sets her aside from the circumstances of the actual performance on the boards around her. It enhanced her Penelope, that isolate heroine whose thoughts are ever on the absent Ulysses. It worked wonderfully for the single-minded, self-absorbed *Vitellia*. But as *Alcestis*, while in her solos she made her devotion to the idea of Admetus shiningly apparent, she conveyed little such love toward the actual, physical Admetus of the evening, Robert Tear. Perhaps I am being unfair. On the first night, Mr. Tear was ill; in the third act he stopped singing altogether and mimed his role while another tenor, David Hillman, sang the lines in from the pit. Could any Alcestis in such circumstances be wholly convincing? Yet when Regina Resnik sang Amneris, and Varnay sang Ortrud, and Callas sang Violetta, while they were onstage one seemed to see and even hear the others through *their* eyes and ears; everyone else, whether able or not, took life and light from them. Dame Janet is certainly a "transfigured" performer; onstage, she appears to be made of some finer, rarer substance than mere mortal clay. But she does not have that strange, compelling power that can transfigure everything around her. She herself was incandescent. Her recitatives were aflame. The lines of the arias were thrillingly molded. The voice is mature now, and not quite as fresh in timbre or as free as before, but it is still filled with beautiful, ample sounds that seem to touch the very nerve of feeling. At her soft phrases, the house held its breath. Her singing was fearless, generous, and marvellously detailed.



The production was vaguely, not confidently, neoclassical. Washes of romantic amber light sentimentalized Roger Butlin's scenes. Walls rising in mid-act like garage doors to allow entrances, and a chorus partly masked, partly not, suggested a timid compromise between tradition and "modernity." (I preferred the precise geometry of Hugh Casson's décor for the 1953 Glyndebourne "Alceste.") John Copley's staging was sensitive but rather soft. The chorus fell to often into compassionat clinches. There was a moment in Act II when court iers who should have bee onstage called in thei comment from the wing and irresistibly suggeste eavesdroppers at the roya keyhole. The importan dances and the final divin descent *in machina* wer muffed to a point where the aroused the audience's mirth. Bu Charles Mackerras is a marvellou Gluck conductor. That was apparen from the start of the overture. Pace accent, and utterance were precise an very exciting. He phrased with an elo quence to match the heroine's. Fron his modern orchestra he drew timbre skillfully adjusted to the music. H combined a scholar's understanding o the style with practical flair and grea dramatic instinct.

The Paris revision of "Alceste (1776), not the original Vienna scor (1767), was used, and for a larg house it is probably the right choice Few commentators have risked ex pressing a clear preference for eithe version; each of the two has its partic ular virtues—and drawbacks. Nobl and elevated and great as "Alceste" i it is also monotonous. As Ernest New man wrote, the opera "is preëminentl a drama of one idea; the burden of th play is sorrow and lamentation, whic simply shifts from Admetus at the be ginning of the drama to Alcestis in th subsequent acts." When Gluck revise the piece for Paris, he added som great things, and added, too, Hercule swashbuckling entry, which does a ford some contrast in Act III but di turbs the tone more awkwardly tha effectively. At Covent Garden, whe Alcestis herself was not onstage tinge of boredom was sometimes mi

Folkloric Dancing.



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gled with admiration for Gluck's long stretches of "noble simplicity."

THE English National Opera's "Louise," a co-production with the Opéra Royal of Liège, had clumsy, lumpish scenery, with side walls of mirror, designed by René Allio, and an unromantic Julien, John Treleaven. But it was superlatively well conducted, by Sylvain Cambreling—Charpentier's score became a long, captivating tone poem—and it had a bewitching heroine in Valerie Masterson. The dozens of bit parts brought forward one good piece of singing after another. The company is in fine shape.

"Pelléas" was directed by Harry Kupfer, of the Berlin Comic Opera, in décor by Reinhard Heinrich "based on designs by Peter Sykora," who designed Mr. Kupfer's "Pelléas" in Dresden three years ago. It's hard to describe it without making it sound awful, and yet this was one of the strongest, sharpest, and most moving accounts of "Pelléas" I have ever heard—because it was so well sung, so well acted, and so well played.

A huge moth-eaten moth or moldering bird of prey rose from the stage after the first scene and hung there, eye-catchingly, sometimes flapping its wings a bit, until at the end it descended to envelop all the principals—all except little Yniold, who stepped clear, up to the footlights, and was left literally holding the baby. This "obliteration" of Golaud and Arkel along with Pelléas and Mélisande is an unhappy directorial gloss. Mélisande entered the castle as a ray of truth, honesty of feeling (even though she tells lies), and naturalness. She is destructive but is eventually destroyed. Debussy's tragedy requires us to see the castle life persisting after that ray's extinction. The House of Usher fell; Allemonde continues. Otherwise, the décor was chiefly two mobile, self-propelled greenhouses, illuminated within but never entered, with flat, practicable roofs reached by staircases. They weren't *too* bad. They arranged themselves into spaces that provided good areas to act and move in. Only the *fontaine des aveugles*—it looked like a plastic wall fountain, such as one might see in a motel lobby, clipped to one of the greenhouses—was woefully inadequate to carry the symbolic charges attached to it.

The opera was sung in a new English translation, by Hugh Macdonald. "Pelléas" is often declared to be "un-

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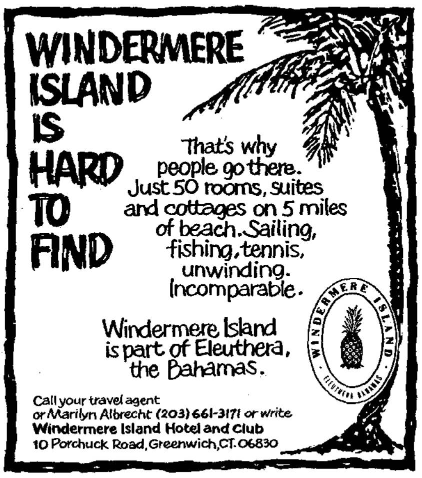
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translatable," but it is not. Perhaps the operas whose music is most closely tied to particular speech rhythms and inflections—Monteverdi's, Mussorgsky's, Janáček's, Debussy's—gain most from translation even while in another way they must lose most. (The paradox arises from the fact that the more nearly a musical line is linked to its words, the more imperative it is that the words be used and understood.) In a BBC talk on the eve of the première, Mr. Macdonald suggested that "many opera translations are too reverential to the music." His translation is not reverential. He has rewritten Debussy's vocal lines freely to fit his own idiomatic and accurate English—too freely, I thought, in some phrases where the composer's rhythms and intervals are even more important and eloquent than the words, where musical motifs are the chief carrier of the "sense." Not only because this was a "Pelléas" (unlike those of Covent Garden, the Met, and the City Opera) in which the actors sang in their own tongue to an audience whose tongue it is, too, did it seem as if a veil had been removed; but the translation played its part.

So did the naturalness of the actors. Mr. Kupfer restricted his heavy symbolic underlining to the décor, and presented a drama played by "real people." Eilene Hannan was a near-ideal Mélisande: neither the fey, frail wraith of some productions nor the knowing, willful little bitch sometimes produced in reaction but a straightforward, credible, touching, understandable young creature. Her singing was true and beautiful. Robert Dean, the Pelléas, had the same directness. Neil Howlett (Golaud), John Tomlinson (Arkel), and Sarah Walker (Geneviève) were all distinguished. Rosanne Brackenridge, the Yniold, sang well but, buttoned tightly into a blue suit, looked like a plump bellhop. A real boy, when one with a voice can be found, is in every way preferable. The musical direction—Lionel Friend's on the night I attended, Mark Elder's at a performance four days earlier, which was broadcast—was at once lucid and poetic.

A word in praise of the English National's program books, edited by Nicholas John. Each is a small work of art, carefully designed, carefully printed on good paper. That for "Louise" contained, among much of interest, some new material gathered from the composer's nephew. That for "Pelléas" brought together related essays, aperçus, poems, and images from

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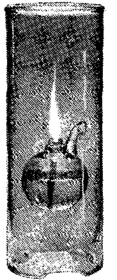
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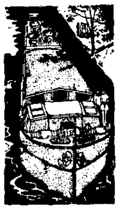
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Debussy, Maeterlinck, Poe, Munch, Rossetti, Carlyle, Pascal, Botticelli, and Yeats into a true "Pelléas Book." And advertisements are grouped at the ends, on pages easily disposed of.

JOSHUA RIFKIN and his Bach Ensemble brought their "chamber" performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass—described in these pages by Nicholas Kenyon after its Boston première—to the 92nd Street Y this month. The arguments for a "one voice to a part" interpretation which Mr. Rifkin advanced in a program note seem to me questionable on both historical and musical grounds. I can't believe that the great Sanctus was composed for a vocal sextet (and not only because when I played continuo for performances of the Mass conducted by Albert Coates he urged me to draw the thirty-two-foot pedal reed at those striding bass octaves). But the performance itself, which drew a full house, was rewarding to hear. The clarity of the textures, the gentle timbres of the old instruments (lovely flute playing from Christopher Krueger), and the light, clear, neatly phrased solo singing conspired to please. Mr. Rifkin sometimes plodded, but he led the "Dona nobis pacem"—eight voices now, two to a part—to a sure, fine climax. —ANDREW PORTER

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—*Letter in the Grand Forks (N.D.) Herald.*

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AROUND CITY HALL

ROUND TWO

HERE, as elsewhere, there isn't usually much sense of change in the days after the lighted ball—colored red in 1982, with a touch of green at the top, to honor the Big Apple—moves down the pole on top of 1 Times Square and signals the beginning of a new year. The cold weather continues. People go back to the same offices and schools, where they see the same old faces and resume familiar midwinter routines. Even if the first of January should come at a seasonal point when there is a sharp break in the weather, many Americans have learned lately that what counts is not the onset of new calendar years but those of fiscal years, when budgets at various levels of government become operative and change people's lives, not necessarily for the better. The Reagan Administration has been accused of having treated national and foreign crises as unfortunate distractions until last October 1st, when the new federal fiscal year began and its 1982 budget, tortuously reshaped, went into effect. Because of this city's money troubles, which began in the mid-nineteen-seventies, New Yorkers were obliged to learn earlier than most Americans about fiscal years and the overriding importance of budgets. When residents of such cities as Boston, Detroit, and Chicago try to talk about the similar financial shortfalls that have now overtaken their home towns, the response of some New Yorkers is the equivalent of whipping out a large button that reads "Been There." During this past summer and fall, when Mayor Edward Koch, who calls himself an incurable optimist, was saying in his campaign speeches that the local fiscal crisis was essentially a thing of the past, the button might have read "Been There and Back." In recent days, however, Koch, who also calls himself an incurable pragmatist, has had to revise his earlier, optimistic judgment.

Trying to keep track of how bad things were during New York's 1975 brush with bankruptcy, some residents here learned for the first time that the city's fiscal year begins on July 1st and that the beginning of the state's fiscal year—when City Hall could hope to know with certainty how much help it would get from Albany—is April 1st. To add to the confrontational atmosphere in which the state and city budgets are passed, every other year the contracts between the New York Metropolitan Transit Authority, which is part of a state agency, and the thirty-five thousand members of the Transport Workers Union who man the local subways and buses expire just after midnight on the morning of April 1st, and the contracts of most of the city's two hundred thousand municipal workers run out at the same time on July 1st.

The only first day of an annual quarter when no new municipal labor contracts have just been negotiated and no new government budgets of direct concern to New Yorkers take effect is the first day of January, that emblem of new beginnings which brought the crowds to Times Square. Every four years, including this one, January 1st does ring in the new in a political sense, though, since it is inauguration day for the three citywide officeholders who were elected the previous November. All that January 1st brought out this year was the same old faces. Comptroller Harrison Goldin's inauguration was his third, and City Council President Carol Bellamy and the Mayor were sworn in for the second time. Since Koch is often a volatile figure who gives the impression of being as constantly in motion as a one-man band, some in the inauguration audience considered it ironic that in continuing in office he had become a symbol of stability in the severe political confusion that currently prevails at City Hall.

EVEN in this town, where nobody is surprised when meetings on critical city problems begin with public exchanges of insults between elected officials and other prominent local leaders, the antagonism between two powerful New Yorkers has attracted special notice. The relationship between Mayor Koch and Victor Gotbaum, the executive director of District Council 37, which has a hundred and ten thousand members, making it by far the largest of the municipal unions whose contracts come up for

renegotiation this spring, is one o
loathing. During his years as Mayor
Koch has several times gone on televi
sion and graded his Deputy Mayor
and commissioners and certain othe
New Yorkers on a scale of one to ter
Though some of the grades hande
out to members of his staff were quit
low, not one was as low as that give
to Gotbaum, who was awarded a zerc
Gotbaum was a hostile presence i
Koch's mind even in China, which th
Mayor visited with some members c
his administration in February c
1980. At Peking's Imperial Palace
where the group saw the throne of th
last Chinese emperor, a guide pointe
out to them another, curtained thron
behind it, which he said had been oc
cupied by the figure who was the re
power behind the throne. Asked wh
might be found behind such a curtai
in his office at City Hall, the Mayc
said, "Would you believe Victor Got
baum?"

The District Council 37 leader ha
not been shy in conveying his lo
opinion of Koch. After interview
with Gotbaum in which the Mayor
name comes up, reporters often have t
pick their way through their notes t
find something printable. Among tl
memorable aspects of last September
Democratic mayoral primary was tl
fact that no candidate regarded as hav
ing a plausible chance of giving Koc
a real race for the nomination wa
willing to run in the primary again
the extremely popular—and extremel
well-financed—Mayor. Last yea
Gotbaum—who believes that Koc
has set blacks against whites and hav
against have-nots in the city—attenc
ed the first public meeting of a grou
afterward referred to as the Dum
Koch crowd, that was informally con
mitted to finding a Koch opponen
and he was assumed to be the prin
target of the Mayor's later commen
that, for all their carping, not one
his critics had the guts to take him o
In the primary, Koch unexpected
lost a little over forty per cent of tl
vote to a pair of implausible and poor
financed candidates, largely because
the heavy turnout against him by m
nority voters. When Gotbaum, a bi
dark-haired, rumpled-looking ma
was interviewed after the primary,
was in wonderful spirits. "Here's a gu
who spends a million skins, and
comes up with two hundred and fif
thousand votes," he told Clyde Habe
man, of the *Times*, understating tl
Koch total by nearly a hundred thou
sand. "As far as I'm concerned,

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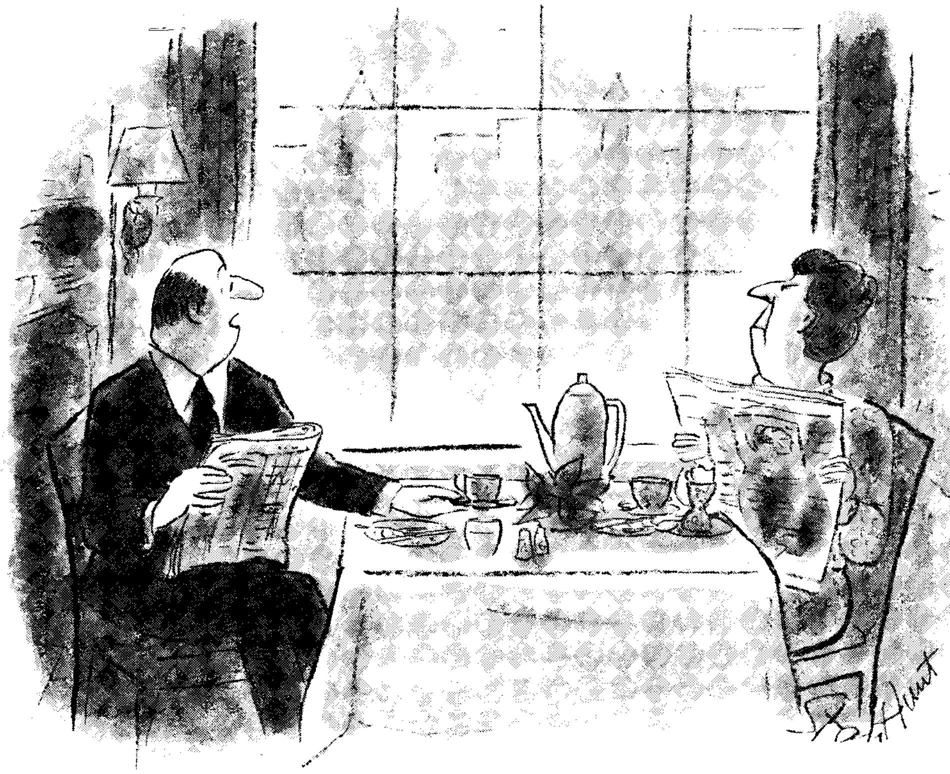
st.” Of course, the Mayor had won ie primary, and he later took the election, winning nearly seventy-five per ent of the vote as the candidate on oth the Republican line and that of is own Democratic Party.

Gotbaum did little to prevent Koch's ctory in either the primary or the ection. In October of 1980, at the inual Setting Municipal Priorities onference, at which leaders of government, labor, and finance, many of em veterans of the fiscal-crisis wars, ather to discuss the city's continuing oblems, he had blurted out in the idst of a rambling speech that, on the hole, it would be good for New York Koch was reëlected in 1981. He entioned, for one thing, the need for countability: presumably, in his cond term Koch would have to end s practice of claiming that everying that went wrong in his adminisation was the fault of his predecesrs, Abraham Beame and, particurly, John Lindsay, who had left fice back in 1973—and who has said at Koch's constant laying of blame others demonstrates a “meanness of irit and a pettiness of heart.” When och arrived at the conference, he id to Gotbaum, with a grin, “I hear u want me in for another four ars.” Trying to regain his footing as all-out Koch adversary, Gotbaum id, “I didn't say in *what*.” The most portant reason for favoring Koch's election, he had told the conference, is that it would provide some contiity in local government. In the twenyears that ended in 1973, New York d had only two Mayors: Robert agner served for twelve years, and ndsay for eight. At the time of last ovember's election, the city had had ee Mayors in an eight-year period. ontinuity hasn't recently been the ong suit in other governments, eier. As of November, there had been ır American Presidents in a little er seven years. When President agan attended the economic summit nference in Ottawa last July, of the en heads of state who were on nd, only one—German Chancellor lmut Schmidt—had been in office d present at the first summit, five ırs earlier. Late last year, a meeting s held of a group called the Coalin of Northeast Governors, which d been formed five years earlier by en governors of Northeastern states promote the interests of their ion. Of the seven, only New York's vernor, Hugh Carey, is now in ce, and it is not yet certain that Carey will run again—or that, if he does, he can win reëlection. Gotbaum attended only that first meeting of the Dump Koch crowd. Otherwise, he and his union remained neutral in both the primary and the general election.



“Helen, dear—may I call you Helen?—could I have a little more coffee?”

• •

POLITICAL confusion created by the redrawing of districts to accommodate the 1980 census results is not something peculiar to this city, but, especially in the matter of congressional seats, the accommodation will be more painful in New York than anywhere else. The state will lose five seats in the House of Representatives—more than any other state—and four of them are expected to come from the city. This means that there are currently sixteen members of the House whose districts are entirely within the five boroughs, and one out of four of them is likely not to be around for the next congressional session. In Albany, where the Legislature has the responsibility of redrawing both congressional and legislative districts, there will be substantial city losses in the State Assembly and the State Senate.

In the greatest disarray of all because of redistricting are the members of the local City Council. Halfway through January, they and the candidates opposing them are still stuck where they had been before last September's primary. On September 8th, only hours before the polls opened, a panel of federal judges called off the election for newly drawn districts in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Manhattan—on the ground that the reapportionment process had violated the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The panel's ruling, upheld the next day by the Supreme Court, led to the cancellation of the primary for all thirty-five districts. Several weeks later, the Department of Justice ruled that the new districts in the three boroughs had discriminated against black and Hispanic voters. A move in September to proceed with the election for ten at-large Council seats—two from each borough—was blocked by the Justice Department, and in mid-November a federal judge decided that the at-large seats violated the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote principle, since Staten Island, with three hundred and fifty thousand residents, had the same number of at-large Council members as Brooklyn, whose population is two million two hundred and thirty thousand. Thus, the entire City Council remains in legal limbo. The decision on the at-large seats is under appeal. Proposed new district lines for the

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other Council members were made public this month, but the required hearings and adjustments and the possible court challenges, which could cause the process to start all over again, will delay the final election for months. Meanwhile, another federal judge has ruled that the Council members are still in office, although their terms officially expired December 31st. A suit had been brought to stop their salaries, and there will probably be other suits challenging any laws that the interim Council may pass. A *Daily News* editorial suggested that letting the Council go out of business would be "a happy experiment—one that could tell us whether we really need any Council at all."

As if things hadn't been shaken up enough at City Hall in recent months, on December 2nd a suit filed by the New York Civil Liberties Union charged that the Board of Estimate, the city's hybrid administrative-legislative body, which is far more powerful than the City Council, was also in violation of the one-man-one-vote principle: despite the disparity among borough populations, *all* five Borough Presidents have the same number of votes on the board. Thus, the only elected officials at City Hall whose status is not now under some form of legal challenge are the members of the Board of Estimate other than the Borough Presidents: the three citywide officials—Comptroller Goldin, Council President Bellamy, and Mayor Koch.

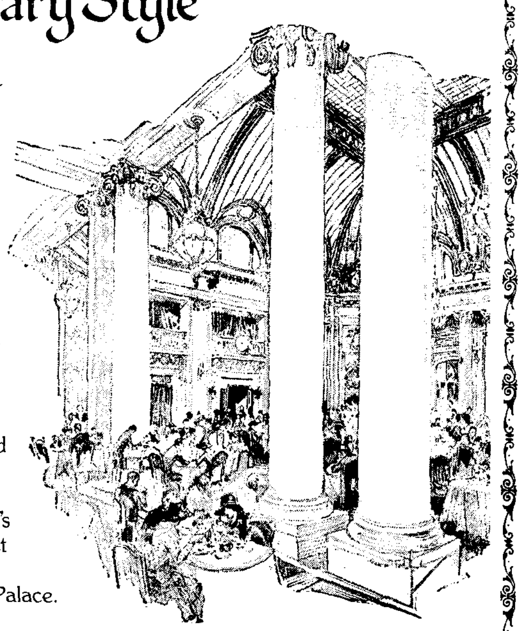
BECAUSE of the results of an election in Washington, D.C., Gotbaum will be at the bargaining table here again this spring. Jerry Wurf, the longtime president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, District Council 37's million-member parent body, died in Washington early in December. In 1979, Gotbaum had made an unsuccessful effort to win the presidency. Paying due respect to the power of the man who beat him, Gotbaum's article on Wurf's death in the District Council 37 house organ was headed "Jerry Wurf: Tough, Mean, Magnificent Unionist." Last month, Gotbaum tried to win Wurf's vacant seat, but had to withdraw after he failed to get the support of an important upstate union leader. The new president, Gerald McEntee, the director of a Pennsylvania district council, narrowly defeated William Lucy, the federation's secretary-treasurer, who, if he had won, would have become t first black to head a major Americ union. In the final count, the Distr Council 37 delegates cast all th votes for Lucy. Nevertheless, so blacks in the union blamed Gotba for Lucy's loss, saying that he h confused the situation by entering t race in the first place. This episode not likely to improve Gotbaum's tem as he gets ready for the 1982 m nicipal-union negotiations. Now t he is not going to A.F.S.C.M. headquarters in Washington, some his friends speculate that Gotba might like to rag the Mayor a little repeating the remark he made a y or so ago—that if he were to ret from District Council 37 he mi think seriously of trying to run agai Koch next time. It is a possibility th however remote, would surely sp up this year's contract talks.

The 1982 municipal-union sett ment is a critical one for the cit financial prospects, about which Mayor is publicly far more gloo than he was during much of the el tion campaign, when he was prom *ing to add twenty-three hundred poli* men to the force—a number that has since said cannot be managed. some months, his budget office had the city deficit for the coming fis year at eight hundred and three n lion dollars. Even though by the c culations of several of the cit various financial monitors the def would be over a billion, the Ma could correctly point out that in years the city had been able to cl huge budget gaps. Now—with money from Washington drying u generally worsening economy, high interest rates hampering city b rowing—such a feat looks much har One reason that City Hall's estin of the next fiscal year's deficit has b dismissed as unrealistic is that it provided for only a three-per-cent nual raise for the municipal uni "The Mayor is just having his li game" was Gotbaum's response to figure. Each additional percent point will cost the city about fifty-million dollars a year.

IN the weeks after his gratify November victory, the Ma seemed to turn more pugnacious t ever. The most widely publicized ample of his willingness to take o or take out after—all comers was attack on Council President Bella Bets are being taken on the questio whether it will be remembered

ters to his political detriment or dis-
ssed as one more caper in the enter-
ning Koch style. Miss Bellamy's
st of Council President is in many
ys a Vice-Presidential-like office.
e would become Mayor, for example,
that office should fall vacant, and,
pite her title, she is not a member of
Council, over which she presides,
t as the Vice-President is not a
ited States senator. However, the
uncil President is elected separately
m the Mayor. (Koch is understand-
y proud of having taken three-
rths of the vote in November, and
also understandably, not enthusias-
about being reminded that the two
er citywide officeholders—who, un-
the Mayor, did have Republican op-
nents—came out even better. Goldin
k seventy-eight per cent of the vote
his race, and Miss Bellamy won
rly eighty per cent in hers.) A
uncil President has powers beyond
rather anomalous City Council
. For example, she has the same
nber of votes on the Board of
imate that Koch and Goldin have,
l, unlike Koch, she votes on the
lget. The forty-year-old Miss Bel-
ly, whose political style is direct but
tively low-key, has so far not
used the degree of antagonism that
ne women in public life have en-
ntered. Her ratings in political
ls have consistently been even higher
n those of the Mayor, and fund-
ing committees are currently in
e to back her this year in a state-
e race, either for State Comptroller
for Governor. Her fans do not in-
le the Mayor, however. "I'm not
n on her" was one of the milder
nments he made about her in a
ed interview last month with *Post*
ors and reporters. He had pre-
usly said similar things about her to
ors of other local papers, but on an
the-record basis.

n his session at the *Post*, whose
ors have been strong Koch sup-
ters, the Mayor complained about
editorial in the paper the day before
ing questions about a speech he had
le that week before a meeting in
roit of the National League of
es, at which he had attacked the
cies of President Reagan. Reagan
nother politician whom the *Post*
ors approve of, as Koch for the
t part had appeared to until after
election, possibly on the theory
it would have been inappropriate
him to be hard on the President
le running for Mayor as a candi-
of the President's party. On



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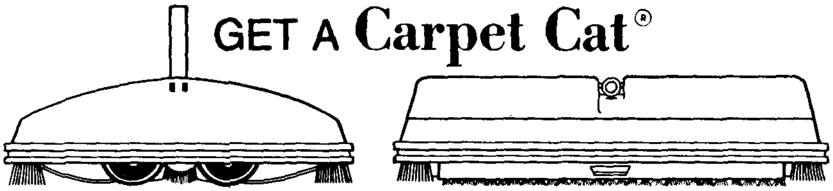

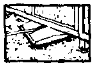

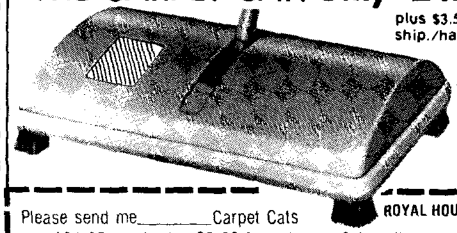

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December 1st in Detroit, however, the Mayor had called the new federalism "a sham and a shame" that amounted to "a systematic campaign of abandonment" of American cities. The *Post* editorial had asked how he could reconcile this view with his preëlection speech before a Democratic group in Baltimore in which he had echoed the President in blaming free-spending Democratic Congresses for much of the nation's economic predicament. It was a discussion of the Governor's race this year that caused Koch suddenly to go after Miss Bellamy. "She has a reputation which is incredible in terms of all her faults," he told the editors, in what her supporters later speculated might have been an effort to hurt her chances in a statewide race. Everybody on the City Council hated her, the Mayor assured the group. She was sometimes "just tremendously vicious." She could be wonderful, he said. "Other times, she's just a horror show," he went on. Asked to explain her high standing in the polls, Koch's response was "Good bone structure. . . . The pictures are tremendous." The headline, against a red background in the *Post*, was " 'CAROL BELLAMY HORROR SHOW'—ASTONISHING ATTACK BY MAYOR KOCH." On the day the story—written by *Post* reporter George Arzt—appeared, the Mayor gave out a statement describing his remarks as "self-indulgent" and commented that they had been meant as "jocular." It was soon evident that this explanation was considered insufficient, and early in the afternoon, accompanied by a small army of staff members, reporters, and television crewmen, he marched across the rotunda—referred to that day as the D.M.Z.—that separates the Mayor's side of City Hall from the City Council's side, told Miss Bellamy that he would try never to do such a thing again, and gave her a kiss.

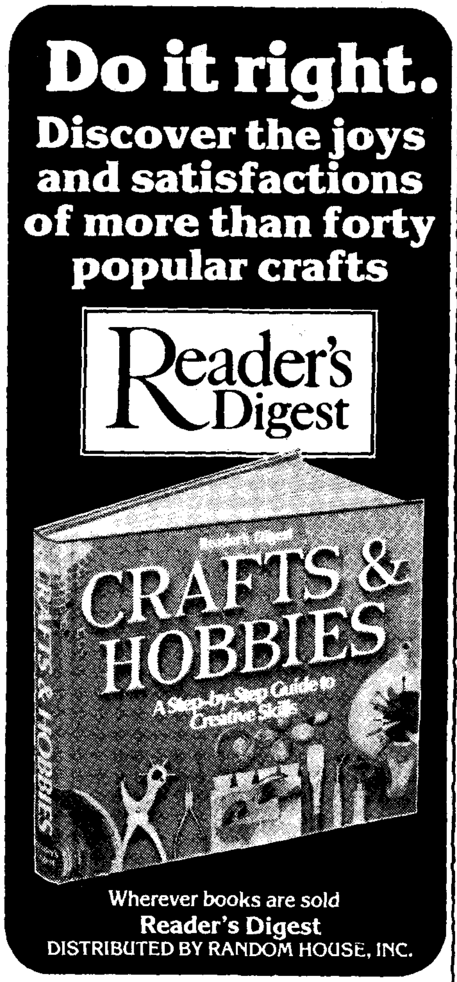
"This, too, shall pass," she said hopefully.

"From now on, it's huggy and kissy and substance," said the Mayor. Variations on the term "kissy-huggy" are a Koch specialty. After Leo Milonas, then the chief administrative judge of the Criminal Court, accused him of trying to intimidate the judiciary, Koch assured the Judge that he had no hard feelings, saying, "I'm ready for a kissy-huggy meeting any time."

In her turn, Miss Bellamy had concluded that the most appropriate response was to give the Mayor a copy a book written for small children: D Seuss's "Yertle the Turtle and Oth Stories." As the *Times* later summ rized the plot, "Yertle, the king of t turtles, decides his kingdom is t small, so he makes the other turtl pile on top of each other to form turtle throne, topped by Yertle hi self. It is not until the turtle on t bottom burps, sending Yertle hurtli into the mud, that the other turtles a freed from his despotic rule." T next day, Koch, Miss Bellamy, a Yertle dominated the fro page of the *News*. T *Times* printed the enti text of "Yertle" and, t following day, ran an edit rial in verse titled "At t Court of King Edward suggesting that the Yer comparison was apt. The *Po* delighted at being treated as a so news source, for a change (the *Tim* giving credit, published extensive qu tations from the *Post* tape), called o well-known plastic surgeon to stu Miss Bellamy's bone structure. P nouncing it excellent, the surge added that the Mayor's bone structu needed a lot of work.

SALT
Judith Shahn

If, in the aftermath of his big el tion victory, the famously combat Mayor had begun at every turn to de onstrate, say, a generosity of spirit a a largeness of heart, the change wo have sent shock waves through C Hall, which has had enough uns tling political developments lately. the days before and after New Yea Eve, as Koch's first term ended and new one began, there was no su transformation in sight. In his end-the-year press conference with C Hall reporters, he said that he pected to approach his mayoral cho as he always had. Every morning, said, "the bell rings for a new day new fight." During the same sessi he took the usual number of swi at his predecessors. A familiar K bullyragging was administered t *Times* reporter, Joyce Purnick, w commented that, in giving his adm istration credit for a long list of ma construction projects in the city, had neglected to mention that most them were directed by a state age and largely state-financed. Brook no dissent, the Mayor insisted t New York's streets were cleaner the traffic was faster-moving t when he took office. Hands down, said, the highlight of his first term been the January, 1981, parade



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oadway of the recently released
merican hostages with all the atten-
nt emotion and tickertape—"and me
the lead car." Assigning himself to
e lead car again, he indicated in his
auguration-day speech (which Lind-
y was the only former Mayor on
nd to hear) that the low point in the
cal crisis had come not in 1975 but
1978, when he took office, by which
ne, in the view of most people, the
y's economic troubles had been sub-
ntially relieved. Then, as on several
her occasions, he compared his
uggle to get the city back on a
und financial basis to the labors of
syphus, pushing a giant boulder up a
ll, only to have it start rolling back
wn again because of what he called
"regressive politics" of the Reagan
lministration. (Inadvertently, Koch
d associated himself with another
ntroversial ruler. According to the
Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," the
uch-put-upon Sisyphus was "a fraud-
ent, avaricious king"—though he
y not have been a patch on Yertle.)
the same speech, the Mayor said
at it was time for the State of New
ork to demonstrate that it wasn't
rt of "the war on urban America"
taking over the full local costs of
edicaid. Early this month, as the
gislative leaders convened in Albany
discuss the new state budget and
hat many of them believe to be the
ong possibility of a new fiscal crisis
re, there was some evidence—and
t for the first time—that the Mayor's
imidating showmanship might get
tter results for the city than a more
ellow approach. State Budget Direc-
C. Mark Lawton noted that there
as strong opposition in some quarters
legislation that would be especially
lpful to the city. On the other hand,
went on to say, nervously, "you
ver know what Ed Koch will do. He
y go out on the Brooklyn Bridge
d throw five hundred employees over
make a point." —ANDY LOGAN

•

Not long ago Bob Goalby and Sam
ead were traveling together in a jetliner
th a few other golfers.
"You can't beat him at anything," Bob
oalby said, laughing. "And he just loves
trick you. He asked around, 'How do
u pronounce the capital of Kentucky, is
Looieville or Louisville?' Somebody bit
d he said, 'The capital of Kentucky is
onounced Lexington.' And then he had
naming the capitals of all the states. He
ew 'em all."—*Dave Anderson in the*
mes.

With the exception of Kentucky's.

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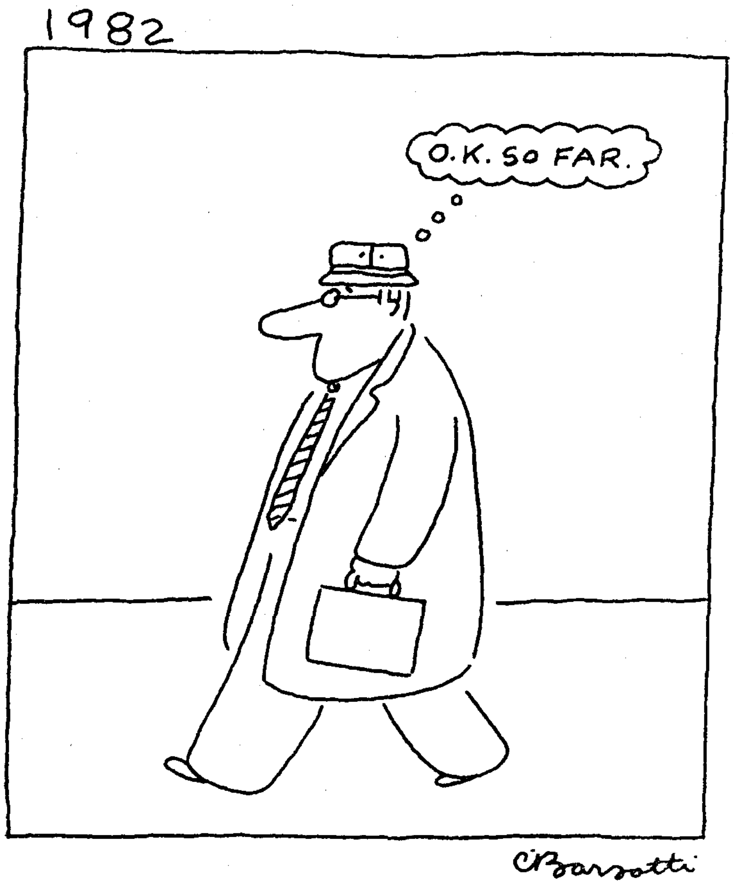
BOOKS

Going Hollywood

A FEW years ago, publishers were bringing out book after book on Broadway shows and Broadway composers. Now they're honoring movie musicals, but with nothing like the same grasp of their subject. The movie books that are out now are all conscious tributes to a genre, but only one of them tries to explain what made the musical Hollywood's richest fantasy form, and how it worked. At its best, the musical represented the movies' success at reconciling extreme mass appeal with extreme stylization and elegance of technique. No other genre went so far or failed so often to bring its audience and its art together, but even at their worst the musicals endowed singing and dancing with super-real presence and resources. It was always an improbable dream world that one visited, and it was as accessible to children as to adults. One can't really say that about Broadway musicals until the era of Rodgers and Hammerstein. One can't really say it about the other movie genres, either. (Musicals may, in fact, have made more of an impact on young and impressionable psyches than any other kind of movie.) Can this be the reason that the musical is hardly ever written about in the same serious terms as the gangster film, the Western, the thriller, and the screwball comedy—not to mention the Broadway of Kern and Gershwin and Berlin and Porter and Lorenz Hart? The market for musical memorabilia, expanded by the success of M-G-M's "That's Entertainment," seems to have called forth a buzz of data, but almost no original research or comment. Most authorities on the form write in a glow of childhood reminiscence. In the America of the movie musicals, they see themselves growing up. Their preferences (the forties over the thirties, the late thirties over the early) give away their ages, and only by their erudition, which may run to maniacal extremes, can we tell how hard they were hit, back there between the newsreel and the coming attractions, by the depth charge of the musical.

"Hollywood Musicals," by Ted Sennett (Abrams; $50), is at least a visual bonanza: eight pounds of stills handsomely reproduced in chronological sequence. The text is a stream of mild predictabilities purling between the monuments: Jolson, Lubitsch, Chevalier and MacDonald, Astaire and Rogers, Busby Berkeley and Crosby and Alice Faye and Betty Grable, Shirley Temple and Bojangles, Garland and Rooney, Garland and Kelly, Garland and Minnelli. As the movies get worse, the book gets more magnificent, until it reaches its apotheosis with full-page shots of Audrey Hepburn in those wondrous Beaton gowns which may have been the best part of "My Fair Lady." In Clive Hirschhorn's "The Hollywood Musical" (Crown; $30), the stills are not much bigger than Chiclets, but there are over thirteen hundred of them. This is gargantuanism on a different scale of ambition—an attempt to encompass every musical ever made and give more than statistical information about each one. Actually, there is not enough statistical information. The films are laid out year by year, presumably in ord of their release, but release and/ production dates are not given. Ru ning times—which are particular useful to have when one is dealin with television prints—are not give Time and again, the films are presen ed in terms of plot rather than of mu sical numbers. A preface summarizin the historical background of the stud period contains nothing that is n covered in the main text. (For detail information about the studios' gener output, one has to consult "Th MGM Story" and "The Warn Bros. Story"—books issued sever years ago by Crown in a form similar to that of "The Hollywoo Musical.") A periodic breakdown trends might have served to unclog th flow of minutiae in the author's ca sule commentaries. Sins aside, this an important reference book for commercial publisher to have pr duced. Though readers who aren addicts will probably prefer Stanl Green's trimmer and tidier package facts and chatter, "Encyclopaedia the Musical Film" (Oxford; $25 there is much to be said for a con prehensive survey of an all-bu vanished genre the like of whic may never be seen agai

With Hirschhorn clear away the mist oblivion, then, it is pleasure to settle dov to Ethan Mordden "The Hollywood M sical" (St. Martin' $15.95)—a solid di cussion of the musical an art form, an evolvin stereotype, a commerci product, and a mirror its times. Mordden, nimble essayist who h published books c American social histor theatre, and musi seems ideally suited his task. He is erudi but not esoteric, cr nivorous but not indi criminate, enthusiast but not immature, bol ly assertive but n without depth. F writes out of fresh c riosity, without recour to reminiscence or r ceived ideas, and he as

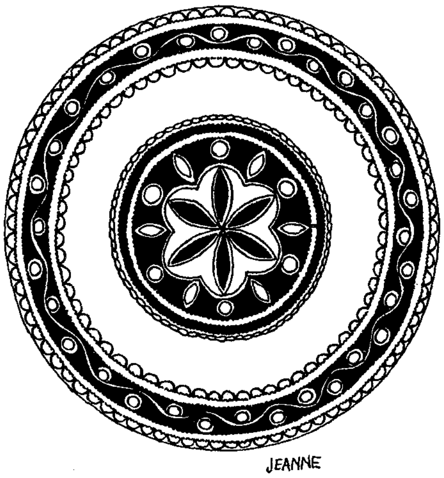


self hard questions: What is a sical? When did it get its shape? w do we experience it? Like Tom lfe or James Wolcott, Mordden is to compress in a single image eptions that might take another ter pages to develop. Toward the of the book, he demonstrates in sentence how cultural changes e been accommodated in the mu- l and how the process—a kind of stolic succession of personalities— ks: "Midler and 'The Rose' are, a sense, the latest event in a his- of transformation through stasis: on, in steady helpings, broke the und for West, while Astaire read- a stage for Kelly, while Chevalier's sse necessitated the clumsiness of sby, and then Garland grew up to nect the aggressiveness of Eleanor vell with the innocence of Alice e, and then Streisand claimed e's unplayed cards, dealing in Mid- while Minnelli took over for land by right of genes. Nobody nged character from role to role: 's stasis. But each role-player en- es possibilities in the game." The oquial dash of the writing is occa- ally abridged to a shorthand yke sings of nice and dances with ') that mimics our primal responses novies and the way production for- as played upon them.

or a hardhead, Mordden has sur- ing taste: he likes operetta; he *likes* iben Mamoulian. But then he's cially good on the formative years ound, when Mamoulian flourished. is was Hollywood's Balzac period: movies were filled with people and es that, once the genre became re- d, were seen in musicals no more. rdden is right when he says that moulian's best film, "Applause," a y of burlesque, is "as shabby on- e as it is off." But "Dance of ," released the same year (1929) he same studio (Paramount), de- ed burlesque just as realistically; I nder if Mordden has seen it. (He's pretty nearly everything—not the items on the revival circuit but out-of-the-way stuff, like "Moon- t and Pretzels" and the *first* "Show t." "I overtrained for this book," ells us at the outset.) It is hard to old films that have been forgotten. ee movies that seem to be related Helen Morgan's "Applause," So- Tucker's "Honky Tonk" (which had a mother-daughter plot), and nce of Life," which was the film ion of the play "Burlesque." All e were released in 1929, according to Hirschhorn. (Incidentally, for the 1929 film "Melody Lane" Hirschhorn has a still from the 1930 "Puttin' On the Ritz.") But in what order were they made? Without more specific dates—which Hirschhorn might have provided—the question of precedents and influences can't even be approached. "Burlesque" (1927) may have set off the cycle—if cycle it was. The film version, directed by John Cromwell, starred Hal Skelly, as the drunken "eccentric dancer" he had played on Broadway, and Nancy Carroll, in Barbara Stanwyck's role as his wife. Cromwell, Skelly, Carroll. *Who?* A nice feature of Mordden's book is his sense of justice. He trims some of the excess glory from Judy Garland's reputation and gives it to Alice Faye, who hasn't had enough. The urge to reform gets a little out of hand, though, in an appendix in which the author installs his favorites in a personal Hall of Fame. The fresh sensibility of the book is tarnished by this lapse into clubhouse ritual. But maybe Mordden can't help it; he is a fan, after all.

We think of the musical as a set of fixed formal ideas, but the halcyon era when a musical meant the singing of songs and the dancing of dances was actually a brief span embedded in a history of ill-defined notional experimentation. Even in the great days, there was room for philosophical distinctions such as the one Mordden makes between Astaire's movies and the movies of Eleanor Powell, which were "Powell films rather than dance films: she didn't spread dance all over the screen. *She* danced; the other characters sang, joked, and ran the plot. Powell, too, sang, joked, and plotted, but by focusing on *her* dances as the special things in her films, she eliminated the need for dance as expression of person or story." As James Agee wrote in 1944, "there is no reason, after all, why a movie musical should not be as good as any other sort of movie"—or why a book on movie musicals should not be as good as any other sort of book written for grown-ups. Mordden's, the least lavishly produced of the current crop, and the only one that was written to be read, not only can be read but should be.

—ARLENE CROCE



BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A MOTHER AND TWO DAUGHTERS, by Gail Godwin (Viking; $15.95). The three heroines of this ambitious, five-hundred-and-sixty-page novel are sociological specimens—exceptions to some modern American norms and examples of others. The mother is a doting wife and then a dignified widow. Her daughters are attractive, if high-strung, divorcées approaching forty; there their similarity ends and their rivalry begins. The older daughter, a left-wing English professor (her specialty is D. H. Lawrence), struggles bravely with the dilemma of having a middle-aged pesticides manufacturer for a suitor; and her prunes-and-prisms sister embarks, to her own surprise, on a sort of delayed adolescence, discovering Marxism and feminism in some college courses and letting a virile boyfriend teach her to unwind. In an epilogue, set in 1984 at a family reunion, the sisters seem to agree that the nuclear family is passé. As with "Violet Clay" (Gail Godwin's fifth book, published in 1978), a plausible plot has eluded the author. The crises and coincidences that riddle her characters' lives might in real life seem simply stranger than fiction, but here they just seem incredibly convenient.

NOTE: "Happy to Be Here," a collection of Garrison Keillor's stories, nearly all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker,* has been published by Atheneum ($11.95).

GENERAL

A MINGLED YARN: THE LIFE OF R. P. BLACKMUR, by Russell Fraser (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). Richard Palmer Blackmur (1904-65), an impecunious high-school dropout, became a respected poet and one of the finest practitioners of the "new criticism," and he ended up as a professor at Princeton, where he entranced generations of students and wielded astute, beneficent, wide-ranging literary patronage. This sounds like a success story, but the biographer tells us that Blackmur was an unhappy man, descended from generations of ill-mated forebears, and that his own marriage, which ended in divorce, was a long torment. As the author takes us over a multifarious life that was always engaged with this country's artistic avant-garde, he pays as much attention to Blackmur's failures (e.g., unpublished novels) as to his achievements. Mr. Fraser is, in effect, telling us about a man whose only real joy came from literature. One suspects, though, that in an effort to avoid eulogy he has made Blackmur a trifle grayer, sadder, and more feckless than perhaps he was.

Out of the Past, by Alexandra Tolstoy, translated by various hands, and edited by Katharine Strelsky and Catherine Wolkonsky (Columbia; $19.95). Tolstoy's youngest daughter, who died in this country in 1979, aged ninety-five, set down sections of her autobiography at different periods. These have now been assembled into a fascinating record. Her recollections of her father—particularly the contrast between the fun-loving author and his gloomy disciples—are as amusing as they are enlightening. Her service as a nurse in the First World War and her survival under the Bolsheviks show her as indomitable; her account of her years as an émigrée in Japan (1929-31) shows her curiosity about, and her appreciation of, all sorts of people. She arrived in this country in 1931, and in 1939 she set up her Tolstoy Foundation to assist displaced persons, émigrés, and refugees. Her decision to found a society to rescue others when she herself was destitute is an instance of her artless nobility. She was also a good, straightforward writer.

Rickover, by Norman Polmar and Thomas B. Allen (Simon & Schuster; $20.75). The authors of this thorough biography are clearly ambivalent about Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, who, like the late J. Edgar Hoover, has become a national sacred cow. Rickover, now eighty-three, who was graduated from Annapolis in 1922, demonstrated the merits of his meticulousness during the Second World War, when, as head of the Electrical Section of the Bureau of Ships, he zealously saw to the durability, workability, and seaworthiness of equipment that had to withstand the shock of combat. As godfather and nursemaid of the first nuclear submarine, the Nautilus, launched in 1954, he was both innovative and painstaking. Why, then, did the Navy want to retire him as long ago as 1951? The answer is personality: the authors depict a hostile man whose abusive incivility to subordinates was accompanied by the conviction that he alone knew what was right. As his power grew, he became convinced that he had the correct answers to such complicated questions as the purpose of the Navy, the rational use of nuclear energy, the aims of education, and the meaning of human life. The authors ascribe his professional longevity to his manipulation of Congress, and describe in detail his wily use of sycophancy, intrigue, and tantrums. Along the way, they tell us a great deal about our Navy in recent times, and about many of the defense-policy issues that confront us today.

The Republic of Letters in America: The Correspondence of John Peale Bishop and Allen Tate, edited by Thomas Daniel Young and John J. Hindle (University Press of Kentucky; $17). The two poets and critics first met in New York in 1925. Three years later, they reconnected in Paris, and in 1929 they began writing to each other; their correspondence ceased only with Bishop's death, in 1944. (Tate died in 1979.) What they wrote about, mainly, was their work, and the specific criticisms they offered each other—line-by-line readings—are a valuable guide to the nature of poetic work and a model for critics as well. The letters also chronicle the ups and downs of little magazines and literary publishers, and gossip about literary figures, starting with Ernest and Scott and Zelda. During the Depression, Tate and Bishop were outraged by the influence of Marxism and Marxists on American letters, though their own social visions, based on Tate's roseate view of the antebellum South, were equally silly. Luckily, politics intrude but rarely, and the letters stick close what both men knew best and ca most about—expressive language.

Note: A collection of reminiscen by Sylvia Townsend Warn "Scenes of Childhood," has be published by Viking ($10.95). Ne ly all the pieces first appeared—o a forty-year period—in these pag

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Red Dragon, by Thomas Har (Putnam; $13.95). A custom-ma twelve-gauge-magnum thril about an F.B.I. agent endowed w an uncanny, almost empathetic u derstanding of the criminally insa who is recalled from early reti ment and the arms of a young w to track down a sadistic madm who has murdered and sickenin mutilated the several members of t unrelated families and is presun to be preparing to strike again— the next full moon. One of t monster's little compulsions is bite off his victims' lips, and t has given him, among his pu suers, the nickname the Too Fairy. To himself he is meg lomaniacally known as R Dragon. Mr. Harris shows us t man, turns him inside out for and succeeds in making him alm human, almost sympathetic. He a knows his F.B.I. man in all dreads and dogged drives. His piction of police technology is co prehensive and compelling. A for all the gruesome nature of subject, he writes with taste a with a high intelligence and ver A selection of the Literary Guild

Mermaid, by Margaret Millar (M row; $11.50). A pretty but retar girl of twenty-two runs away fr home—the home of her much ol brother and guardian, a rich, u happily married autocrat. She fi falls in with a suicidal Morm homosexual and then with a tul juvenile psychopath; a you lawyer—Tomas Aragon, wh Mrs. Millar has employed before is sent in pursuit. The story twi this way and that, trying in vain some kind of verisimilitude, sa and sinks, and is best quickly a humanely forgotten. The scene Southern California.

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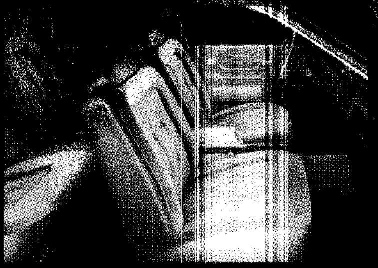
UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Tyndall* (*S. Dak.*) *Tribune & Register*]

MENNONITES WILL
HOLD SECRET MEETING

Introducing Ciera. The only front-wheel drive that's a Cutlass.



Here's a brand-new kind of Cutlass. Cutlass Ciera Brougham. Front-wheel drive. Mid-size room. Together for the first time in a Cutlass. Another first is Cutlass Ciera's exciting new slipstream design. There's an inviting interior, too. And a standard 4-cylinder engine equipped with electronic fuel injection for impressive fuel economy. There's even a new diesel V6 option. Power rack-and-pinion steering, MacPherson strut suspension are standard. Even little touches are standard. Like a musical tone that tells you you've left your lights on. And side window defoggers. Cutlass Ciera. Proof that front-wheel drive isn't the only exciting part of a front-wheel-drive car.

Cutlass Ciera. Even today, there's still room to do it with style.

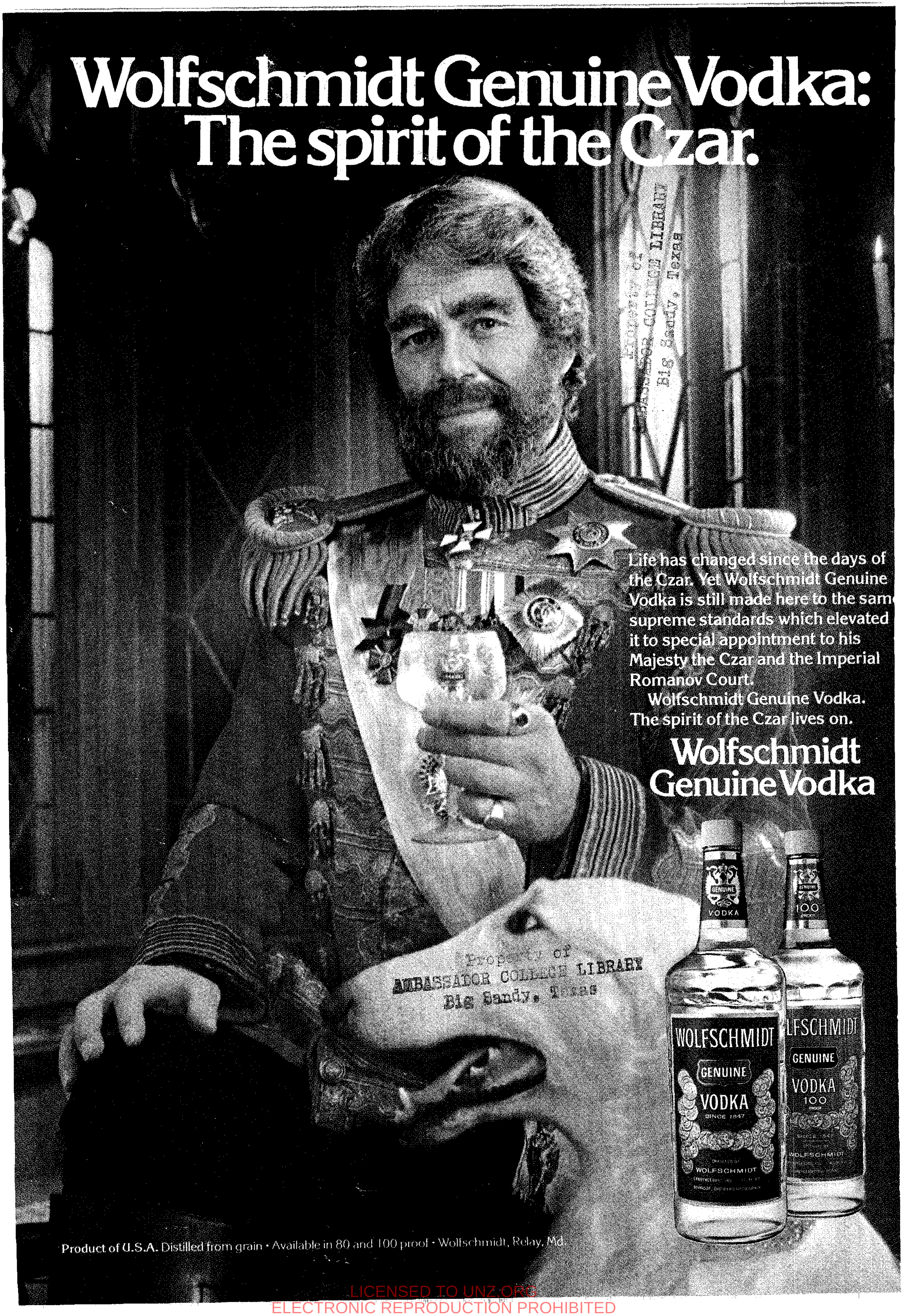
Oldsmobile

We've had one built for you.

Standard 4-Cyl. Engine
40 Hwy.Est. 25 EPA Est.mpg

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details. Oldsmobile projections of 1982 EPA diesel estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates.

DIESEL V6
42 Hwy.Est. 28 EPA Est.mpg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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

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